

Times Mom Stood Up For Me.

When I was seven years old, my mother dropped me at the library. She did this every Saturday morning. I was to find a book and take it home for the week.

On this particular week, I was feeling brave, and I chose “Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea” by Jules Verne. It was a big book, very grown up, but it had a drawing of a submarine on the front so I liked it.

Well, the librarian took one look at me, removed the book from my hands, and said “This book is too hard for you. Go get one from the children’s section.”

I did as I was told.

When my mother picked me up, I showed her the Curious George book I had chosen. As she drove away, I told her what the librarian had said.

SCREECH!

My mother stopped the car, grabbed my elbow, and dragged me into the library.

“Did you tell my son a book was too hard for him?” she yelled.

“Never tell a child a book is too hard! And never THIS child!”

She then demanded the book, shoved it in my arms, and marched me out of there.

To this day, I say my love of reading and writing began at that moment. My mother showed me – not told me, but showed me - that learning was worth fighting for, and that I was worth fighting for. She stood up for me on that day. And every day I sit down to write, I try to be worthy of it.