

A PARTNER IN PARENTING

"A truly good wife is the most precious treasure a man can find / she is good to him." / Her children stand up and call her blessed [or *praise* her]." (31:10,12,28)

A Lady Who Praised Her Mother

THE MEANEST MOTHER

"I had the meanest mother in the whole world. While other kids ate sugar cakes for breakfast, I had to have cereal, eggs or toast. When others had Cokes and candy for lunch, I had to eat a sandwich.

My mother insisted upon knowing where we were at all times. You'd think we were on a chain gang.

She had to know who our friends were and what we were doing. I am nearly ashamed to admit it, but she actually struck us. . .can you imagine actually hitting a child just because he disobeyed.

My mother actually had the nerve to break the child-labor law. She made us work. We had to wash dishes, make beds and all sorts of cruel things.

My mother always insisted upon our telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, even if it killed us. . .and it nearly did.

By the time we were teenagers, our lives became even more unbearable. None of this tooting the horn of a car for us to come running. She embarrassed us no end by making our dates and friends come to the door to get us.

If I spent the night with a friend, she checked on me to see if I was really

there. While my friends were dating at the mature age of 12 and 13, my old-fashioned mother refused to let me date until the age of 15 or 16.

We could not lie in bed 'sick' like our friends did, and miss school. Our marks in school had to be up to par. Our friends' report cards had beautiful colors on them, black for passing, red for failing. She demanded black.

We graduated from high school. With our mother behind us, talking, hitting and demanding respect, none of us was allowed the pleasure of being a drop-out. Two of us attained some higher education.

None of us has ever been arrested, divorced, or beaten his mate. Each of my brothers served his time in the service of this country. And who do we have to blame for the terrible way we turned out? You're right, our mean mother.

Look at all the things we missed. We never got to march in a protest parade, nor take part in a riot, burn draft cards and a million and one other things that our friends did. She forced us to grow up into God-fearing, educated, honest adults.

I am filled with pride when my children call me mean. . .because, you see, I thank God he gave me the meanest mother in the whole world."

The Hand that Rocks the Cradle IS the Hand that Rocks the World."