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Every Day is Mother's Day

by Pauline Walden

Really? A bit double edged, but there we are.

More to the point, why?

First, a small clarification: Mothers' Day is an American invention so let's leave it where it belongs.

The origin of Mothers' Day in the UK was, of course, Mothering Sunday. Why celebrate this annual concession by the oblivious well-heeled to the used, misused and often abused masses who doubtless doffed their caps and bent the knee to their betters for such a sacrifice?

Just imagine - if it's possible in our enlightened (?) society - being allowed a whole day, once a year, to visit - in the first instance - one's Mother Church, i.e. where one's baptism into a life of servitude and misery began - or to visit one's family, particularly one's mother, if one recognised her, that is: partly because of the lengthy intervals between visits and the rapid ageing of the careworn classes.

What the hell is there to celebrate?

Of course every day is Mothers' Day! Once the seed is sown, as it were, there's no turning back - or away - from the constant drudgery, demanding greed, noise, smell and, worst of all, crippling expense! Here we go again - fine (if you like that sort of thing) for the privileged classes but, as Thomas Hardy observed of his heroine Eustacia, 'She knew by instinct what most women learn only from experience, that love is but a doleful pleasure'.

I wonder what he had in mind.