



Good Job, Mom!

By Dr. Linda Hancock

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Hancock has written a regular weekly column entitled “All Psyched Up” for newspapers in two Canadian provinces for more than a dozen years. Over the years, her readers and clients have said that they have benefited from her common-sense solutions, wisdom, and sense of humour. Dr. Linda Hancock, the author of “Life is An Adventure...every step of the way” and “Open for Business Success” is a Registered Psychologist who has a private practice in Medicine Hat. She can be reached at 403-529-6877 or through email office@drlindahancock.com

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It was way after business hours when I was ready to go home. As I left the building and headed towards my car, I heard a voice call out "Excuse me. Can you help us?"

On the sidewalk were three young boys, each with a small scooter. One of them was holding the handlebar of his scooter with one hand and a very large mirror with the other hand.

I asked, "What do you need?" and he replied, "Do you think you could drive this mirror up the hill for us because it is really hurting my hand?" I thought it was a reasonable request and agreed. The boy very carefully put the mirror on the floor in the backseat. Then he went to the other side of the car. He surprised me by first putting his scooter carefully in the back on the floor and then getting into the front seat beside me.

Before we drove off, he yelled at the other boys "We'll meet you at home". I was pleasantly surprised when, before taking off, both boys yelled "Thanks for helping us!"

I turned to the boy in the car and asked the boy his name. He quickly put out his hand as an invitation to shake mine as he introduced himself. He explained that he is a grade seven student and then asked where I work and what I do. He didn't know seem to know what a psychologist is, so I explained that I help people - kind of like a counsellor and he indicated that he understood. He easily made and participated in conversation.

A few blocks up the hill and he pointed out the house where he was headed. I asked, "Do you live here with your mom and dad?" and he said "I live with my mom. I don't have a dad".

The other two boys were waiting for us. I was impressed by the way that my passenger carefully removed his mirror and scooter. Before he closed the door, however, he thanked me again and with a sincere look on his face said, "If you hadn't helped us, we'd still be trying to walk up that hill".

I was thinking about how much I had learned from and been blessed by these young boys. They recognized that they had a problem. They were assertive enough to ask for help. They were respectful, polite, demonstrated good manners. Each one of them was lavish with expressing their thankfulness.

It is obvious that their mom has been teaching wonderful skills that will last the boys a lifetime and make her proud. I was thinking I should stop by and tell her that. In fact, I will thank her for giving me a wonderful experience - and material for this column.

Happy Thanksgiving, everyone!