

Friends...

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My little sister was my first best friend. Mom was a close second, followed by my big brother, Mike. I think he put up with me out of pity but I didn't care, we were buds. This is where I got my first lessons on what it means to be a friend. When my little brother came along however, I got my first lesson on why it's a bad idea to put makeup and nail polish on a little boy and parade him in front of your parent's close friends.



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It's been said that if you can count the number of friends you have on one hand you are a lucky person. If you go by the number of friends I have on facebook I should have won the lottery twice by now!

My friends come in all shapes and sizes. Some are short, some tall, some thin and some... thinner. But all are irreplaceable. When I'm having a bad day I can call on any of these very smart, thin, beautiful women and instantly feel better. Whether it's the friend that makes me laugh, the one who makes me think or the one who reminds me of what happened the last time I tried to color my hair at home, they are all great.

I do expect certain things from my friends. If I die when my children are young, they are to make sure that my boys do not depend on their father for fashion advice. I'll rest easier knowing they won't be attending prom in whatever they can find in a closet. On that same note, if my husband decides to date after the appropriate grieving time has passed (20-30 years if he's lucky!) my friends will see to it that this "woman" weighs more than I did. If she doesn't, they will make sure she will.

My closest friends and I are different on many levels but we're similar where it counts. They are the ones that tell me I look thin, even though I have cookie crumbs on my chin and my pants are too tight. At the same time these are also the friends who will tell me there's spinach in my teeth before I talk to a group of people. And just because one of them doesn't like to cry, she doesn't mind when I do. They have their quirks but that's what I like. If you hang with people who are just a touch crazier than you, oh what colorful world it is.

Years ago I thought a friend was someone who had to think like me or act like me. I soon realized that a true friend helps you see things in an unconventional way. Friendship means different things to different people. But no matter your politics, background or annual income, when it comes to being a friend all you really need is a dry shoulder, an open mind and a sense of humor.

You can send Becky Andrews an email at