

These Secrets

Well sir, that's an interesting question. No, I don't look up to my parents anymore. I mean I love them both, but it's hard to say that they taught me to love. That's another topic I guess...Well, we have time. It was sophomore year in college, I think. I was finishing my first semester exams. I got this call from my dad. He said we needed to meet up sometime over break. One evening, I walked in the door to find my parents expecting me. No, "How've you been?" No, "Want some dinner?" Nope, just "Sit down." I can already tell this is going to end well. So my mom started, "Well, you know back in high school I loved church." Yes Mom, I know. And you loved to sing in your choir... " I had lots of good friends, but junior year was different. I was shy, and weak. I never thought-- I had some not-so-good friends that year. I got into some things I shouldn't have. And I'm not saying it's okay, but please hear what I'm trying to tell you. I went to parties on the weekends. I smoked, I got drunk, I got arrested." Now keep in mind, this is my mother who wouldn't let me drive to school alone because "Teenagers cannot be trusted." Anyway, my dad sat patiently, uncomfortably on the loveseat. My mom droned on about her morals and argued against all illegal activity. I didn't listen. Then, she finally finished, "...and I spent the second half of my senior year in maternity clothes."

It didn't register at first, but I remember thinking, "So what?" My dad jumped in explaining how that's when he started dating Mom. I mean, that's got to leave a mark on his reputation. She was shocked he could get over her past, so they fell head over heels in love. So my parents were young once, I know that. They had lives... So what if I had grown up under the false impression my parents were good people? That seems to be the norm these days. These secrets, these lies ripped my parents apart until they couldn't recover. So much for big happy family, right?

Alright, I have a half sister, Megan who lives in Chicago and has her own family now. She's nice; I met her for the first time last month. I'll tell you what, she looks like my mom. But that night, when I found out she existed... I mean, what a piece of news--some Christmas present, right? Sure, it's not as bad as it gets, but why now? This is their best kept secret and all of a sudden they decide it's time to tell me? I'm too busy to deal with my mom's past. I'm starting my own life right now! I guess everyone has to have that kind of moment. You know, the kind of thing you don't just get over. Respectable people are honest, that's what my parents always told me. I like to think I won't be making their mistakes. Of course, soon, everyone else will move on. They'll just--forget... Anyway, I guess, what I'm trying to say-- no, I don't love my parents, because now I know they're just human.