

# GIVE ME AN M

by Robert L. Crowe



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**Give Me an M**  
by **Robert L. Crowe**

# Give Me an M

by Robert L. Crowe

GIRL: I love my Mother. No, no, don't leave yet. It gets better.

Have you ever taken 2 or 3 minutes to probe some of the more profound philosophical questions of life? Neither have I. But, I wonder. Why would someone like ... moi (*mwah*) ... it's French ... stand up in front of a group of complete strangers ... well, of course, I know some of you ... you're not strangers, you're strange but I know who you are ... but that's not the point. Why would someone stand in front of strangers and say something like (*exaggerated, deep voice*) "I love my mother." You see, for many years I couldn't tell my mother that I loved her. I did love her ... I just couldn't say it.

That happens a lot. I've heard of people who travel on buses, or trains, or planes who will pour out their life stories to a stranger sitting next to them. They will tell the combination to their safe and the three digit code on the back of their credit card. So, I'm sure you understand the question ... we tell things to people we've never met instead of telling the people who need to know. Why is that? Personally, I just got confused. Let me explain.

I have always loved my mother but there are times in my young life when that is hard to do. You see, my mother is sort-of a free spirit. She often does things that no one else would think of.

I remember an incident when I was three ... three years old ... not a size three. There must have been many other similar situations but I was just too short to see them. Anyway ... for my third birthday my parents got me the usual presents but my mother also bought me a bowling ball. That's right, a bowling ball. It was at that time I recall my mother teaching me the word "share." She would use the ball on Thursdays for her bowling league and I got it all the other times. For years, I would sit on the bowling ball and we would talk about the soap operas. We had our tender moments.



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*GIVE ME AN M*

*by Robert L. Crowe.*

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