Twitter Thread by The Hoarse Whisperer

The Hoarse Whisperer
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I have a little story that I have now drafted and deleted multiple times because I can't seem to do it justice.

So, I am going to strip it down to the barest of details and just let it fly unedited.

Bear with me. It will be worth the ride, I hope.

1/

If you follow me, you have probably seen my endless posts about trying to find a PlayStation 5 (PS5).

Originally, I was looking for one for my son. I found one for him two weeks ago.

Since then, I have been looking for one for someone else.

An old friend.

2/

Jen and I have known each other 30 years.

We shared a mutual close friend in our 20s. We weren't close but hung out when we all met up at bars.

I've seen her once in 15 yrs. Bumped into her at Starbucks.

Were it not for Facebook, we would have entirely lost touch long ago.

3/

We're Facebook friends. That's what we are.

And as a result, I had that gauzy sense of her life you get from seeing only the passing glimpses that cross your timeline.

I knew the broad strokes.

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Like me, she's a single parent to a son she adores.

Went into the travel industry.

Never seemed to be in a relationship. Not married.

Was close with her father until he passed away suddenly a few years ago.

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We've traded occasional msgs over the years about our boys, being a single parent and the not-so-easy mountains we've each had to climb.

If there is one thing I know about Jen it is that she loves her son.

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A couple weeks ago, I heard she was trying to find a PlayStation for her son for Christmas. I had just finished my search for one for my son.

So I sent her a message and told her I'd do my best to help her find one.

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She called me the next day and we caught up a bit.

She is in the midst of an absolutely awful stretch.

Out of work because of COVID. Facing the possibility of a forced relocation out of what was her father's house. Caregiver to her elderly mother. And on and on.

8/

A PS5 is the *one thing* her son really wanted for Xmas.

But it wasn't about the PS5.

It was about when, as a parent, life turns dark and no matter how hard you try, you can't insulate your child from it...

But you can do this *one thing*. At least you can do *this* for them.

I *entirely* get that. Oh, how I get that.

So now, I was on a mission. We were going to find a PS5.

And then we didn't.

Lord, we tried. Busted our butts. Got shut out a combined 30+ times.

I was literally sleeping with the phone on my pillow in case PS5s dropped somewhere.

By the end of last week, we were reaching the "bargaining" phase. Maybe we could find one not *that* long after Christmas.

But again, it was never really about the PS5. It wasn't about whether her son would survive without one. Of course he would.

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It was about This One Thing.

She just wanted to do that one thing that would make him happy. Just that one little thing.

And we were striking out.

We were about out of time to even ship one in time even if we found one.

It wasn't over but, yes, it was over.

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But then I got a message in my inbox.

An anonymous person had a PS5. They were wondering if I knew anyone who deserved to have something done for them.

I told them about Jen. Suggested choosing her.

They agreed.

THEY AGREED!

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I had found a PS5.

And now I got to tell Jen.

Sent her a text. Told her there had been a development. Told her to call me. She called me an hour later.

I gave her the high notes: an extremely kind person reached out looking for a deserving person to give a PS5...

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And then I said "They chose you. A driver named Danny is going to come see you to give you a PS5. It is from an anonymous stranger. And it is a gift."

She went silent and then asked "...what did you say his name was? The man coming to see me."

"Danny. His name is Danny."

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And then she just broke down crying. I mean broke down.

"Danny was my father's name." she said.

Her father raised her. He loved her son.

And then one day, he went to pick him up from school and had a massive heart attack. He died right there in the school parking lot.

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Life was hard and then it got harder.

Jen's son is on the spectrum. Raising him has been hard. She has done it on her own.

She just adores him... and after a really bad year, there was This One Thing she wanted to do for him.

And now she could.

17/

I was so choked up, I had to fall into silence or I was going to start crying too.

"Do you know what this is?" she asked. "It's light."

And I knew exactly what she meant.

Life can turn so very dark sometimes, you forget what it is even like to see light.

18/

"A man with my father's name is coming to save my son's Christmas. That means something. I believe that." she said.

I literally couldn't speak because I was going to start sobbing.

Eventually, we got off the phone. I just sat in the parking lot overcome.

19/

A couple days later, Jen and I met Danny in a parking lot to receive the PlayStation for her son.

And then I drove home to my own son. I was so caught up in the weight of it all, I missed my exit and didn't notice until five miles later.

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Yesterday was Christmas. Jen gave her son his gift. She texted me afterwards.

Her son was in his room setting it up. And all she kept hearing was the sound of him saying "Woohoo!" over and over.

That right there. That's light. That is what that is.

It's light.

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