

## The World's Meanest Mother

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*by the Cisco Caller*

I had the meanest mother in the whole world. While other kids ate candy for breakfast, I had to have cereal or eggs and bacon. When other kids had cake or candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich; and, as you can guess, my supper was different from the other kids, too. My sister and two brothers had the same mother as I did.

My mother insisted on knowing where we kids were at all times. You would think that we were on a chain gang! She had to know who our friends were and what we were doing. She insisted that if we said that we'd be gone one hour, that it was not to be one hour and one minute. I am actually ashamed to admit it, but she actually struck us, not once but each time we did as we pleased. Can you imagine someone actually hitting a child, just because he disobeyed? Now can you begin to see how mean she really was?

The worst is yet to come. We had to be in bed by 9 each night, and up early the next morning, never sleeping until noon like our friends. So, while they slept, my mother had the nerve to break the child labor laws. She made us work! We had to wash the dishes, make the beds, learn how to cook, and all sorts of cruel things. I believe she laid awake at night just thinking up mean things to do to us. She always insisted upon our telling the truth, even if it killed us, and it nearly did!

By the time we were teenagers, she was much wiser, and life became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the horn in front of the house for us kids to come running. She embarrassed us to no end by making our dates and friends come to the door to get us. She urged us to drag our friends off to Bible lessons with the same interest and attitude as we did our school assignments. Can you imagine?!

I forgot to mention that while our friends were dating at the mature age of 12 and 13, my old-fashioned mother refused to let us date until the age of 15 and 18. Fifteen, that is, if you dated only to go to school functions -- and none of those dances like my lucky friends.

My mother was a complete failure as a mother. None of us has ever been arrested or beaten his mate. My brothers and sisters love our country and God, too. And whom do you think we have to blame for this terrible way we turned out? You are right, our mother. Look at all the things we missed! We never got to march in protest parades, take part in a riot, wear long hair or short mini-skirts, burn draft cards, or a million other things that our friends did. She forced us to grow into God-fearing, educated, honest adults.

Using this as a background, you know what? I am trying to raise my three kids, too. I stand a little taller and am even filled with pride when my kids call me "mean." Because you see, I thank God that He gave me the "meanest" mother in the world.

**Editor's Note:** This is a newspaper clip that I saw numerous times in bulletins over the years. It dates back to at least 1980, and you can tell its age by certain events mentioned. Hence, it dates back to my early adulthood. Just the same, I recommend its principles to parents today. Some of it may seem politically incorrect today, but it gives parents today some insight as to how children were raised in the 50's-60's.

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