



## BEING A MOTHER...AND LOVING IT

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You wake up before the alarm goes off. You get up earlier than anyone else in the household. You patter around the kitchen getting as much done as you can before everyone wakes up. You do the dishes while giving instructions to the kids to get ready for school. You herd them out the gate to the school bus, or you drop them off at school yourself. And the morning has barely begun. If these form the early part of your regular weekday, you are either a housemaid--or a mother.

Motherhood isn't merely signified by carrying a baby to full term inside your womb. Motherhood is a womb-to-tomb, 24/7, sunrise-till-sunset, season-to-season job. It doesn't just involve wiping snot off and brushing off dirt from a helpless kid's face and pants, it's a whole lot of different things.

It is manifested in a grandmother who brings to and watches over her grandchild at school while the real mother is trying to earn a living. It is in an aunt who plays nanny to her nephews and nieces while taking care of her own kids. It is in the older sister babysitting her younger siblings until mom and dad come home from work. It is in the husband who cooks, feeds, attends PTA meetings for, and takes care of his children while their mother works abroad. It is in the teacher who listens to a student pour out fears about his future and gives kind words of assurance. You don't have to give birth to a child to be called the child's mother.

William Ross Wallace said, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." A child never really loses connection to the one who has reared—or helped rear—him. The bond stays, and the bond stays forever. It doesn't end when the child starts a family, for this is only the beginning of another chapter in motherhood at a different level.

How far can a mother go for her child? To the ends of the earth, if that were physically possible. To hell and back, if there was enough life left in her. To the very depths of her being, she will never stop loving her child.

When someone says that a child has a face only a mother could love, it shows how unconditional a mother's love ideally is. She loves without counting and accounting, with no rhyme nor reason, at whatever pain it can cost. She loves till there is no breath left in her, even when her child's truest friends leave her child behind. She loves without thinking about herself. For a mother's noblest purpose in life is to be a mother.

### QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

1. What does the statement, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," mean? Try to get a copy of the poem and discuss how it describes motherhood.
2. What do you like most about your own mother?
3. Is there anything about your mother that you would like to alter? Why?
4. How have the traditional concepts of motherhood changed over the years? Be able to cite specific examples, as needed.
5. If you could use one word to describe or embody your mother, what would it be and why?

### References:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Hand\\_That\\_Rocks\\_the\\_Cradle\\_\(poem\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Hand_That_Rocks_the_Cradle_(poem))  
<http://theotherpages.org/poems/wallace1.html>