The Meanest Mother

**I had the meanest mother in the world. While other kids ate candy for breakfast, I had to have cereal, eggs, and toast. When others had coke and candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich.**

**As you can guess, my dinner was different from other kids'. My mother insisted on knowing where I was at all times. She had to know who my friends were and what we were doing. She insisted that if I told her I would be gone an hour, I would be gone for an hour or less. I'm ashamed to admit it, but she actually had the nerve to make us kids work.**

**We had to wash dishes, make beds, and learn to cook. I believe she stayed awake at night, thinking up things for me to do. By the time I became a teenager, she had grown even meaner. She embarrassed me by making my dates come to the front door to pick me up.**

**And while my friends were dating at the mature ages of twelve and thirteen, my old-fashioned mother refused to let me date until I was sixteen. In spite of the harsh way I was raised, I've never been arrested. And all my brothers and sisters turned out okay, too. I guess we owe it all to our mean mother. She insisted that we grow up into God-loving, honest, responsible adults. I'm grateful to God that he gave me the meanest mother in the world. *(G. W. Knight, in Church Bulletin Bits)***

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