

Birthday Chocolate



My mother's name was quite in contention when she was born. The second child, born late to her mother (who was an ancient 34 at the time), both parents knew this was their last child. Her mother wanted to call her Vivian Jeannette (because of her own french background), while her father wanted to name her after his two sisters, Dorothy and Helen. Her father had his way, but although Dorothy was what was signed on legal things, my mother was always known as Helen.

Last year on this day, when mom turned 91, we had chocolate cake in her room in Assisted Living, because she hadn't been well. Chocolate was one of the basic food groups to mom. Her beloved niece Marie and her husband Dennis came. We looked at family photos. It was a good time.

After that, we ended up in the ER because she took a turn for the worse. But we kept commenting to the staff, "At least she got her chocolate cake!"

This year it's up to us to eat the chocolate. Mom would approve!