

## Mother's Day

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Do you know what special person will be honored this Sunday? It's the one day where mom giddily relinquishes her normal responsibility of "doing everything" and replaces it with a meal (that she didn't have to plan, cook or clean up after), a gift (that she didn't have to buy or make) and a warm atmosphere where the children are well behaved instead of lost in a DS game or in the middle of a texting marathon. One can dream can't she?

Mother's Day is hard for me. Usually in April it hits when the displays of Mothers Day Cards and gifts go up. While I usually pick up a card for my sisters and friends recognizing them for another outstanding year as a member of the "motherhood", my heart's always a little heavy. Heavy because I can't send my mom a card, take her to lunch or listen in horror as she tells the checkout clerk that she's buying prune juice because "my daughter BECKY is constipated."

When I was a teenager mom started spending Mother's day with my oldest sister. I along with my younger siblings was ticked. How dare she spend Mothers Day doing something that she wanted to do! Before she left on the last Mothers Day I would be living at home (before leaving for college) I confronted her.

"I don't want you to go. I want you to stay here with us." "What do you want to do Becky?" "I thought you could take us shopping. I need to get stuff for graduation." "Goodbye Beck. I'll see you in a few hours." I couldn't believe my eyes or ears. This lady was a perfect stranger. She would rather go to a "Mothers Day Luncheon" (whatever that was!) with my older sister (who had children) than spend time with her younger (and more fun) children. She just left...for hours! When she arrived back home my younger sister and I were ready to let her have it.

"We're starving. Where have you been?" "It's nice to see you too. There's plenty to eat in the fridge." "Don't you want to spend time with us?"

"Girls, I would love to spend time with you. But today is my day. I give you 364. If you would like to talk to me without asking me to do you a favor I'd love that. If you want to tell me how unfair life is, save it. I'm off the clock till Monday morning you little ingrates!"

The next thing she did shocked even my little brother. She went to her room, shut the door, then proceeded to take a nap! We were sure she was the meanest mom ever. How was this woman raising me? I swore I would never be so insensitive to my children...especially on Mother's Day.

The first Mother's Day after mom's death my husband tried to put together a very special day by making reservations for lunch at one of my favorite restaurants. Before I could eat a bite my youngest had an explosion in his diaper that required Gladiator strength to change without passing out and my then five year old announced to the entire restaurant that his food smelled like "poopy" then used his crayon to spell POOP out on the table. While I was impressed that he spelled it correctly the theme of that Mother's Day was a little too symbolic for me.

A few days ago I understood my mom better than ever when my oldest child asked if he could have a sleepover next weekend. I checked the calendar and realized that it would fall on Mothers Day. After explaining to him that this was "my day" and there was no way I was watching someone else's kid on Mother's Day I was declared to be "the meanest mom ever." I guess she raised me right after all.

Becky Andrews can be reached at [This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it](#)

## Telling Tales

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column "Telling Tales" and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own "tales." They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at [www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com](http://www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com)

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