

2/20/07

Kimea Hunt-I believe in The Temptations.

Not long after I was introduced into this world my father left my mom and me. My mother never once complained, but instead continued to take care of me and provided me with all the necessities.

For four years, it was just my mother and me. We would always do fun things together, like go to the parks or to play centers. I can recall one time when my mother and I went to Discovery Zone. I was so excited when she told me we were going there that, the night before we went, I couldn't sleep. The next morning when I woke, after finally falling asleep, we ate breakfast, dressed, and headed to Discovery Zone. It was one of the best times I'd ever had. We spent all day climbing through tunnels, eating, and laughing at each others goofy antics.

Every night before I went to sleep Mom and I would sit up on my bed and talk, read, laugh and joke around. Then when my mother noticed that I had become sleepy she would lay me down beside her, tuck me under the covers, rub my hair, and softly sing "My Girl" by The Temptations.

Those times that my mom and I spent together were some of best of my first four years. We would have our little fights and arguments, but when we lay in the bed and she would sing to me, all of the day's trials would just disappear. Even though my mother could not sing very well, her voice was always filled with love, care, and compassion.

When I was four years old, my mom remarried and had another baby girl. But even with a new baby and a husband, our tradition never stopped. As I grew older and began to get involved with school and friends, and my mother and I spent less time

together, but our connection remained just as strong. When I would go to slumber parties at a friend's house, I would call my mom before I went to bed and she would sing "My Girl" over the phone. We never missed a single night without our tradition.

Now I'm a junior at Tech High School and involved in many more time-consuming activities than when I was younger. My mother and I have our fights and arguments about the typical mother-teenager things, but we still share a bond that can never be broken.

While our tradition has changed over time – she no longer tucks me into my bed, but continues to rub my hair -- to this day before I close my eyes my mother still sings ever so sweetly "My Girl" by The Temptations. Just me, my mother, and The Temptations.