

A Defining Week

Posted on Aug 22, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

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Wilson Living Magazine

If you were to look in Webster's Dictionary for the definition of the word despondent you would find the following:

Des-pon-dent (adjective) - a feeling or showing of extreme discouragement, dejection or depression.

If you were to look even closer, under the word, you would also find a picture of Brody.

It started innocently on Monday morning when we were all rushing out the door to work and school. And we heard him call out, "Has anybody seen my phone?"

At the time there wasn't any real panic in his voice. That's because in our household, someone is always looking for their keys, books, shin guards or their lunchbox.

We are a family of blamers. Once we realize our prized possession is missing, we immediately assume someone else in the household took it.

"Neill, were you playing on my phone last night?"

My youngest vehemently denied any culpability and we all left assuming by the end of the day the phone would show up.

And honestly, I didn't think much of it on Monday or Tuesday. Because although my dear husband was still muttering something about his missing phone, in reality all that mattered was that I had my phone!

For two days straight, however, I watched him torment our children as he had them tear apart the house, the furniture, the cars, the garage, the porch, and finally the shed.

By Wednesday evening, things went from bad to worse. He had reached the point of no return, when with his eyes glazed over, sweat pouring over his brow, through clenched teeth he cried out...

"I think I may have left it outside and Molly (our dog) has it somewhere in the grass!"

Our grass consists...of 13 acres.

And as I watched him sink into madness, with flashlight in hand, he demanded I go outside with him to look for his phone.

"You must have lost your mind," is what I wanted to say.

But considering, that flashlight Crazy Eyes was clenching looked like it could easily be turned into a weapon, I found myself at 9 p.m. at night, combing the yard, looking for that *&***%\$ phone!

By Thursday when he took MY phone to his meeting in Nashville...I was over it.

Webster's Dictionary defines the word saint as follows: Saint (noun) – *one who bears pains or trials calmly or without complaint.*

If you look really closely under that word, there is a picture of me and another of **Mother Teresa**. My picture is the bigger one.

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