**September 2016**

Dear Journal,

**Ian: 10 years old (4th grade)**

*School Bus Driver: “Ian, please sit down and buckle up, or I will call your father.”*

*Ian [10 years old & in 4th grade]: “You can’t.”*

*Bus Driver:  “Why?”*

*Ian:  “He is working.”*

*Bus Driver: “Well, then I will call your mother.”*

*Ian :  “You can’t.”*

*Bus driver : “Why?”*

*Ian:**“She is drinking with friends.”*

It’s embarrassing and infuriating all at the same time. Ian cannot just ride the bus for five minutes without unfastening his seat belt, and pulling a Houdini as he slips out of his supposedly secure harness. He proceeds to either spit on someone, throw something across the bus, or yell loudly. The bus driver has no option but to pull over and get a handle on the situation.  And the situation is Ian.

This inevitably led to Ian being formally ‘written up’ by the driver.

We didn’t receive this phone call until later in the evening. After all, Chad is hard at work, and apparently, I am, “drinking with friends?” Seriously, that is what he chooses to say in a complete, intelligible sentence - despite his speech delays? This kind of progress is something we would normally share with his therapist.

It was structurally perfect: subject-verb agreement ✔; Logical  ✔; and understood by the recipient ✔. Except, it’s not perfect. It is anything but, because in those six words, he captured my imperfections as a mom.

It is not just the mere combination of the words, as much as what they represent. Being his mom right now is too much, and he senses the resentment I have for all of the sacrifices that I make. Sacrifices I am making for him. He sees right through me, and it breaks my heart.

~ Lisa