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## A Screw Loose



by Liz Holzemer

### Mom, You'll Be OK

The day has finally arrived—another milestone parents commemorate with instant gratification digital photos and butterflies in your stomach to boot. My first born—my precious daughter, my Hannah—has entered kindergarten.

I feel lucky in a number ways because we live in a county with year-round schools. Unlike the traditional school experiences where I'd have until Labor Day to plan, fret and worry, it was a shot gun start for me as Hannah only finished pre-school the Memorial weekend. Her milestone was marked less than 24 hours after a display of fireworks. Yes, as in the day after the 4<sup>th</sup>, my still 4-year-old-yet-to-turn-five first born began the

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cornerstone of her formal education. And, I've already quickly mastered the new language that Hannah will track on for nine weeks and track off for three.

Weeks and months leading up to the BIG DAY, family, friends and neighbors quizzed me about my preparedness. *How do you feel? Are you ready? How will you adjust? How will you cope?* I have to admit, I found some of these questions quite odd as if inferring I needed a session with Dr. Phil or a crash course on Parental Preparedness for Kindergarten.

Quite honestly, I was elated to send Hannah off to school—it's old hat for her. After three years of Montessori boot camp, Hannah was a trained para trooper ready to take on a new division of recruits. She was certainly more prepared than I was as an overprotected child.

Kindergarten and I did not mesh. And to add insult to injury, I had two tours of duty with Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Parker, who I remember more for their stiffly Aqua Net sprayed beehive coifs than their lesson plans. Painfully shy and awkward, my parents were advised to hold me back so that I could gain another year of emotional adjustment under my feeling-out-of-place belt.

Call it a deliberate move on my part, but it was imperative for me to expose Hannah to school early on in life. After all, getting ahead starts early. Case in point, Hannah is already a skillful negotiator with her younger brother on matters of TV programming, toy allocation, snack bartering—you get the idea.

As her big day approached, we purchased all of the necessary school supplies—including coordinating back pack and lunch box—laid out her thoughtfully planned ensemble the night before and memorized her new teacher's name.

The morning of, my husband and I fretted about snapping that perfect shot capturing Hannah's momentous day Like the other parents, we escorted our apprehensive learner into the classroom—so starkly different than the ones we grew up with—equipped with personalized cubby holes, pet frogs and laptop computers. Ah, pint sized Bill Gates' in the making.

The first thing my husband noted was that Hannah was one of five girls and the rest of her class was made up

\*Bad Hair Day

\*Mommy  
Hullabaloo

\*dirty laundry

\*The Morrison Boys

\*side dish

\*Comments From  
The Carpool

\*The Foggiest Idea

\*Home Away  
From Home

\*Small Town Soup

\*Mommy - Daddy  
Dance

\*From The Frontline

\*Life At 40

\*livin' in my head

\*Stgh, Moan &  
Garbuckle

\*Don't Get Me Started

\*dad libs

\*Blissfully Numb

\*Mommy Chronicles

\*Domestic Engineering



of Andrews, Jacks, Michaels—15 to be exact. He mumbled something about “baseball bats in the basement” under his breath, already worrying about Hannah being wooed at four.

After a quick greeting and announcement to parents that Kleenex were strategically placed around the room, it was time to wish Hannah good luck and bid her farewell.

I bent down, kissed her sun freckled nose and gave her a tight hug before walking out the door.

“Mom,” she called out.

“Yes!” my heart skipped a beat, ready to console her, still feeling needed.

Her tearless azure eyes looked up at me.

“Mom, you’re going to be ok,” she reassured me with another hug.

And she’s right; I’ll be ok until my son starts in three more years.

Liz Holzemer is a freelance writer, [www.LizHolzemer.com](http://www.LizHolzemer.com), and is excited to announce that her first book, *Curveball: When Life Throws You A Brain Tumor*, is set for release in Spring, 2007. She is also the founder of [MeningiomaMommamas.org](http://MeningiomaMommamas.org), a non-profit support group she founded after surviving a baseball-sized meningioma brain tumor. Liz is a 2004 *Woman's Day* "Women Who Inspire Us" recipient. She lives in Colorado with her husband and their two miracle children. Liz also maintains her sense of humor on a daily basis and can be reached at [lizholzemer@comcast.net](mailto:lizholzemer@comcast.net) if you have a plum writing assignment to offer her.



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\*College Daze

\*midlife cometh

\*The Imperfect Man

\*bereft on the left

\*Mommymorphosis

\*MomsAlwaysWrite

\*HorseSense&Savvy

\*Scrambled Brains

\*Desperate Working Mothers

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\*Family Business

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