

Kids Korner

Growing Up With Mother

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After my birth near Springs, Pennsylvania, I very quickly began to suck my thumb. Many babies do the same thing. The problem was even after I was in first grade at our elementary school, I was still sucking my thumb.

One day my worried mother said to my daddy, "Walter, what are we going to do to break Gay Nadine of sucking her thumb?"

He answered, "I don't know, Mother. What do you suggest?"

They took time to think about a solution.

As most mothers do, mine loved me very much. She wanted to protect me from behavior that would be unhealthy if it continued. For instance, what if thumb-sucking changed how my permanent teeth grew in?

With Daddy's agreement, my mother decided to try using black pepper to discourage my thumb-sucking. The pepper made me sneeze a lot, but it didn't solve the problem of thumb-sucking.

Then they applied something stronger. It, too, eventually wore off and I resumed sucking as usual.

Last of all came the oil of cloves application. At our house Mother kept oil of cloves in the medicine cabinet to treat toothaches.

Phewee! I gagged over the taste of my poor little thumb. I needed even more comfort after that episode.

Their failed efforts pretty well proved I was a hopeless case. Despite loving me with all their hearts my parents were discouraged.

When other people were around, I wasn't permitted to indulge the habit or there would be



This is my mother and me when I was very young. We lived near Springs, Pennsylvania.

discipline, like a "time out," — except my parents didn't call it time out.

Instead, they said very firmly: "You sit there for the next 20 minutes!"

I whined. "But...."

"No, ifs, ands or buts!" my parents said.

I knew better than to keep arguing.

Finally, they started praying that God would help me stop. I think that's when things began to change because one day when I was 11, just like a bolt of lightning, the shame and embarrassment were clear to me.

All at once I couldn't imagine sucking my thumb anymore. So I stopped.

Amongst the other things my mother could make me do was wear my hair in pigtails. Talk about nerdy! That's what I thought pigtails were.

"Now hold still so I can plait your hair," was the order I heard each morning.

If my hair wasn't restrained then running and playing would send my long hair all over my face.

On Monday washdays I had to help wash the dirty laundry. First, the loads were sorted. Then into the white Maytag washing machine that was filled with hot water went the tablecloths, dish towels, and aprons to agitate.

The wringer that squeezed out the water looked like two rolling pins stuck together.

Outside, a pole that propped up the clothesline was stuck on end in the ground. Wet stuff weighed so much that if we forgot to put up the pole, the line sagged.

My mother taught me to iron clothes, wash and dry the dirty dishes, dust the furniture and shake the dirt off our everyday denim rugs constructed of recycled material from my daddys worn out work pants.

She made me take my bath and feed our dog, "Spot," his table scraps. Spot never knew store dog food existed.

If I was mean to someone my mother insisted that I say: "I'm sorry," so the person I had hurt would feel better again and still like me.

One summer with friends, I went swimming in a big farm pond and something in the water caused a violent skin reaction that spread a hideous red rash over me. I recovered because my mother consulted with the doctor and did what he said.

Another time I awakened the following day after being stung by a bee and my eyes wouldn't open. No matter how I strained to pry them apart, my eyelids were too swollen to budge. Mother knew just what to do to reduce the swelling.

I loved my mother the best of anyone. That was true even when she tried to end the childish thumb-sucking habit.

My mother's unusual name was "Loveta" (lah veetah). She isn't alive today so I can't give her a gift for Mother's Day, but I still love her.

are almost no friends remaining to attend our funerals. My husband's aunts lived to be over 100 years old and so he has high hopes of being around for a while. Today, May 10, he is 85 years old.

Just now our son is traveling a lot. He just got back from Iowa and now is in North Carolina. That is no way to get the corn planted. But, he has hauled the manure and will soon cut the rye.

The other evening he started out for a pig sale in another county. Even though he took off from work early he got no pigs. The reason was that the traffic on a Friday night was so bad that it took twice as long as expected to get anywhere and so he came home empty-handed. The children need 4-H animals and he needs one to butcher and one for a pig roast that he holds in July for his friends.



Our family pet was a small dog named Spot. I am holding him by the collar.

Happy Mother's Day



It all started in ancient Greece when they had spring celebrations to honor Rhea, the mother of the Gods. Then during the 1600s, they honored mothers in England with Mothering Sunday.

Not until 1872 did Mother's Day come to the United States. Julie Ward Howe, who wrote the words to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," wanted a day dedicated to peace.

In 1907, Ana Jarvis started the push to have a national Mother's Day. She had her mother's church celebrate Mother's Day on the second Sunday in May, the anniversary of her mother's death.

Jarvis and her friends wrote to ministers, business people and politicians, trying to have Mother's Day declared a national holiday. By 1911, almost every state celebrated Mother's Day. President Woodrow Wilson made it official in 1914.

Mother's Day is celebrated the second Sunday of May in the United States and in Denmark, Belgium, Australia, Turkey, Italy and Finland.

Some Trivia About "Mother"

Did you know

- Some African tribes aren't called families. Instead, they are called *maharis* or "motherhoods."
- In the past, some Chinese family names began with a sign that meant "mother" as a way of honoring their mothers.
- The Greek word *meter* and the Sanskrit word *mantra* mean both "mother" and "measurement."
- Native American women were honored with the name "Life of the Nation" for their gift of motherhood.
- Although celebrated in many countries around the world, Mother's Day doesn't have the same traditions. Some countries also celebrate at a different time of year.

Gift Ideas for Mom

Can't decide what to get your mom or grandmother for Mother's Day? Here are some ideas for you to consider.

Send Mom a free electronic postcard or a certificate from <http://www.billybear4kids.com/holidays/mother/mom.htm>

Print and color a card or send an electronic card from <http://www.kidsdomain.com/holiday/mom/index.html>

How about a cyber breakfast in bed for Mom? Visit <http://freezone.com/mom/breakfast/cover.html> and click "get cookin," print it out and take it to Mom.

Tell your mom or grandmother how much you think of them by writing a poem. Draw and color some flowers to make it pretty, then wrap it with a ribbon.

Any mom would love a gift of to-do gift certificates, and they won't cost you a thing. Use these certificate ideas or come up with some of your own. Take some paper and make up coupons for:

- A free hug
- A free dusting
- A car wash
- A dog walk
- An hour of quiet time
- A dog bath
- An hour for herself
- Living room cleaning
- A night free from dinner dishes

Then just put them together in a folder made of construction paper and decorate your folder with stamps, stickers, paint or other creative ideas.

Just remember, a gift from the heart means more than anything.

Please note: This list only applies to the sites listed; not to any sites that may be linked. Web sites change constantly. At the time this article was written these Web addresses worked. Some of the sites may call for software you do not have. You can still look at much of the information on the site, but you may need the software for movies. If you do need software, be sure to have your parent(s) read any software agreements before you download it.

Ida's Notebook

by

Ida Risser



On a sunny Sunday, I finally took a walk in our woodland. Long ago it was a tradition to take my younger sisters for a walk to see how many wild flowers we could find. We walked along the edge of the Conestoga River and found Dutchman's Breeches, Virginia Bluebells, Spring Beauty, and lots of May Apples.

Last week I trimmed the dead branches off of our black raspberries. My husband had put in posts and wires to keep them upright and so they should be easy to pick. I'd like to sell some but my husband wants me to freeze all of them. He likes them on his cereal in the morning.

Lately, I've been attending too many funerals. Some are cousins and some are church members. I suppose we must accept that this happens as we get older. If one lives to a ripe old age, then there