

THE IDEAL ALMANAC

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I Got Scolded by My Mother Today

Hello and Welcome to the February edition of the Ideal Almanac.

I got scolded by my mother today.

A few things to keep in mind before you read further:

1. I am 66 years old.
2. My mother is 93 years old.
3. She is on hospice care and extremely frail, but sometimes her mind is still razor sharp.
4. She is strong-willed, tough and has defended and protected me all my life.
5. She hates conflict, especially within our family.

My older brother and sister are wonderful people and we all see our mom multiple times during the week. Our spouses, kids, and their kids, also come to see her. She is enveloped in a web of love and protection, reinforced by her group of 24-hour aides. My siblings and I have split up the various areas of helping care for our mother and mine is to make sure all of the aides and others are paid on time and everything runs smoothly. I have been doing this for a while and have not had an issue until recently.

My brother called to tell me that mom had told him there was a problem with the payments for some of the additional support services and for me to check. When I got there, my mom was obviously upset and sternly said she wanted to talk to me. Last week when I left, there was some timing issue, and some did not have their pay ready as usual. Fortunately, my mom had enough money to take care of it but had almost nothing left and she was very unhappy that I had let it happen. Obviously, I did not do it on purpose and I took care of everything immediately, but there was a split

second there where, as my wife Wendy put it, I was six years old again and being yelled at by my mom.

I have been brought up and trained as an attack dog by my father for our family business and my immediate reaction was to yell at my mother and force her to apologize. Happily, that only lasted a split second, my sane mind returned. I simply told her I was sorry, it would not happen again, and put a movie on my iPad that she had been watching last week. I then took a nap in another room and later left, but I could tell she was still not totally happy with me. There is no winning in a situation like this, I knew that anything I said in retaliation would haunt me and, even worse, if she started to cry. Although I know my feelings are irrelevant and I will resolve to not bring it up again, it is amazing how fast I can be reduced to a little kid. She is the last of her generation and there is no one else who would have that kind of power over me. I will be greatly saddened when she passes and will always remember what a wonderful mother she has been. Today will fade quickly and I will endeavor to never let something like this ever happen again.

Regards,
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