

## Underestimating My Mom

I fancied myself  
a fast runner, at age nine  
could I beat my mom?

she took my challenge  
to the far mulberry tree  
she easily won

I was deflated  
she hugged me with love and grace  
I learned a lesson:

in whatever field  
underestimate my mom  
at your own peril

for years thereafter  
she was sorry for winning  
love's the real lesson

Setting: My childhood home near Knoxville, Missouri, circa 1954

Photo: My mom displaying another of her remarkable talents at age 89, April 2008



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