

The Lesson

In 1969, I was like most typical teenagers; Self-absorbed, self-centered, rebellious and indifferent. My mom's birthday was a few months before, which I undoubtedly missed because I was too consumed with my own little life. But this Mother's Day would be different.

My band "The Orbits" played a gig on Saturday night, so I didn't get home until 3:00 AM. Then at 7:00 AM, I suddenly woke to a thunderous banging on my locked bedroom door; it was my dad. Normally a quiet and gentle man, he stormed in and explicitly verbalized his disappointment with me.

"Did you get mama a card?", he always called her mama. I whined about getting home late and used various other yada-yadas which were not convincing. Then he sternly ordered: *"You get out there and get her a card and present...and don't come back until you do!"* Fortunately Kellerman's Pharmacy was open early, so I rode there on my bicycle, got her a card and a trite gift, and gave it to her.

The lesson that my dad taught me was so significant, that I never again forgot my mom on Mother's Day, birthdays, holidays, anniversaries, or any other day. My father's role on that Mother's Day: Lesson taught....lesson learned.

Glen Shulfer ~ May 7, 2022