

The Irreplaceable Role of Motherhood

Saturday, February 16, 2013

Today, my wife and I met our daughter and her four children at a restaurant 1/2 way between where we live and where they live to celebrate her youngest boy's tenth birthday.

As we sat there, the kids swarmed around their Nonnie, my wife of forty years, as she pulled out little gifts for all of them from her oversized purse. The night before, she had gone to the store and bought a birthday present for the birthday boy - having had some communication with his mother about what he wanted. But I had no knowledge of these treasures in her purse - well, I confess she showed me a set of earbuds for each of them, but I paid so little attention when she did that, they were still a surprise to me when she distributed them to the gleeful kids.

Carefully selected gifts for all - yes, one has a birthday, but all kids are able to leave with little gifts just for them.

As she pulled them out one by one, I proudly sat watching, happy that my wife was bringing such joy to the kids. Her face was somewhat obscured by her 'grandmotherly' style oversized hat. It made me think of my own mother - and how her presence and her thoughtfulness, with little presents for each of our kids, filled similar occasions with such joy - and grace. "This is family - this is what life is all about," I remarked to the cashier when I went up to pay the bill.

I thought about how unique and priceless the role of a wife, a mother, a grandmother is, one that possesses the delicate grace to do this simple deed - to bring such joy to her grandchildren, which will no doubt instill in them such rich memories of childhood.

I couldn't help also to think how irreplaceable this role is. It is the domain of a woman only - a grandmother - who so naturally fills the role that she has earned through her years - the matriarch - the grand dame of our family. A role or domain that can never, ever be filled by anyone else but a woman. It is her exclusive, sacred domain.

JNR