awakening

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A Childhood Friend

We had known each other since before I could remember anything else. We grew up in the same neighborhood in Glenview, a suburb of Chicago. For a while, we both even went to the same school, although that ended when his mother decided to take him out of school after concluding that she could accelerate his studies, and that he was being subjected to bad influences by his peers. Although I was almost two years younger than Andrew, we connected with each other as soon as we met, and we became very close friends. The product of parents who were separated while he was a little boy, Andrew lived with his mother, except for occasional weekend visits to his father.

Andrew's mother, a well-educated computer programmer, was a very unsympathetic parent and a near constant presence in his life who had quit working to raise him. She was almost always with him, and it seemed to me that she had been trying to control every aspect of his life. From the food he ate, to the clothes he wore, to the small group of friends he was allowed to visit, everything in his life was being scrutinized and controlled. Andrew's mother pulled him out of school early in order to homeschool him, which made his world even smaller. I noticed that every time he was around his mother, he seemed to always keep watching her, to determine if she might disapprove of what he was doing. I did not doubt that Andrew's mother cared enough about him, but she seemed to be too restricting of him, and I felt that she was smothering him too much.

I believe that part of the reason that he enjoyed my company to such a great extent was that, when he was in my company, his mother allowed him to do things that he was not normally allowed to do, such as using a computer. For a little while, it was as if Andrew was allowed to

enjoy a sense of freedom and autonomy that he did not usually have the opportunity to experience, much to his detriment.

From an academic perspective, Andrew was generally a good student, but he resented his mother because she did not allow him to be truly autonomous. When he was at his mother's house, where he typically spent the majority of the week, I tried to keep communication with him, mostly via emails. At first, he responded to me quite readily, but over time his responses gradually became less frequent and less lengthy. During the periods of time when he was at his mother's house, he gave me an impression as if he had been trying to avoid me. Despite this, and because I had known him all my life, I gradually found myself becoming more and more persistent in trying to connect with him. It was then that I realized that his mother had been a greater influence than I thought she had been on the future development of his character and psyche.

There was one particular incident that would remain imprinted in my mind forever. He was allowed to visit me at my home, and to show him that I cared, I decided that we should play a board game. As he rode the car to visit me, I imagined him to be, in my mind, somewhat unchanged from the way that I had seen him before. When I heard a knock on the door, I answered, and Andrew walked into my house. Despite the fact that I had already told him that I had wanted to play a board game, he walked downstairs and bolted the door shut, with me on the same side as him.

As I was expecting, his mother soon approached the room that we were in, and Andrew told me not to open it. By this point I had already opened it so we could commence the board game, and rather than allowing Andrew to make his own decision regarding the matter, his mother told him that he needed to follow me. He immediately followed me for some time, and

then he turned and began washing his hands. Why he washed his hands, I still do not know for certain. Furthermore, when we finally began to play, his mother seemed to be overly critical, and he in turn became less inclined to play how he wanted to play, and more inclined to appease his mother. He had never developed his own purest sense of motivation, that is, one that comes from ambition and not from anyone else.

When we started playing, his mother told him everything that he must and ought to do. This, I believe, inhibited him from pursuing his own creativity and independent thinking. It was in this fashion that his mother regarded everything he did, including any activities that were supposed to be for recreational purposes. Andrew had become reliant on his mother, lacked his own resolution, and he seemed to be incapable of making his own decisions without the approval of another figure. I realized that, because of this, he had become resentful of his mother, and I feared that her well-meaning approach might indeed have the opposite effect to what was intended. I realized that she did not comprehend the importance of allowing Andrew to feel confident in his autonomy, and that he could not simply be coerced into doing things. In other words, I realized the importance of being self-motivated, and that this simple quality was paramount to the acquisition of success and that it was the difference between seeking to avoid disapproval and meet the demands of others, and between being guided and helped by others through a better way of making things happen. I believe that this realization has had a great impact on my own perspective.

From a less personal standpoint, I believe that it is important to know the importance of being motivated by oneself. It is imperative, in my opinion, that we realize that we cannot hope to become accomplished through the temporary coercion of others. This is not emphasized to a particularly great extent in our society, but it nonetheless remains as necessary to us as ever. We

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