

# “Why I Have Great Luck!”

By Kenny Kubach

On Tuesday of this week I received a Verizon text message that proclaimed, “It’s your lucky day! You can get \$100.00 off any new smart phone.” This was a timely offer because my dim-witted phone seemed to be not working as I kept reaching out to Mom by touching her speed dial number. Lately, Mom wasn’t picking up. It was then that I recalled God had disconnected service to her life line. I almost fell for that lucky stuff. I’ve opted in to save her number in speed dial location #9. One should never delete the phone numbers of great ladies from their Contacts. Oh my, perhaps, I forgot to mention to you that over the course of my life many people told me that Mom is a great lady. How so? I will conference you in on the conversation. (Look to Heaven) I trust you can hear me now.

I believe I was in the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade when Mom signed me up for the Children’s Choir at Shoregate Methodist, Dad and Mom’s all-time favorite church. Mom was an undying optimist. She believed I could sing. So, there I was standing on the Sanctuary step one Sunday with the other children. I instantly picked her out of the congregation. Out of the blue (so she says), I waved and exclaimed, “Hi! Mom” Lucky for me, Mom had a sense of humor. It was moments like this that she lived for. Her children were nearest and dearest to her heart. Lucky for us, great women make family paramount.

Attendance at church was like clockwork for her children. I still have my 5 year perfect attendance lapel pin on my nightstand. Participating in Youth group activities along with church service prepared me for a life of hills and valleys. I learned that life’s journey is by the grace of God. Expressing gratitude to Him gets me out from under and over the heartbreaks of life. Lucky for us, great women instill God in their children.

I recall standing by her side at the kitchen window on Maydor Lane watching the cardinals in the bird feeder made by her dad. With a squawk, a blue jay nose-dived onto the feeder. The cardinals took flight while the hawkish jay scattered the seed. Mom said, “I don’t like those blue jays chasing away my cardinals”. It wasn’t that Mom was prejudice of the color blue. Lucky for us, it was in Mom’s nature to be culturally color blind. Good table manners were the rule in her house. I can recall a smidgeon of giggling during Dad’s Masonic-seasoned prayers at meal time. I believe we were happy together back then. Lucky for us, great women believe it’s a wonderful world of color.

I recall being with her in our East 310<sup>th</sup> Street home on November 22, 1963. Mom was watching TV. Out of the blue (so I say), Mom started crying; tears were running down her cheeks. I went to console her and asked her what the matter was she sobbed “My President has just been shot.” I’ve stood with her in front of the U.S. Constitution and on the battlefields of Gettysburg. Mom loved her country and she fought to teach that spirited love of country to her children. Lucky for us, great women know what you can do for your country.

Some people know their fears. Great women turn their fears into courage. Mom was right to be fearful of the roller coasters at Euclid Beach Park, but she rode every one of them. Mom was afraid of deep water, but she learned how to swim. It's a matter of having heart. She demanded freedom from her vulnerabilities for her children. I rode those scary roller coasters; I learned how to swim. Mom's good heart was bone deep. Lucky for us, Mom loved each of us.

Finally, great women leave an indelible mark on history, changing it in ways that they can't even imagine. It's not that Mom was like Mother Theresa, although Mom volunteered her time to help the less fortunate. It's not that Mom was royalty like Princess Diana, although Mom was always shining a spotlight on those who were less fortunate. Mom, nuts...I meant to say Dorothy was Dot as Dad affectionately called her. She didn't know it at the time, but Dot Kubach was the forbearer of the dot com era. She selflessly bore five children that would connect her dot to the mobile device age with great memories of her far beyond the capabilities of any computer chip.

Lucky for us, Dot Kubach was our Mom.



Dorothy M. Kubach

Born

Thursday, February 2, 1928

Entered into Eternal Life

Tuesday, November 10, 2015