



Every Day is Mother's Day

by Tina Blower

Every day is Mother's day but not for me. I watch the young mothers on the bus wrapped up in their microworlds and think 'how lucky'. A woman in a summer dress, slicked back hair cradling a baby in her lap. Her son stands nearby wanting some of the attention but loving his little sister at the same time. He sits down and she passes the baby to him. Gently, he cradles her and she smiles up at him. He treats her as if she is his own age, but totally accepting that she is a helpless mass of chubbiness and limbs. She picks up on the connection. They communicate through grins. The mother puts her arm around her son. A little unit, oblivious to their surroundings until they have to get off the bus.

Then things get a little fraught. She has to put the baby back in the pushchair and now her son won't sit still. He tries to walk off up the bus and she grabs him with one hand. The bus is lurching from side to side and she can't get the blanket to pull down far enough with one hand. She lets go of her son and puts her daughter safely back into the pram. She pushes the bell whilst trying to manoeuvre the pushchair to the front of the bus, laden with shopping bags and trying to get her son to follow. She is yelling now.

The bus stops and struggling, she tips up the pram to try to get it down onto the pavement. Her son squashes next to her grabbing onto her arm. She has to walk back to her house with the pram, the shopping and the little boy. I don't envy her in this moment but I imagine that, once she is back home, the magical threads that connect them will wrap around them and draw them back into their world.

A simple bedtime story, a pair of sausage arms stretching upwards to be cuddled, the curve of a neck above little shoulders, long eyelashes blinking, indicating thinking. Once they are in bed, the mother can take in all of them and marvel at how much love she has for them.

Yes it is Mother's day for everyone except me. I listen while mothers complain to me about some annoyance or how tired they are. I'll take their little ones to see the ducks while they take five minutes to eat their sandwiches or enjoy a cup of tea. Those five minutes of joy are what mothers have throughout the day and when I return their little ones, they re-experience it all over again. Yes, every day is Mother's day but not for me.