

## One of THOSE Moms

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Not being an athlete, I've spent most of my life...in the stands.

When I was younger, I remember attending my brother's soccer games. And it went something like this...

We'd walk in. Dad would pay for Mom and I. Mom would find her spot on the bleachers. Dad and I would sit three rows behind her.

The game would start...which meant within minutes...so would my mother!

She would be up and down in her seat all through the game. Screaming at the Ref, the other players, our players and then ...the most excruciating part would come ...watching her pretend to be kicking the ball.

"Come on Gerry, kick the ball! *(insert picture here of my mother standing up and pretending to kick an invisible ball)* What is wrong with you today boys? Can't you see we are losing!!!"

It was a complete N-I-G-H-T-M-A-R-E!

The best part, however, was watching my Dad. He would act as if he did not know her. When other parents would argue with her because of the outrageous things she was saying, he'd just keep watching the game.

*"Dad, make her stop,"* I'd whisper – not wanting the mob to know we were with her.

*"No. She can handle it,"* he'd say and just keep watching.

And like all teenagers – I promised myself I would never be like my mother.

So, I was shocked and dismayed in Sunday school, a few weeks ago, when the topic turned to "those mothers" who act completely inappropriately during games. And my husband and daughter both turned to me, pointed and started... laughing.

After Church, I demanded to know what they were talking about.

*"Oh my God Mom, you are so loud at the games. And you don't even play a sport but are always telling us to ...get the ball, ...be more aggressive, ...take the shot now!" (insert picture here of ungrateful children mocking their mother who provides for all their needs on a daily basis to the detriment of her own life and dreams)*

I was M-O-R-T-I-F-I-E-D!

So, this past Saturday we attended a day-long soccer tournament in Whitehouse.

I tried really, really, really hard to be good.

But we were losing...so I...

*(insert picture here of me telling my mother how sorry I am for criticizing her when, in reality, she was just being a supportive parent who was inspiring my brother and his team to do better...and was merely pointing out the obvious...the other team was made up of cheats and the Ref was blind)*

by Angel Kane

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