Someday

As I was growing up, my parents taught me many life lessons: say please and thank you, hold the door open, respect your parents, so on and so forth. But parents can only directly do so much. Part of growing up and evolving into the person you are meant to be, involves making your own decisions, suffering the consequences and learning lessons through your failures and triumphs. Like any parents, my mom and dad gave me the world and provided all that they could for me. Although I didn’t always agree with what was going on, they would say, “We’re doing it because we love you,” “One day you’ll understand,” and “Someday you’ll thank us.” These remarks often made me frustrated because at the time I wasn’t thanking them, I didn’t understand, and half the time I would reply with, “Well, love me less!” But as they said, now that I’m older, I do.

Growing up, my mom involved me in every activity made available to my age group: Kinder music, play groups, art classes, daisy girl scouts. You name it, I was involved. These “organized activities” were considered the basic stages of socialization. My mom was a “go getter” parent, as many would say. She would drive to and from field trips, help with my classroom Halloween parties and served as a leader of my Girl Scout troop. In Girl Scouts or in the classroom, we would be coloring a picture and one of my classmate’s crayons would break or run down. We all had a few crayons at our desks, so they would always have more. Yet, my mom would walk over to my area and take one of my crayons to give to the kid whose crayon broke. After school I would ask my mom why she had to take my crayon. Being five years old, this was a big deal! My mom would say, “Well honey… you had enough crayons to share and one of hers broke, you have to be a ‘share bear’.” This would happen over and over. Every time my mom would march over and take my crayons I didn’t
understand and I didn’t dare to ask any questions. I just knew if one of my classmates’ crayons broke, I would soon be short one crayon. The same thing would happen in kinder music and lay group. If someone didn’t get the instrument they wanted, I had to hand mine over or give them my toy if they were unhappy with theirs.

Soon enough, the coloring and crayon phases ended, along with the kinder music and play groups, and I was now in grade school and middle school. I was finally referred to as a “big kid” by my parents and teachers. We were now being assigned, what seemed horrible back then, half-page writing responses to something we learned that day out of our Ohio History Textbooks or something we read. I would come home and do my homework right away. As a youngster, I was never a very good speller. For some reason it was hard for me to spell the simple words, but I was a master at all the hard ones. While I was writing, I would come upon a word I would have no idea how to spell or even attempt to spell, so I would walk up and ask my dad, “Hey Dad, how would you spell…” Every single time his response would be, “Look it up.” I would sit there and argue with him saying it would just be easier if he could just tell me how to spell it, and of course his response would be, “Well, life isn’t always easy, is it? I’m not a walking dictionary, and someday I won’t be able to just tell you how to spell; you’ll have to get a dictionary and look it up.” Refusing to back down, I would sit there and argue ‘til I was blue in the face. Finally, realizing I wasn’t going to win that fight, I would meander over to the office and try to get the dictionary down, which I could hardly even pick up, look up the word and spell it correctly while my dad sat there and smiled.

I finally was a spelling genius and made it to junior high and high school. I wouldn’t say I lived a sheltered life, but being the first born in a family of all girls didn’t exactly give you the freedom to do what you want. I would want to go to the movies or stay out late, and of course sometimes, which felt like all the time, the response would be a NO. Although maybe I didn’t get to do everything I wanted to do, I still got to do a lot of things and did everything I needed to do. In my family’s group of friends, I was the oldest and the first to do everything. Entering high school, I had friends that could drive. On the weekends, I would often ask to do something that in the back of my mind I figured they would already say no to, but I would still try. Not to my surprise, the answer was no. Every weekend we
would go through the same conversation.

“Mom, can I do this?”

“No.”

“Well, why not?”

“Because I said so!”

“Well why did you say so? That’s not a reason!”

You all know what she said back; yupp, you guessed it.

“Because I love you.”

Back then I didn’t understand. I wasn’t planning to thank them, and I wanted to be loved less. Now, I’m a senior in high school, and it has all come together. In kindergarten it was just a crayon. In middle school it was just a spelling word, and freshman year it was just a party. But now it’s a lot more. All along it was life lessons. “Someday you’ll understand.”

You share your crayons because you need to help others and to not be concerned only about yourself and your own well being. You have to help those who are in need and share what you have, even if you don’t have a lot. Which now, I understand. “Someday you’ll thank me.” I learned how to spell and use a dictionary because not everything was handed to me, I have learned to work for something I want and not give up until I have what I need or more. Having me look up those words was one of the best lessons I could have learned in middle school. Since then, I have learned to rely on myself and when I needed something, to do my best to find it on my own, and I thank him for that. “I do it because I love you.” I didn’t get to do everything I wanted, but I did everything I needed to do. Growing up, I didn’t miss out on anything important or beneficial to me. I hung out with my friends on the weekends and I didn’t miss a football game, but I didn’t get to do things to the extreme. I wasn’t out every night and I quickly learned how to balance life, school, friends and homework and how to appreciate the things I had around me. I didn’t get free run and that made me a very well rounded individual and forced me to become the best person I could be. For that, I love them, too. Not every lesson in life is cookie cutter, sometimes all it takes is sharing a crayon.