

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

*The Mother of All Mothers*

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The Bandera Prophet

Mother's Day always makes me sad because Dearly Demented Mom has been gone for nearly 12 years. Being an only child it's like you now have a ship with no rudder because your mom is no longer there to drive you crazy. Some days, I'd just prefer to be driven crazy, you know? To that end, I've been thinking about DDM, so I thought I'd share some of her important words of "wisdom."

## **Fashion**

Long before DDM was "demented" she was still nuts. When I was in sixth grade, we got into a knock down dressing room brawl about what I should and shouldn't wear. Note: My grandmother was a seamstress. There was this cute little plaid jumper dress I wanted terribly but my mother would have none of it. "No child of mine is going to be seen in public in a dress that doesn't have matching seams." Imagine if she'd ever seen the WalMartians.

## **Love**

Her advice on finding the perfect man – "Find the love of your life and marry him. If you can't find him by the time you are 30, settle for second best. Better yet, marry an architect because then you'll always live in a fabulous house."

## **Nursing Homes**

DDM always said that if she got old and crazy, I should just slap her in a nursing home and go on with my life. When that actually happened and I told her it was probably time to find a suitable place, she said, “If you put me a nursing home, I’ll kill you.” So much for her wishes.

### **The Dating Scene**

After Dearly Demented Mom came to live with me, things just got weirder and weirder. One morning she announced, “You’re going to be mad at me. Guess who I’m going to marry?” Remember this is a woman who’s in a wheelchair and sleeps in a hospital bed. Of course, I played along and said, “Who?” She got a big grin on her face and said, “Your old boyfriend Harry!” I dumped him quite a while back and all I could say was, “Congratulations! Do you want a blender for your wedding present?”

### **The Only Child Syndrome**

Besides marrying my old boyfriend, DDM also decided that she had two other children – Daisy and Violet. I think that was when she was in her “flower years” and they, of course, were much more talented than I. Daisy was a concert violinist, and she was only 7. That happens so often. And Violet invented a new heart valve when she was a mere 10. I guess that’s why DDM never had heart problems.

### **Cooking Lessons**

I used to give DDM simple food that she could eat while lounging in her wheelchair. One of her favorites was Stouffer’s Mac and Cheese. But one day, she scolded me and said, “I can’t believe you keep putting onions in my Mac and Cheese!” Right. The Chopped Onion Terrorist is now being hunted by the FBI.

### **Aging Gracefully**

Dearly Demented Mom was from a generation of women that always lied about their age. She was 29 for years until I got old enough to be suspicious and then she was “magically” 39 for the next two decades.

Even in her demented state, she kept it up. When I announced it was her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday and we were going to have a big party, she laughed and said, “I’m only 79. If I was 90, I’d be dead!”

If you’ve still got your mom around, revel in it. If not, spend the day reflecting on all the life-changing advice she gave you. Hopefully it was more helpful than what Dearly Demented Mom told me. At least she always made me laugh.

Love you, Mom.