

Watching him drive away

Written by Deb Egenberger

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I have a feeling I will be seeing a lot more of the stain on the driveway in the coming months ... make that years.

The keys to the old beater with the "Fear No Fish" sticker on the back window mysteriously disappeared last week about the same time an official driver's license showed up in my baby boy's wallet.

Since then, I've noticed a distinct absence of both Tyler and the Montero.

It was one thing to watch as my older son drove away from the house for the first time after I grilled him about the radio, the cell phone and his seatbelt.

It's quite another to see your youngest child click the belt in place and shift the car into drive when no one is sitting in the passenger seat.

My second born is much like other No. 2 children. He is confident, out-going and sociable while being the biggest risk-taker of the family.

That's why my stomach tightened as I watched through a tiny opening of the bedroom blinds while he backed out of the driveway headed to school.

Would this free spirit who already knows no boundaries push his new-found freedom-with-wheels to the limit?

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He might have if his dad had left the old beast with a full tank of gas.

As it was, though, he had just enough fuel to get him to school and then home to beg for cash before coasting up next to the gas pump.

Dad's a thinkin' man and Mom is a worrier.

Can you blame me? Those boys are my life and we all know about the distractions teenagers face in a car.

I guess it's a good thing the hand-me-down vehicle leaks enough oil to bring him home for a quart now and then.