

RETIREMENT PLANNING - When I'm an old lady, I'll live with my son!

When I first read this poem several years ago (See below) and finally quit laughing, the thought, *Paybacks with a capital "P"* flashed through my mind and I could certainly relate. Reading it again I thought, *I could add some interesting stanzas to this poem*, as my mind strolled down memory lane and many of my son Randy's "*adventures*" (as he called them) came to mind.

Randy was very creative and sometimes came up with things that only a mother could love, yet at other times I was amazed at his creative skills—mental and physical. Randy was always experimenting with wood, metal and whatever he could get his hands on; building, tearing apart and putting back together again. It didn't matter in what order, he simply loved using his hands and mind to create

Randy was a constant visitor in the garage. I would hear Joe's resounding shout, "Randy William!" with often a "Lorrie Ann!" right behind it explode from the garage and I knew one of his father's tools, materials or whatever was missing, messed up or not put back in the proper place. Joe's shouts nearly always brought up giggles as I knew the "trouble" those two could get into. When I heard "Rebecca Kay" added to the list, I was out the back door on a run—big trouble was on the horizon with mom to the rescue. The garage was not limited to Randy's search for materials. The house fell prey to his rifling too. Therefore, my shouts were also heard from time to time, as various household items disappeared.

"*Borrow*" fit Randy to a tee and could have been his "second" middle name, and old mom had a hard time resisting his mischievous green eyes, freckled nose and cheeks and his cute little smile that seem to say, "You gotta love me mom, I'm just a kid!"

Randy had the uncanny ability to talk his sisters into joining him in his multi adventures even though it often got them into trouble. Big sis covered for him and little sis was his gopher. I will have to admit that in the process of being part of his crew, they learned some neat craft skills. They were never afraid to try something new knowing that if they got stuck, Randy would somehow fix it and make it work or turn it into another project. Oh, they messed up alright, but all in all, Joe and I were proud parents.

It was such a "*Right On*" Poem that I immediately sent it to my son; who for some strange reason didn't respond back. I still chuckle when I think about it. Although later when I finally asked him about the poem, he replied, *Paybacks big time mom, but you know I love you!* And we both had a good laugh.

I have to tell you though, I draw the line at bouncing on the bed and putting my head through the bedroom wall when I'm an old lady—Randy can keep that honor!

RETIREMENT PLANNING

When I'm an old lady, I'll live with my son,
And make his life happy and filled with such fun,
I want to pay back all the joy he's provided,
Returning each deed. Oh, he'll be so excited
...when I'm an old lady and live with my son.

I'll write on the wall with red, white, and blue;
And bounce on the furniture wearing my shoes.
I'll drink from the carton and then leave it out.
I'll stuff all the toilets and oh, will he shout!
...when I'm an old lady and live with my son.

When he's on the phone and just out of reach,
I'll get into things like sugar and bleach.
Oh, he'll snap his fingers and then shake his head,
And when he is done I'll hide under the bed.
...when I'm an old lady and live with my son.

When my son's wife cooks dinner and calls me to meals,
I'll not eat my green beans or salads congealed.
I'll gag on my okra, spill milk on the table,
And when she gets angry, run fast as I'm able.
...when I'm an old lady and live with my son.

I'll sit close to the TV, thru the channels I'll click,
I'll cross both my eyes to see if they stick,
I'll take off my socks and throw one away,
And play in the mud until the end of the day.
...when I'm an old lady and live with my son.

And later, in bed, I'll lay back and sigh,
And thank God in prayer and then close my eyes;
And my son will look down with a smile slowly creeping,
And say with a groan, "she's so sweet when she's sleeping."
...when I'm an old lady and live with my son.

Author is unknown to me as this is an Internet resource, but if anyone knows the author, please let me know. I would like to give them credit and add their name.