

Farewell, My Son

(A fun back-to-school sketch.)

Wife: Don't forget to email us from school, son.

Husband: We love you!

Wife: Keep your head on straight.

Husband: That's right. Use your head.

Wife: Honey, I'm concerned about him. We've invested so much of ourselves in training him, and now he's going away.

Husband: I know. It saddens me, too.

Wife: There are just so many questions. Did we buy him the right computer?

Husband: I did lots of research, and I think he'll be competitive.

Wife: What about food? What if he doesn't have enough to eat?

Husband: He has our credit card.

Wife: Oh, right. I forgot. (pausing, still looking into the distance) What about his clothes? Students these days are so fashion conscious. I don't want him to feel ridiculed because he doesn't have the latest look.

Husband: And there are so many other issues, deeper issues: evolution, sexual orientation, situational ethics, racism, atheism, and the occult.

Wife: Do you think we're wrong by not insisting that he choose a Christian school?

Husband: No. He's spreading his wings. If that school is where he's comfortable, we really need to back off and hope for the

best. We've got to face the fact that, with every passing day, the empty nest is getting to be more of a reality.

Wife: I know, but it doesn't make it any easier.

Husband: True.

Wife: Well, what are we going to do now, until he returns? I can't handle this, Jack.

Husband: Honey, kindergarten ends at noon. We'll see him before you know it.