

## Ya Miss Me Yet?

By: Linda Parker Horowitz

This morning, I spoke to my 12 year old son, Bradley, in Israel via video Skype. He'd only been there a two days, and I hadn't gotten over my acute maternal panic that he was so far away and in a foreign country.

Before he left for Israel, I made a card for him to take with a goofy, enlarged photo of his older brother, Mitchell, doing "banana phone" -- a banana held to his ear and huge grin on his face, his head of Shirley Temple curls and mouth full of braces emphasizing the absurdity of the

smile. The caption under the photo was,

**"Ya miss me yet?"**

Mitchell was home with the flu and heard me on Skype talking to Bradley. He came sauntering sleepily into the office. In Israel, Bradley heard him shout hello from the doorway, and responded that he really liked his card. Up until Mitchell's entrance, I'd been semi-frantically attempting to get information out of Bradley about eating and sleeping, to which he was only nominally responding, generally with monosyllables.

Then, Mitchell whispered, "Mom. Get up!"

I looked back at him confused. He gesticulated to me out of range of the camera on the computer monitor, insisting I get up, and out of the video frame.



With the speed of Mercury, Mitchell climbed onto the chair, turned around, dropped trow, and mooned his brother, full frame, across the globe. Bradley laughed so hard he couldn't sit up. I thought he was going to slide out of the chair and then throw-up. He was doubled over, holding his stomach laughing so hard he couldn't breathe.

After Bradley's convulsions of laughter subsided somewhat, I futilely attempted to continue the motherly inquisition, only to be interrupted by Mitchell interjecting as he walked out of the office, "I bet you miss my butt!"

More hysterical, choking laughter via Skype.

Another attempt to ask critical mom questions, "Are you sleeping well?"

Mitchell not satisfied he hadn't heard puking, poked his head back into the office and yelled, "I'm sure you miss MY BUTT..."

More laughter from Tel Aviv.

"Bradley, are you homesick? I saw all the parents last night and the girls are home sick."

"No, Mom."

"MY BUTT. You've GOT to miss MY BUTT!" Mitchell chimes in hollering back over his shoulder out of the office.

Another burst of hysterics from Israel.

"I love you," I said quickly, guilty because we'd disconnected before I said those words the last time we spoke.

Bradley finally caught his breath and said in his usual monotone, "Can I go to sleep now, Mom?"

It was late in Israel.

***So much for a conversation with his hysterical Jewish mother.***