

The Long Commute Home

Dedication

Well, it is now the end of yet another long commute home for me. I am thankful for my time on the train for it has provided me with the opportunity to put my thoughts about Mom and Dad down on paper.

I chose this particular title, “The Long Commute Home”, for these stories not only because I put them into writing during my very long commute home, night after night; but also because it has been a long commute for me to grow into the person I am today.

I can now honestly say that I not only love my parents, but I like them too. I enjoy spending time with them because I like them for them, not just because they are my parents. It has been a long road for me to get here. Through my tomboyish childhood, to my scholarly/sports days in high school, through my two years as an immature cadet at a military academy, through another 16 years advancing in the phone company, till now, as a confident, mature wife, daughter and independent consultant.

I am very happy with whom I am, and I owe a very large part of that to my folks. Thanks Mom and Dad; you did good.

I hope you enjoyed a chuckle or two while reading these short stories. I wrote them down as a tribute to my folks, Ann and Bill Hickey of Plum Island, Newbury, Massachusetts. There are a zillion more stories like these in my family. I felt it was important for me to capture in writing, how some of their imperfections were truly hilarious to grow up with.

My folks are decent, kind hearted, good-humored parents who have always done their best for us. They will be the first to tell you that they are far from perfect. But I will be the first to tell you that they are always there for us, when we need them. And in the end, isn't that the truest definition of a good parent.

This is my attempt to immortalize their best and funniest traits. It is my attempt to give others a sense of what it was like growing up as their child. I wouldn't trade them in for all the tea in China, or all the potatoes in Ireland, for that matter. When it comes to parents, mine are tops!

In a recent visit to see my folks, down at Plum Island, I asked my father why he chose and married my mom. I knew he had once dated one of Mom's older sisters, so why Mom? I was a bit surprised, yet very touched, by his direct response. He said without hesitation, “I married your mother because she is so nice.” I think if I were to choose a word that

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best describes my Mom, that is one I would use to describe her too, along with words like warm and kind-hearted.

My parents' philosophies have always been very different. My mother is quick to sweep trouble under the carpet, all for the sake of peace in the family. My Mother tried to raise us by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you". She wasn't always successful though, because my father's own Golden Rule was, "Give it to them, before they give it to you". My father is apt to yell and curse like a storm-trooper first, and ask questions later. Needless to say, all nine of us are a product of some variation, of both of these philosophies.

To Mom and Dad, I love you both. Hope you enjoyed seeing some of 'your' stories in print.

Love always,

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