

Mothers—a story of Creation

When God was creating mothers He was into his sixth day of overtime when the angel appeared and said, 'You're doing a lot of fiddling around on this one.' And God said, 'Have you read the spec on this order?'

'She has to be completely washable, but not plastic.

Have 180 movable parts, all replaceable.

Run on black coffee and leftovers.

Have a lap that disappears when she stands up.

Have a kiss that can cure anything from a broken leg to a disappointed love affair.

And have six pairs of hands!'

The angel shook her head slowly and said, 'Six pairs of hands? Not possible.'

'It's not the hands that are causing me problems' said God, 'It's the three pairs of eyes that mothers have to have.'

'That's on the standard model?' asked the angel.

God nodded.

'One pair that sees through closed doors when she asks, "What are you kids doing in there?"', when she already knows. Another here in the back of her head that see what she shouldn't, but what she has to know, and of course the ones here in front that can look at a child when he goofs up and reflect, "I understand and I love you", without so much as uttering a word.'

'God', said the angel, touching his sleeve gently, 'Come to bed - tomorrow...'

'I can't', said God, 'I am so close to creating something so close to myself.

Already I have one who heals herself when she is sick, can feed a family of six on one pound of hamburger, and can get a nine year old to stand under the shower.'

The angel circled the model of THE MOTHER very slowly. 'It's too soft', she sighed. 'But tough', said God excitedly, 'You cannot imagine what this mother can do or endure.'

'Can it think?'

'Not only think, but it can reason and compromise', said the Creator.

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her fingers across the cheek.

'There's a leak', she pronounced. 'I told you you were trying to put too much into this model. You can't ignore the stress factor.'

God moved in for a closer look and gently lifted the drop of moisture to his finger where it glistened and sparkled in the light.

'It's not a leak', He said. 'It's a tear.'

'A tear?', asked the angel. 'What's it for?'

'It's for joy, sadness, disappointment, compassion, pain, loneliness and pride.'

'You're a genius', said the angel.

God looked sombre. 'I didn't put it there.'