

The Sock

I held the tiny little ivory sock in my hand and wondered. Warm from the dryer. One sock. A sock so small that it fit in the palm of my hand. Tiny blue stripes. Small and perfectly made, like the little one soon to arrive. Waiting. Wondering. Hoping. I didn't know a sock so small would be so big for the little miracle headed our way. Our precious one arrived and brought all the joy promised by God.



A wonder. A masterpiece fresh from heaven.

More socks.

Little socks were followed by baby shoes and bobby socks, tennis shoes and crew socks, soccer cleats and soccer socks, hockey skates and hockey socks, hiking boots and wool socks. Socks so big I wondered and marveled. How did he grow so big, so strong, so soon?

A rush and whirlwind of ball games,

school projects, all-night video games (fifteen hungry teenage boys crammed in our house). Pizza and pancakes. Finally, The Day arrived. Dropping our son off at college. God held me together. I kept a smile on my face, joining him in his joy and excitement, hiding my pain. Proud, torn, excited, anxious, we left him at his dorm. Out of my hands ... into God's hands. I was fine until I arrived home.

And saw a sock. Just one sock.

Forgotten on the floor of our family room. One sock. I picked up the sock and held it in my hand. He just wore this sock.

(How many times had I told him to quit leaving his socks around the house?)

Years mingling with tears.

Memories.

Tears of a job done right. Joy. Hugs. Sacrifice.

Family. Hurt. Struggle.

Love.

Kindergarten to college.

No longer just my son, but now my friend.

Mary Kane

All rights reserved

Copyright 2015