

## A Time I Felt Grown Up

Hmm! Let me see about that! As I reflect on my seventy-six years, I recall intervals of my life trying to expand my horizons. With the hassles of developing, I felt I was supposed to grow up, mature, act responsible, but my inner me liked what and where I was. I did not like change. To be or not to be? That was the question.

I liked the little imp in me. The self-conscious and sensitive little me. Was I to be left behind? Forever? Will I ever bloom?

With great glee, I learned to peel potatoes while standing on a box so as to reach the kitchen sink. My mother remarked, "What a big girl you are."

The night I was caring for my invalid grandma when she had a seizure of some sort. She was thrashing and convulsing in her lazyboy chair and foaming at the mouth. Of course, when I called my parents to come home, she was talking the same as she always did. No one believed me. I was scared as my folks left to continue their fun.

Or was it the night of my high school graduation? All of us graduates had to wear a white floor length gown complete with  $\frac{3}{4}$  long sleeved white gloves to hold our long stemmed red roses. Was I marrying into adulthood?

Maybe it was the time I had to be the "undrinkable" driver to cart friends to and fro.

During my dating years, I was in the mode of man selections. My little self conscious self, needed to know if anyone wanted me. Would I meet a "friend or a foe?" Would I be happy? Would I have a slice of life? Do I matter?

The night I met the love of my life. I felt so grown up when he asked my dad for my hand. He was a teacher, for goodness sake! I had arrived. My timid self was shrieking. "Atta girl! It's time to take the leap of faith." Fifty-four years later and still married to my professor, two children, five grands for me to continue enjoying and playing games, I made it. I'm all grown up.

My "little me" is still within me. After all, she is my foundation. She spurs me on. I still am the little imp. I never went away. I'm me. I never want to truly grow up. It may seem like it, but I like the way I am.