

Mouthy Mia Meets the Wall of Honesty

by Mary Catherine Rolston ©2022

Illustrated by:

Who can see through you like no other?

Can we guess it is your father or mother?

Our parents seem to read our minds through and through.

They see the honesty, (our lies) in all we say and do.

There was a girl, Mia, who wanted things to go only her way.
She didn't listen, was cheeky, not just sometimes but every day.
Whether sneaking cookies or saying no, often she was in an oppositional state.
She outright lied, avoided the truth, or creative stories would germinate.

This day Mia was out the door when her mom said, "Mia stay away from the creek in the ravine,
You could slip by the edge of the shore and fall in, it is a dangerous scene."
Mia was a risk taker, ignored her mom, thinking she was too cautious.
On this misty March Monday, Mia took a risk that would have made her mom nauseous.

As usual, Mia and her friends went down to the creek.
At the edge, there was snow and the ice that looked strong, not weak.
Mia, the daredevil, stepped on the ice she thought was thick.
She fell into freezing water but thankfully her pals pulled her out with a stick.

Mia, soaking wet, shivered as she nervously made her way back home.
It was clear she ignored her mom's warning and into the creek she roamed.
As Mia opened the front door, her mom gave a scream,
"Mia where have you been? Oh, my goodness, you fell into the stream!"

Mia's mother brought her in with a hug and helped her wash up, bringing her into the kitchen, she sat her down with hot chocolate in a teacup.

"Mia, my dear, you did not listen, how often have you been at the creek bed?"

Mia gulped and wiggled as she thought of her mom's reaction with dread.

Mia answered in a crooked backdoor sort of way,

"Hmmm, you know Johnny and Suzy sometimes do stray..."

Her mom motioned with her hand, "Stop right there my dear."

"Mia, avoidance is sort of lying. Have courage, tell the truth, don't live in fear."

Mia took a deep breath, then looked at the ceiling and the floor.
"Yes, Mom, I always go to the creek, I'm sorry," she said very quickly, red faced, wanting to run out the door.
Her mother answered, "I am glad you told the truth. Remember keeping secrets can be seen as a lie.
When you're caught, a relationship starts to change and mistrust will arise."

Mia became more aware of telling any untruth.
She wanted a positive reputation and to be considered a trustworthy youth.
As she settled into grade five, she realized she loved creative writing.
The problem was she embellished the retelling of events to make them exciting.

Her friends were entertained and she was considered part of the popular group.
Problems mounted when she changed stories about others, creating a dishy scoop.
Mid-year, she was known as a gossip, one that started rumbling rumours.
She became a bit of a friendship destroyer and separating tumour.

Mild-mannered, modest, Michael pulled her aside at recess. Mercifully, he spoke to Mia, "I have something to confess." He continued measuring his words carefully and kindly. "Mia, your stories are exciting, but sometimes I think you make them over blindly."

Mia maintained a smile on her face and a matter-of-fact demeanor. Michael mildly added, "Telling stories as they factually happen is truthful and cleaner. I mention this to you because I know you are a nice person. Might you correct misunderstandings before they worsen?"

Mia said thanks to Michael and walked off alone. As butterflies in her tummy began storming, her eyes filled with tears and she moaned. She spent the rest of the day in silent thought, avoiding any chat. When she got home, she ran up to her mom who was stretching on her yoga mat.

"Mom, excuse me, can we talk, I need some help sorting out some stuff."
Her mom stopped her workout, and looked concerned, "Honey you look rough."
"Mom, oh, Mom," Mia started to uncontrollably cry,
"My friendships with the kids have gone bad, they think that I lie."

Her mom hugged Mia, soothing her in a gentle rocking motion.
"Oh, sweetie, it is hard when looking within, honesty, brings out emotions."
Mia whimpered, "Mom, I do tell stories and maybe I stretch the facts a bit."
Her mom said, "Remember honesty creates trust and friends who commit."

"You see, my dear, in not telling the truth as it happens, people get hurt and mad."

Think about yourself, if something not true was said of you wouldn't you be sad?"

"Yeah, you're right, Mom, but I just want to be funny and tell a good juicy story."

Her mom looked her in the eyes saying, "Mia, it is not about you and your glory."

"In telling what has happened about someone else, you need to keep to the facts.

Otherwise, people feel like you are stabbing them in the back.

Remember the Sufis say speak only if what you are going to say is honest, necessary and kind.

I think that you need to mend connections with friends who have felt maligned."

"Thanks, Mom, you have given me a lot to think about. I need to make a change."

From that day onward, Mia ensured all her words were truthful, not hidden or rearranged.

She learned that to be truthful means to be honest, be open and share not judgments only facts.

Thanks to her mom and a caring friend, Mia was able to rebuild the trust with her friends to the max.

....Extra thoughts...

Sometimes when growing up we try to be independent and parent free.
We think it is okay to tell a white lie or fail to give details to a degree.
This is a dangerous venture because resting on the fundamental block of trust,
It is honesty that builds the happy relationship, it is critical, a must!

One little teenie weenie white lie can snowball into a routine.
Yes, before you know it lying and non-disclosing becomes the regular scene,
extending beyond parents to siblings and the circle of friends.
It's a distortion of reality or justifying truth, making it bend.

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