

## Mama is M.I.A.

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Do you ever wonder what life will be like when you die?

Will my kids be ok? Will Brody remarry? Will my friends like his new wife?

I've never really thought about it – as the odds are Brody is going first.

But just this past week, I had a glimpse into this world and let me just say, for all our sakes, I need to start taking a multi-vitamin.

I was supposed to be out of town for just one day. One day turned into five.

By day three, Brody was in a panic.

“Seriously, would you please answer your phone when I call! I’m not calling to chat. I need you to tell me where they keep their clothes. We’ve run out.”

The calls, texts and emails continued, including one from my middle child titled “HELP!”

Needless to say Friday night when I arrived home, I was a tad bit hesitant as I drove up the driveway.

As I tried to push open the back door, I noticed that something was keeping it from opening all the way. As I continued to push, there stood a mound of dirty clothes keeping it from opening.

Well, I say they were dirty.

In actuality the mound appeared to consist of a combination of dirty clothes on the floor and clean ones in the dryer, half way falling onto the floor and into this mound.

Apparently Brody had found their clothes! Every last one of them!

The clothes led to backpacks, backpacks led to coats, cleats, basketballs, tennis balls and books that lined the way from the back door, all the way to the kitchen.

The kitchen counters were filled with empty bags of Wendys, Painturos and Jersey Mikes. And it did appear, from the 100 bowls in the sink, that their father had fed them breakfast every morning as well.

Between the kitchen and the den, I saw books and pencils all over the floor as well as my new laptop – homework – check!

I went from room to room finding destruction everywhere I turned.

It seemed as they destroyed one room, they would move on to the next. It also appeared that at some point during the week, they had decided to break my rule and allowed the dog back into the house.

Finally I found them all, sitting in our office.

Our office consists of a desk and computer. We have one over-sized leather chair and a television in there, basically for one person. All four of them were huddled together in the dark, in the chair, watching television. The dog was sitting beside them. Brody was asleep.

Their clothes looked un-ironed, their pony tails looked askew and I'm pretty sure my youngest had failed to bathe all week.

They looked happy and content.

If I were to die first, my kids will be ok.

And given the state of my house, I seriously doubt Brody could remarry anytime soon.

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