

Moms always have their kids' backs

by Mark Pavilons

Motherhood, it's been said, is both the greatest thing and the hardest thing.

More has been written about mothers than any other family member. As we celebrate Mother's Day, the whole world comes together to stand up and sing the praises of these important role models.

I don't know where my wife draws her strength from. She's admittedly firm, supportive and always fair. Yes, she can raise her voice and argue with the best of them. She's as tough as they come and I've learned not to mess with her.

In Kim's case, I think a lot of her gusto comes from her social work background and advocacy work. She is a tireless champion, and really hates it when good people are wronged. I cringe when I hear her on the phone with Rogers, Telus and others.

And good for her.

Moms have to be all things to all of their charges. They have to be coaches, confidants, guidance counsellors, teachers, trainers, and disciplinarians. Where dads fail, or soften, moms excel and rise to the challenge.

My wife is the strongest woman I know and other than her mediocre math skills, she can pretty much do it all. She can stand for 15 hours a day, at both her full-time and part-time jobs; she can cook, clean, order clothes online and speak to her kids on the phone, simultaneously! She can hear me jingle the change in my pocket from any room in the house!

And be warned, this mom can always tell if you're lying, so don't even try!

Moms worry, constantly. As I stumble to bed after the 11 p.m. news, my wife is often wide-eyed, waiting for the house to fall silent and everyone is safe, tucked neatly in their comfy beds. If one of the kids is out, she will wait up until they get home.

She will stay up to the wee hours, helping the kids through their problems, even though she gets up at 6 a.m. every morning.

I suppose all mothers are the rocks, the foundations, of every family. Ours definitely is.

I have yet to figure everything out, but my wife has a handle on almost every aspect of our household, and everything that makes our kids tick. I tend to disregard things that I deem irrelevant or unimportant, so I don't always remember my kids' favourite colours or what they wore on their 10th birthdays.

Heck I can barely remember why I go into the kitchen sometimes.

This modern mom is seldom wrong. And when she is, no one lets her know. Well, okay, I do but I should know better. She's better at Wheel of Fortune and I'm better at Jeopardy!

I don't really know how moms become such good parents. Kim and I both started off on a level playing field when we got hitched. We were both novices at the whole parenting thing when our first child arrived, although Kim read extensively and informed me what to expect when expecting.

While books, doctor's visits and talks with other moms can help clear the air, nothing prepares you for parenting. You have no choice but to switch into high gear and do what needs to be done. Your bundle depends on you for everything!

I really enjoyed the early years, even the terrible threes and frigten fours.

The teen years can be most challenging.

And no, I don't remember most of my teen years, so there's little to reference.

Our oldest is 21 and Kim still tends to baby her. I help her with her university papers, finances and fundraising for her world-wide volunteer adventures. I am one of her biggest cheerleaders.

I would have thought my son would come to me more often, but he tends to gravitate towards his mom. I think it's because they share a birthday and both are sensitive Pisceans.

But I have so much to impart!

I can give pretty sound advice and I'm often rational and present both sides to a dilemma. I don't have all the answers but I can help others wade through the muck and climb out on the other side.

Our son is graduating from high school and we are trying to help him find his niche, his true calling. I suppose it's not easy trying to figure out one's lifelong career at 18. Our world is a constantly changing ball of yarn.

I am just now teaching my boy to drive standard. Admittedly it's been many years, but as they say, it's like riding a bicycle (also something I haven't done in years). I told him he would become frustrated, and he would hate me, the car and himself.

I remember when my dad taught me. He wasn't very articulate and simply told me what I was doing wrong. In a pinch, he literally stomped on my feet and grabbed the shifter out of my hands. Yes, he had long arms and legs and it was a VW Beetle.

It has come back to me, and I just hope my son enjoys it, and the 2002 Acura lasts long enough. It may soon become a lost art. I am happy to teach the females in our family.

I am so proud that our youngest daughter has a razor-sharp wit, finely tuned talent for sarcasm and a strong stomach for gross tales. Kids can't learn that stuff in school!

Kim gets frustrated with our third born and they butt heads. But I remind our not-so-little ones that mom always has their back. Mama bears are among the fiercest on the planet!

I love and admire my best half. Like most moms, when cracks appear, out comes the hot glue gun and voila, all is mended.

To my wife, happy Mother's Day!