

My mom was a blessing

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By Judith Biggs

BIG SANDY, Texas—One day in my late 20s I asked a question of a friend: "Why don't I get into trouble like most people I know?"

You have to understand that people considered me a goody two-shoes. (Goody Two-Shoes was a character in a children's story in 1934. Goody Two-Shoes was something like Little Lord Fauntleroy, from an 1885 novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, or like Pollyanna, from a best-selling 1913 novel by Eleanor H. Porter).

To be honest, I was sort of viewing myself the same way.

My friend answered: "Because you believe you will get caught and most people believe they will not."

Bull's-eye. So much for believing I was just a little bit better than other people.

Her response got me thinking. Why did I think I would get caught?

Then the answer hit me like a ton of bricks.

Mama had two sets of eyes!

When I was little I wanted to sneak up behind Mama, part her thick brown hair and stare at that extra set of eyes.

All four eyes had excellent peripheral vision as well. They could even see inside my head. She knew what I was going to do even before I did. What a super mom!

Until I had that conversation with my friend, I had no idea how blessed I was to have a mom with four eyes or a friend to set me straight.

Allow me to give you a recent example to demonstrate how my mom's influence has been a blessing to me at this stage of my life.

A couple of weeks ago I lost a good friend to cancer caused by smoking and eating junk food. He was only in his mid-50s.

In the last couple of years he and his family had made a gallant effort to right these wrongs. He undertook his gamble as a young man.

Am I better than my friend because I don't smoke or eat junk food? Absolutely not! Better? No. Blessed? Yes.

And why am I blessed? The credit goes to my mom.

She is the one with her four eyes and insight who taught me well not to gamble. It is because of her that I have chosen to go in a better direction concerning these health matters.

I have reaped wonderful blessings because of my mom. Thanks, Mom. Thanks, God, for giving me my mom.