

Just a Little Naive

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Growing up, I heard the saying, "Little pitchers have big ears" a hundred times. I think it was my ears they were talking about. One bit of gossip I overheard was about my mother's brother's second wife and her rotten daughter. Uncle John wasn't my favorite uncle, but his third wife was the sweetest person in the world. John made his money in the early days of television when nobody owned a set and everybody wanted one. Working for Sears, Roebuck, John made a fortune satisfying their needs. Uncle John bought property in the next state, squandered a fortune on antique fire arms, but mostly squirreled away cash in a secret place in the apartment. My mother knew this because she cleaned the apartment and took care of him when he was sick. He told her everything.

John's step-daughter was a favorite topic, how he hated her sloppy ways, her spoiled, drug-taking children and her despicable personality. He had his lawyer draw up a new will specifically excluding his step-daughter. My mother read the will but did not know where his hiding place was.

One day my mother got a call from the police that her brother John passed away in his sleep with a note on the table to call my mother, the executrix, in the event of his death. As executrix, my mother was to clean out the apartment and make all the arrangements for the funeral. I received a message at work too late to bring my mother to John's apartment, so she called my younger sister to accompany her.

On hearing of her step-father's death (my mother called her), she hopped on a plane and arrived at the apartment soon after my mother and sister. Mom had no luck finding the will. The step-daughter, Wanda, said, "Why don't you and your daughter go out for some sandwiches and I'll start packing John's clothes for the Salvation Army." An hour later, back in the apartment, Wanda showed my mother a sliding panel in the bedroom closet ceiling. The space contained no cash and no will was there, she said, just a list of the gun collection, insurance papers, and property deeds!

A few weeks later, my mother got a call from Wanda's lawyer that since no new will was to be found in his files (!), a former will deposited with him fifty years ago would now be valid. The Salvation Army picked up the clothes, the contents of the apartment, the bank deposits and the property went to Wanda. Wanda's lawyer got the gun collection, the stash of cash was never found(!) and my mother got nothing. About the Author: A retired portrait and wedding photographer, I enjoy writing , how to articles, helpful articles on photography and many other subjects. My hobbies include quartet singing, shop, bicycling and photography. Please visit my web site at <http://www.photoartbyken.com/> [Articles, Digital Art, Poetry, Original sheet music.]