



## WHY I LOVE MY KIDS

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I love being loved. Who doesn't, really? We all feel a certain thrill, not necessarily the romantic kind, knowing how valued we are, how people love us. The love I get nowadays is purely the familial, familiar kind---no mysterious inhibitions, no stupid hang-ups. Only pure, pious, seesawing-between-motherly-madness-and-genuine-concern type of love. And all this love I get sevenfold and more, both from my inherently-crazy kids and from those who have loved my big brood all these years.

The love I enjoy can often be breathless, tired from the exertions I have to do as a mom each and every day of my motherly earthly life. The adrenaline-rush as I wake up each morning to patter around the house doing what I must do to maintain an orderly existence for the family, in whatever way I can despite a relatively-weaker constitution. The crazy, guttural manner I sometimes address a wayward kid or two who refuses to wash his feet and brush his teeth before bedtime. The often-pleading tone of voice I adopt to get my lovely kids to do house chores as well as school work. Yes, I have steadily gone from I beg yours to if you don'ts, my friend. No doubt about it. Indeed, motherly love can often teeter between caring love to brutal love. Fortunately, when someone once asked me if I had killed any of my kids yet, I could still assuredly answer, NOT YET. Focus on the adverb, folks.

I am the mother my kids love to hate about 70% of the time, and that percentage is pretty precarious, I know. It could more accurately range from 70% to 100%, instead. Well, moms will be moms, just as children will be children no matter what age they get to be. You could either smother them with kisses or smother them with pillows. Hopefully and thankfully, more of the former and absolutely none of the latter.

The first kid is always lucky. He cries, and a mom drops everything and flies to the rescue. The succeeding kids have it less easier. They get hurt, and they are told to wash up and stop crying like a big baby.

When I am swamped with work, all my kids get out of me is just a YES or a NO, and all other questions that range from WHY to HOW can wait till dinner. I have an invisible sign outside the bedroom door that says DO NOT DISTURB, and it's honored with a code of silence. Oh, eruptions do occur, mostly from my side of the door due to a word I can't quite nail into place, or an idea that seems to hang in the air and takes forever to reach my terra firma of an aging, dense head. But my kids know that when I'm in front of the computer, no manner of distraction can possibly pry me off the seat. Except maybe a fire.

This is why I love my kids!

## QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION;

1. Why is parental love different from other types of love? Share your own thoughts on this question.
2. Why is it difficult to be a parent? Can one maintain constancy in being so?
3. Can choosing between a sweetheart and a parent be quite easy? Why or why not?
4. How would you feel if your own kid chose others above you? What would you do if you were in that type of situation?
5. Share your most valued memory of your parents. Why do you consider this as the most valuable above all?