

The word we once longed to hear...now forbidden

My friend, who is an excellent mom, was telling me this story over lunch about her four-year-old daughter, Ella. After a day of repeating the word “mama” seven million times, most of the time for no credible reasons, this excellent mom (EM) was reduced to the following dialog with her:

Ella: Mama, mama, mama.

EM: Ella, you are only allowed to say mama three more times today.

Ella: Mama...

EM: That's one.

Ella: Mama...

EM: That's two.

Ella: Mama, mama mama...

EM: Okay, three, four and five. That's it, no more saying mama all day today...

This is the kind of conversation, that if heard from outside, would sound absurd. But, you know exactly what she means—don't you? Come on now...if you're a mom you've been there. It's like when you hear yourself saying something like, “You are going to sit there until you finish every last bite of that cupcake, mister.”

Sometimes, the words “mom” “mama” “mommy” that we longed for before having kids, can become— after repeated to us, day after day, with no real purpose except to fill in the peaceful moments between requests and questions—like a little verbal

needle poking at our last nerve, pushing us to the very edge.

I think this clip from "Family Guy" makes my point perfectly, here.

This is Pixar's darker, totally uncondoned by me**, version of the scene, here.

**This is only a dramatization. Please don't feed your children to the sharks...(remember their giggles and smooches).