

MOMS FOREVER

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Many families today have two incomes. Both mom and dad work. In my family I have been able to be the provider and my wife Margaret has not had to take an outside job, although she takes care of the bills and has done many business-related tasks over the years, as well as being the majordomo for the household.

And yes, walking point financially for the family can be worrisome and a major pain. You know the old refrain, the man is the hunter and the woman the gatherer. Of course, in these days that dichotomy has morphed into I don't know what, but that is not my object here.

I want to remind myself and point out to the other fellows reading this blog just what a unique task it must be to be a mother. No amount of hunting and financial worrying we men do can even come close to the sacrifice and dedication you moms have to make when a child is born. It boggles my mind.

We have four children and I was there at the birth of each one of them, albeit feeling kind of useless at the time. Somehow, looking back, all of the child-rearing years are a bit of a blur to me, perhaps because I was more concentrated on the outside and making money, leaving my wife Margaret to look more inside and after the kids.

When I ran a large business and had an office away from home, I preferred to work out of my home, so I was never far from the kids physically. Mentally, well that is another matter. I tend toward tunnel vision when it comes to my work, so I probably missed a lot, even if always present at home. All four of my kids managed to grow into adults and are out on their own, so I am grateful for that. But being close to my daughter Anne's new baby Emma May, has helped me to understand just what my wife went through, and it was never begrudgingly. Margaret loves kids, and especially babies. She always has. She loves our kids and any babies she comes across.

I can't speak for anyone other than myself in this regard, but I am floored at the sheer concentration required of a mother to take care of a newborn. It is beyond calculation, and how I managed to forget all of that (or did I miss it in the first place?) is beyond me. Talk about getting close to the mirror of the mind, getting down to the nitty-gritty, and looking reality in the eye, motherhood trumps it all.

In fact, it is so unequal that I guess mothers have long ago (millennia) given up trying to be equal in any real way. Men are pussies compared to what motherhood demands, and women just don't care to rub it in. It is crystal clear than men are the weaker sex. How could we not get

this fact? What were (or are) we thinking?

I should have taken more seriously what the Tibetan Buddhists keep telling us, that every last being has been our mother at some previous time, and has cared for us as only a mother can. I heard that, of course, but did not grasp the enormity of it. I am just starting to get it now.

And the lessons learned from motherhood are beyond value. Talk about an intense training course in the mind. There is no comparison to what mothers have to learn, starting with the moment of birth and continuing unabated for years. Amazing!

I want to go on record that I am at this late date starting to understand what a mother's love entails, and there is nothing like it anywhere else on Earth. It is the paradigm for compassion, care, and true love. Even the Buddhists point it out endlessly. If you want to see unconditional love and compassion at work, just look around you at the mothers in the world, human or otherwise.

And the Buddhists go further and state that we should love every sentient being like a mother loves her child, there being no greater example of love than that I have seen. So if Mother's Day is a big deal in our home, and Father's Day is just a couple of minutes of recognition, there is a reason for that.

Thanks to my mother, to Margaret (the mother of our kids), and to all moms (human and otherwise) everywhere in the ten directions and the three times!