

Two More Sips

“Two more sips...” was my mother’s antidote against change, a defense against doing something she wasn’t ready to do ... yet.

This was her own invention, made up on her own, an umbrella to stem the deluge, a talisman against what’s next.

“Are you through with your coffee, Mom?”

“Two more sips.”

“Enough now, are you finished?”

“Two more sips.”

That mantra had nothing to do with how much coffee was still in that everlasting coffeecup, it was an assessment of the nature of reality, a description of the how things were: not all gone, not finished up, not at an end, still more to come; more to experience, more to savor, more to comprehend and think about and muse over and discuss, with that passenger on the airplane beside you, with that new visitor next to you at the church lunch: “Let’s talk some more, let’s get better acquainted, let’s not get back to the trials and troubles of the day: dawdle, procrastinate a little, push reality aside and live awhile longer in rumination.”

I have seen two more sips last half a morning, when times were good; I’ve watched two more sips last most of the rest of a ninety-two year journey.

Sure, mom, I’ll have two more sips with you, anytime.