

July 16<sup>th</sup>. ~~July 16<sup>th</sup>~~ <sup>Mom</sup>

7-16-20

July 16. It's the anti-Mother's Day again. About a year ago, I wrote quite a lot about this day, the anniversary of my Mom's untimely, unnecessary death. I'm not sure there's much I can add, now. (The original post is "A Death That Didn't Have to Happen," on 8-21-2019, and it includes pictures and a poem by my brother, I forget what else.) I'd ask you to look back there for my feelings and a tribute, see the lady I'm thinking about today.

I miss you terribly, Mom. Some days are worse than others, but this day is always painful. I should've been there, and you should be here. I often wonder what you'd make of "Today" ... a Donald Trump presidency, riots, a viral pandemic, people beating up other people over surgical masks in public ... the world seems a bit off-kilter lately, and your own off-kilter take on things, on life in general, would've been fun, I think. Or, maybe you'd just have been disgusted and angry, I don't know. I'd be so curious to see where you'd fall on all of it, though. It's impossible for me to tell even whether you'd support a President Trump or not ... it's so easy to imagine you going either way. "You were never a hard-line anything, that's for sure. Well, except for one thing — your family. I'm pretty certain that was your sole devotion. I saw it all the time, and when it came to Dad, you even made it clear to me: in the end, nothing and no one sits above him. It was a fair warning. " Meanwhile, he was on the other side, telling me once, "You know, there's nothing your mother wouldn't do for you; there's no one whose throat she wouldn't slit when it comes to you — probably including me." The fierceness of your loyalty to your family was so clear to everyone, no one felt they had the best of you, and we all love you for that. In the end, though, you were only human, of course ... a southern transplanted Michigan Yankee Rebel, five feet of red-headed fury and laughter and love and worry, and all you could do was watch, really ... ~~watch~~ watch what happened to me, watch what was happening to Dad ... and almost no one there to watch out for you when it mattered. We owed you better, Mom. At least I did, I know. I love you.