

The Lemon

Journal entry

Jan 8, 2013

A few days ago my 6 year old daughter came home and the strangest thing happened. I had never seen her so mad before. With a nose as crinkled as a raisin and a stomp as loud as fireworks she huffed and puffed. I asked her if something was wrong like any mother would do and she shouted, throwing a fit. "When life gives you lemons, make lemonade? It's ridiculous!" She said it with so much passion I was close to agreeing with her. My husband and I laughed at first. It's just a saying after all, why would my daughter have such a deep hatred for a silly life lesson, so deep that it caused her cheeks to burn red with anger. "Oh that's just something people say," I told her with ease. "It means to make the best out of the worst, and-"

Before I could even finish my thought interrupted me with this sadness in her eye "But momma, what about the lemon? Don't you feel bad for it? Nobody *really* wants it, they just want to change it. My teacher was teaching us about sayings and not one of them talked about accepting the lemon, or being friends with the lemon. The lemon must be lonely, no one likes it when it's itself"

The whole time I couldn't get a word in. I just smiled and nodded. She was so determined to prove to me that this lemon was the saddest thing to exist since homework. Tired from work and yearning for quiet, I gave her a lemon, and I told her to eat it plain. As I handed it to her she showed a wide toothy grin like she was going to prove herself once and for all. But as soon as she bit into it, her face instantly twisted from a grin to a grimace. Just as quickly as she bit down, she spat it back out. "Fine you win! Maybe lemons should be lonely." she yelled out defeated. And with that she snatched the lemon off the cutting board and stormed into her small bedroom.

I was so relieved then, happy to not have to be arguing with a 6 year old. But forty minutes later she came back asking for another lemon. She put her tiny hand to her heart and declared that it was tasty if you look past the sour. She went on and on, more strongly spirited with every new statement, almost like a lawyer at their first case. Writing this now, eating my lemon slices, I find myself getting teary thinking about lonely lemons out there. And I wonder, maybe she was right after all, maybe the world is too cruel to things that are sour.