
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:09:00 GMT
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From: Hobbeth Sent: 4/5/2007 6:50 PM

Tuesday, August 21, 7 PM; College Park, Maryland (11 AM Aug. 22 on Tracy Island)

After dinner, Lena helped Amelia load the dishwasher while Matthew took care of some work he'd brought home. Afterward, they headed into the living room, but Lena was restless "I feel de need to take a walk. Do eiter of you want to come?"

"That's a good idea, Mom," Matthew replied. "I had no court time today, and was chained to my desk. I could use a little exercise, especially since my wife is such a good cook." He leaned over and kissed Amelia, who blushed and giggled a little.

"Well you two go on, then," she said. "You need some time together, and I have a magazine article I want to read before my favorite show comes on at 8."

It was a clear, balmy evening with a light breeze sending the fragrance of several different flowers for all to enjoy. When they got to the sidewalk, they both took deep appreciative breaths. Matthew linked his mother's right arm in his, and they began to stroll down the block, chatting about inconsequential things along the way.

Finally he had to ask his mother the question he'd been avoiding. "Mom, are you going to continue to work for Tracy Industries as both head of I&M and I&M coordinator?"

"Of course I am. I'm not ready to retire, not by a long shot."

"And what about flying? Are you going to have a problem with that?"

She hesitated. "I don't know, Mattew. I have to fly; it's part of de job I took on. I may have some fear de next time I get on a plane, but I tink I can work trough it. Anyway, I intend to try."

He smiled and patted her hand. "You know that I'll support you whatever happens, don't you? I love you very much."

"Of course you do. I'm your motter." They both laughed, then Lena added, "I love you too. You're so much like your fadder. When we're togeter like dis, I don't miss him as much."

"Do you get lonely still, Mom?"

"Sometimes. But it isn't nearly as bad as it was at first. And I have enough to keep me occupied so dat it doesn't happen as often as it used to." She looked up at her son. "Don't be concerned; I'm doing fine."

"I'm glad. But you don't mind if I worry about you now and then, do you?"

"I can't keep you from doing dat; we all worry about dose we love. So how can I say otterwise?"

He released her arm, so he could hug her, which she returned gladly. Then once again linking arms, they strolled on in silence, just enjoying being together. But ten minutes later, Lena stopped suddenly, causing Matthew to look at her in concern.

"What's wrong, Mom?"

"Notting, honey. I just had an idea about a project I was working on before I left for Denver. Dere was a bit of an obstacle to what I wanted to do, and I tink I just figured out how to get around it."

"And here I thought you were enjoying my company."

Lena snorted. "I was and I am; don't you try to kid me, young man." She paused, thinking. "I'm not sure how de idea came into my mind. I was just remembering when you and Joy were little and I was doing freelance work. De idea suddenly popped into my head."

"That happens to me sometimes. Do you think it's the answer to getting around the obstacle?"

"Possibly. I won't know until I'm able to work on my own computer at home. I'll have to add a note to myself about it in my laptop. I'm amazed dat de airline company was able to locate it and get it back to me."

"I was amazed to see that it was still working."

Lena smiled. "Tracy Industries makes sure deir computers are de best, and built to witstand just about anything. But you're right, son; I was surprised, too. Now all I have to do is remember dis idea so I can input it when we get back to your place."

"Do you want to head back now?"

"Not unless you do. I'm enjoying dis too much."

So they continued their walk.