Aaaaaah

Written by Nancy Spencer Monday, May 07, 2012 9:57 AM - Last Updated Tuesday, November 06, 2012 4:38 PM

Aaaaaahhh.

Spring time.

My son, Cameron, just finished finals for his first official semester of college.

What a difference a year makes. At this time last year, he was just settling in to the halfway house, looking for a job and feeling pretty stressed. He was worried about everything: Would he find a job? Would it be enough to all his expenses? Could he find an apartment close to work because he didn't have a car? The worries went on and on.

So did mine. They were just a little different: Could he make it? Would he adjust to being out? Would he get in trouble again?

And then, it happened. He started talking like a 25-year-old. He started making goals and plans to reach them. He moved on in the halfway to the honors dorm and was afforded some more of the creature comforts we take for granted like a fridge to keep milk, juice and munchies and other stuff in and a microwave to heat them. They had a large sitting area, a TV and a DVD player.

Then came his first visit home. That was nice too except for the constant worry of if we would hear the phone for that all important check-in or if something bizarre would happen and it would get screwed up.

Seems like we did a lot of worrying.

Can I tell you a secret? Still worrying to this day. I get it honest. I've always told my mother is she didn't have anything to worry about, she would make it up. She's still a huge "what if" and "yeah, but" fan.

Some things you just have to let go and put on someone else's hands 'cause you just can't do a thing about them. That was probably the hardest lesson to learn. To let things go. And we are all better for it. I know I am. I sleep much better at night.

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Soooooo. Hurray Spring. Here's to new beginnings. Here's to those gorgeous flowers in my yard that I can't wait to see in full bloom. Here's to the smell of fresh-cut grass and mulch. Here's to the rose bush in my back yard that is three times the size it was last year. B-E-A-U-T-I-F-U-L.

Oh, yeah. I hope we're finally done with all this haul-the-flowers-in, haul-the-flowers-out stuff. It's become a little tiresome. I'm watching the weather with a narrow eye. Still seems a bit volatile. Don't let me down, weatherman. I'm counting on you.