

What in your childhood do you miss the most?

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Hmm... there are many things I miss from my childhood, but I think for now, I'll limit it to two of them. I don't want to bore you in my first post.

the first one, there's no question, it's my mom. I lost her when I was 16. I was living in Louisiana in '93, when my mom passed. The last time I had seen her, was in June of '90. Even though I talked to her often on the phone, it wasn't the same.

Nah, my mom wasn't the best. My mom had her problems, mainly anger and controlling her temper. She had a hard time holding down a job because of extreme migraine headaches that would make her blackout often. And even though she wasn't the best mom in the world, with all her problems... she was my mom!

On good days, we'd go horseback riding, or go to the lake up in Folsom, or a drive to some place we had never been before. She'd take us to friends' houses or even go canning every Sunday.

And even though I was a pain-in-the-ass most of the time, she still loved me no matter what. No matter what I did (or didn't do), she was always there (after she cooled down some :))

there is a moment about my mom I will never forget. I was 16 and in the adolescent ward in the State Hospital (I was there because no one could control me).

it was the Tuesday after Easter, '93. My mom and I talked on the phone for over an hour. I could talk to her about anything. When it was time to hang up, all of a sudden, I felt it would be the last time I would talk to her. I had never felt that feeling before, so I started crying as I told her I was sorry for everything I had ever done and that I loved her very much.

So after we hung up, I went about going to school and so forth until Friday, when I was suppose to call my mom again.

On Friday, at 7am, I called my mom and no one answered. I tried over and over for the next 2 hours, and there was never an answer. After I got back from classes, until Monday morning, I tried calling, but nobody ever picked up the phone.

On Monday, my aunt came and told me my mom died at 8:56 AM on Friday morning. All the nurses knew, but wouldn't tell me because they were afraid I would lose it. (Which I did, for about 2 years.)

I'll never forget that last phone call with my mom.

The second thing I miss the most, is horseback riding. From the time I can remember I was riding. I'd saddle up and just go. It was so refreshing to be out there, whether I was by myself or with others. I think the funnest part would be the full gallop, which is the fastest speed they'd go.

Of course, it wasn't all fun, like being bucked off and almost having my head smashed by the hooves, or even when I was cleaning the hooves. Sugar, my mom's mustang, would turn her head and bite me... And I ain't talkin love bites either... hahaha. Then Jesse, my horse, loved to step on my toes. Let me tell you from first hand experience... it hurts... ;)

I also loved breaking the horses too. Even if I came off alot, I'd always get right back on. Breaking a horse is a mighty big challenge, but you learn alot from it. You find out what you're really made of!

And those are just a couple of things I miss from my childhood. I could go on and on, about things like fishing, camping, friends or where I lived. I just figured I would save those for later.

So, what about you? What do you miss the most from your childhood? I'd love to hear about them. Whatever they are, feel free to tell me. And if theres anything else you want to know, just ask. I'll answer.

So, until next time, I hope you enjoyed reading this post. Let me wish you the best, and know you'll always have a friend in me. Remember, life is what you make of it, Grab it by the horns and take control, no matter what happens.

Come back and visit again.

Your Friend Always
BEAR

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