

Burford®

September 2017



It's Fall Y'all, and time to send the kids off to school.

My firstborn is headed to college and complete independence! (Not financially, of course) We packed her up and moved her into the dorm. Yes, it's Fall, but in Oklahoma, that means 98°F and 80% humidity. I spent the next few hours swallowing the words "back when I started college." That means not mentioning that everyone seems to have brought their own flatscreen, or that in my day you could not use school dining plans to have take-out delivered to your dorm, or that you didn't have locks on the front door, and the bathroom door, and the desk drawer, and the fact that she does....both reassures me and makes me anxious.

No grief, no relief, no tsunami of worry. Instead what I feel is curiosity. I remember standing outside the school on the first day of Pre-K, wondering "Who is she going to sit with?", "What is she thinking?", "Will she eat her lunch?" That was when the questions began and now this is where the questions begin to end.

Busy myself with making beds, tucking, smoothing, plumping, it feels like 18 years ago, readying a bassinet for a life that was just about to begin. Just after midnight, everything was perfect. Things were hung on the walls, displayed on shelves and packed neatly into drawers. It only required one additional trip to Wal-Mart. 4 college freshman, 8 parents and even a couple of grandparents (okay they were my parents). Everyone together. Moving clothes, refrigerators, clothes, Keurigs, clothes, microwaves and clothes. Everything was perfect.

She spent the week going through rush and meeting hundreds of young women starting their college careers as well. There were lots of laughs, new friends and some tears. Now it's Bid Day and she's chosen a sorority. More tears, lots of screaming girls. Everyone is so happy. But wait.....what just happened?

"Mom, they want me to move into the sorority house straight away."

Huh?

"Mom, I have to be out of the dorm by tomorrow morning."

Huh?

"Mom, what's wrong with your face?"

Yes, after spending hours and hours of moving into the dorms last weekend....we now have to move her AGAIN! It's 2pm! Dad has to be called. Papa has to be called. She left a dorm with her own bedroom and a bathroom shared with one girl, to a new bedroom shared with 3 other girls and a bathroom shared with 7!! Puts sharing a bathroom with her younger sister all these years into perspective, doesn't it?

God knew what he was doing when he orchestrated this situation. Because instead of tears streaming down my face as I walked away and left my firstborn daughter at college....it was sweat, streaming down my face and I was so exhausted, I couldn't wait to get home.

If you've left a child at college....I feel your pain. If you haven't yet, give them a long hug when you get home.



Enjoy your Black Book!
Teresa J. Ruder

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