

## My teenager myself

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My oldest child, a teenager now, gave me the most incredible gift recently. He agreed to spend the day with his mother shopping for new clothes, eating lunch and occasionally make eye contact with me. If you have boys of just about any age, you know what a BIG deal this really is. I was acting like a giddy teen in anticipation of spending one-on-one time with my first born.

The morning of our big day, I woke up early, finished a little work, did a load of laundry, got ready and waited for him to wake up so we could get the memory makin' under way. So I waited and waited and waited. Could it be that he wasn't as excited about this as me?

While in the car heading to "wherever you want to go for clothes," I was prepared for silence while he played on his iPod or sent texts to his friends (am I the only person concerned that our children will soon lose the ability to communicate verbally because of texting?). Instead, he started (gasp!) talking to me. Like really talking, not complaining, mumbling or rolling his eyes, really talking! He talked about school and the classes he really likes. He made some very funny observations about my driving. The entire drive we talked laughed and listened to music. It was like we were starring in our very own Disney movie.

That got me waxing poetic. This was a day I wanted him to remember like the days where I got my mom's undivided attention as a teen. Not an easy feat for a woman with six children. Before we stepped into the busy mall I grabbed his hand and said, "You know you can talk to me about anything, right? Anything, no judgment here." He kind of wiggled his hand out and mumbled, "Why are you being weird?"

We spent the afternoon in stores where the lights were dimmed low enough that I couldn't see the \$40 price tag on t-shirts and music so loud our salesperson thought I wouldn't recognize the sarcasm in his tone when I declined his offer to sign me up for a "totally fly store credit card."

A few hours later he was ready to go and no amount of money could convince him that going to my favorite kitchen store was absolutely necessary.

As we made our way to the parking lot he did something so shocking, I almost tripped. He put his arm around my shoulder. Just a few years ago, the only way he could do that is if I were holding him. Now he stands eye to eye with me. Before we got to the car I said, "This is very important. If anything ever happens to me I want you to always remember me a certain way. And it's your responsibility to make sure everyone knows what way that is."

He looked at me in that special teenager way that says, "I'm not really listening but giving you eye contact should suffice" but instead said with a groan, "What? What way?"

"Always remember me as really skinny and very tall."

He busted out laughing then said right little words that would make any mom proud, "I'm glad I have your sense of humor!"

***You may contact Becky at [This e-mail address is being protected from spambots.](#)  
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