

She Looked for a long, long, long time

She was still in her pajamas with a long raincoat carefully covering her. In one hand, she clutched the hand of a two-year-old and with the other, held an umbrella, as the rain was falling softly but steadily on that early fall morning. She had just put what looked like a five-year-old on that old yellow school bus. He was dressed warmly and snugly for what appeared to be one of his first days of school.

The school bus stopped for quite some time at that near downtown stoplight on Meridian Street. She waved and smiled to him as he sat down in the little seat to take his ride to school and perhaps to meet his new teacher and all of his new classmates.

My car was stopped for quite some time also at the red light at that corner of Meridian and whatever. I saw the whole scenario unfolding, and it struck me with the power of a lightning bolt. There was something about her which was unexplainable. She stood there for a long time in the pouring rain with her toddler by her side, looking at her older child inside that school bus. Then, as the school bus closed its flashing stop sign across the side of the bus, she continued to stand next to the street, watching with a fixed gaze at the taillights of that bus as it went north on its journey to school. She looked for a long, long, long time; much longer than it took for the school bus to be out of sight. She and her toddler must have been drenched, but she was lost in thought. I wondered what she could have been thinking. My mind raced through all the possibilities... her hopes for her son to be an excellent student, her hope



Lisa Adler

that he would someday get to go to college (as she may or may not have been able to do), her hopes that he would make good friends at school, that no one would make fun of him and that his teacher would be sweet to him and see how really special he is. Her mind must have been going in all those directions because she was oblivious to what the traffic and the gaining puddles of water could do to her and her toddler when the two collided.

The rest of my trip downtown to my partners' meeting took on a whole new meaning, as I contemplated all the things in this life that are too wondrous for me to understand...the intense and utmost love of a mother for a child certainly being one of those.



Marti Starkey

I reflected about my own dear mother, about whom I have written many times in these articles each month. I recalled

how every day of my life she had put being a mother as her number one priority. Oh, she is quite accomplished at many other things too, but being a good mother was the one thing about which she always wanted to excel. When I asked her many years ago, for my own edification, about her uncanny ability as a mom, she replied that because her own mother was diagnosed with a brain tumor when my mother was just 12, she always wanted to enjoy every day of being a mom and to never take it for granted. My mom is rather stoic when times are tough, and I know I have only seen her cry a few times in my life. When I reflect on this now, I realize that those times were when she talked about her own dear mother.

My heart went out to that young mother on Meridian Street. The journey ahead for her will be filled with many challenges and much joy. The moments of looking and looking and hoping and praying will pay off, and the reward at the end will be too wondrous to understand.

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