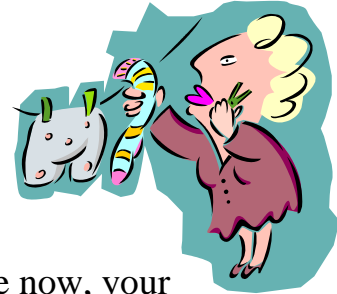


# MAY IS THE MONTH WE HONOR MOTHERS

Darcie D. Sims, Ph.D., CHT, CT, GMS

May is the month we honor our mothers. Mothers are the source of worldly wisdom, dating advice, recipes and...underwear.

From the moment you were born, underwear was on your mother's mind. Worrying about undergarments was part of the nine-month training program our mothers endured before we arrived. Depending upon how old you are now, your mother either spent a great deal of time hemming flour sacks, or she invested a goodly portion of her retirement fund for 'Huggies' by the ton. But, regardless of the decade, mothers and underwear are synonymous!



By the time we were out of diapers, our mothers had developed new concerns regarding our inner attire. It suddenly became terribly important to have TRAINING PANTS. Little boys got miniature versions of Dad's boxers or jockies, and daughters wore little white cotton numbers, scattered with tiny rosebuds or daisies. (I always suspected there were advantages to being a girl!)



Adolescence brought new fears to our mothers. Never mind worrying about the kid driving, dating or flunking math. Mothers worry about underwear! Somewhere on the 'Winds of Time' floats the universal words of ALL mothers: "Don't forget to change your underwear. You wouldn't want to be in an accident... What if you had to go to the hospital?" My mother was also particularly fond of "You're not wearing THOSE are you?" (I used to believe my mother really did have

x-ray eyes. How could she tell that I was wearing the black Saturday bikinis on Tuesday?)

Mothers are unique. How do you live with one? It isn't easy. It isn't easy to live with a bereaved mom either - so I'd like to share a few **TIPS FOR LIVING WITH A BEREAVED MOTHER:**

1 - Logic is a wondrous thing. It has built civilizations, put a man on the Moon and given us television and Max Headroom. Logic works with most everything **EXCEPT** politics and mothers! You probably have a better chance of persuading Congress than you do your mother. Mothers are not logical under the best of circumstances - and you want to use logic to communicate with a bereaved mom? Custer had better odds!

2 - Bereaved mothers are often confused and unable to function at mealtimes, so when (and if) she serves TUNA, refrain from commenting. Some say grief lasts forever. So does tuna!

3 - When your mother forgets your name and starts running down the list of `whoever you are's, be patient. By the time she remembers who you are, she'll probably have forgotten what you were supposed to do!

4 - Except when it comes to garbage. Mothers **NEVER** forget garbage. Just give up and take it out. Even a bereaved mother remembers garbage!

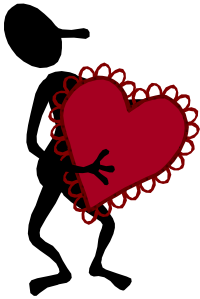


5 - The Number 1 disease in America is **GUILT**. If you don't already have it, get some! Your mother has plenty, and she is always ready and willing to spread it around. Since she's guilty, it doesn't matter what you've done or not done, she's a good mother so she passes it on. The lunch box at the door, a kiss and a little **GUILT** starts every day. "Did you feed the starving fish?" "Did you make the bed so your poor mother doesn't have to break her aching back?" "Did you brush, floss and flush?" And the clincher: "Don't get hurt or into trouble!" Now you're

doomed. If you do get hurt or into trouble (or both) your mother will suffer. She's guilty because she couldn't protect you from harm or trouble, and you're guilty because you did IT to her! And you probably didn't wear the right underwear either!

Mothers! Without you, we wouldn't be! You've given us so much: love, support, courage, graham crackers, underwear - LIFE itself. You held our aching hearts and taught us that loving is a living thing - not something to be buried and only remembered.

Your tears and love raised us up tall and straight. Your hopes and dreams have lived on in us. If only we could adequately say THANKS. If only we had said it a hundred times a day - every day! If only...



So today I'll stop the merry-go-round, and pause to hug a daffodil, kiss a child and smile a rainbow. All in tribute to you, MOTHER!

Your love gave me life, and even if I never knew you, or can barely remember your face, or can still grasp your hand, today I'll stop awhile and remember my `please' and `thank you's'.

Thanks, Mom, for love...and for the underwear!

