

# Memor Rough

October 7, 2013

As a mother, I have lots and lots of warm, fuzzy memories of my children. They are adorable - they were when they were little, round, and chubby, and they still are now that they are eight and eleven. But more than those cute and cuddly moments, sometimes it's those times when they catch you off guard that a few minutes are burned forever into your brain.

One of those times was at Hunter's preschool graduation. This was a big day for the Thurston family - grandparents were in attendance, and we were all crammed into a church pew like pardners with cameras at the ready.

Pretty soon, a parade of tiny people marched down the aisle ~~at~~ garbed in their Sunday best ~~with~~ some with giant smiles plastered on their faces, others glancing shyly



at their parents, Hunter was part of the smiley crowd. We cracked up at his proud ~~stare~~ as a peacock strut<sup>ed</sup> ~~to~~ passed us and <sup>climbed</sup> onto the little stage.

The teacher ~~said a few~~ ~~to~~ greeted the room and welcomed us to graduation. The ingenious kids sang songs with gusto as cameras flashed. We were totally and completely surprised when the songs ended and our cute little boy walked off the stage with a stack of ten or eleven plastic hats balanced precariously on his head.

"What's he doing?" my mother-in-law whispered.

"I don't know," whispered my husband back. He turned to me, "Do you know?"

I shrugged my shoulders and shook my head no as I craned my neck to see what was happening.

Little kids giggled as they scurried around the stage into position. The teacher began to tell a story about a man who sold hats and crazy monkeys.



With a voice as clear as a bell, Hunter cried out, "Caps for sale!  
Caps for sale! Fifty cents a cap!"

We burst out laughing and all started whispering at once:

"Didn't he tell you?"

"What a secret keeper!"

"I can't believe he's doing that!"

"Me either!"

Hunter regaled the crowd with his confidence throughout the little play. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The feeling of love that filled my chest was overwhelming and even as I think back on it, I feel the same warmth.

Hunter has continued to amaze us with his confidence and composure. He has narrated school Christmas concerts, done morning announcements, read at church, pitched well in games and pitched not that hot — always with the same level of self-confidence. That boy of mine

is cool as a cucumber in almost  
any situation, I don't <sup>know</sup> where he gets  
it from or how he is able to  
maintain it, but boy, do I admire  
him for it.