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May 01, 2006 6:59AM

Driving skills aside, he wouldn't trade his mom

COMMENTARY

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It's been said that you can tell a lot about a person by what kind of driver they are. If this is true, my mom is severely insane.

Riding with her from point A to point B is like riding a rollercoaster where you are not sure if you are ready to scream or throw up.

Squirrels, deer, concrete poles, and trucks are all victims of my mom's wrath. It is not rare to see the car come home with spots of blood around the hood.

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My mom makes an effort to make up with hygiene what she lacks in basic driving ability. Through countless hours of highway travel, my mom has learned an excellent little trick. While cruising down the road going 80 mph, she can take a string of dental floss and proceed to floss her teeth. She uses her elbows to steer.

Not only is this horrifying, but incredibly gross. She leaves specks of teeth gunk all over the steering wheel.

"I'm an experienced driver," she says.

This is the equivalent of her saying, "because I'm old I can floss my teeth while driving down the highway going 80."

It's strange, but it seems whenever I drive with my mom animals run away from us. It's almost as if she's developed a reputation within our animal community.

"There she is," one squirrel will say to another, "the dreaded car baron."

Even birds tend to avoid my mom, with the exception of popping on her car from a safe distance.

"Got her," one bluebird chirps as bird poo streams down the car window.

My mom's worst fear came true when I turned 16 and started driving. All those poor lessons she had taught me through the years would come back to haunt her.

I ended up becoming a relatively safe driver, but my mom was stuck on the idea that my driving would lead both of us to our deathbed.

"Look out!" she would scream as I made a turn.

She would then lunge for the steering wheel, pulling it toward her, shooting us two lanes to our right.

With all the screaming, waving of arms and grabbing of wheel, it was decided that my dad should drive with me.

Even with the horrible driving, blood-splattered car and animals ganging up on us, my mom is a courageous person.

The same crazy, fast pace attitude that she takes toward driving, she takes toward life.

She works pretty much every hour of the day writing grants to provide homes for lower-income families, thus making our community a better place.

So, even though my mom may be a crazy driver, I wouldn't change a thing about her.

Now, if she can just live past 60.

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