

Mother's Day



Two years ago on Mother's Day, Melise was just 20 months old. Appropriately enough, one of our outdoor cats had kittens the Friday before in the doghouse (don't worry, no dog was residing there). I enjoyed their location because I could peak in to see how the kittens were doing. Unfortunately, Melise caught on to their location, too.

"Kitties!" she would shriek each time we passed the doghouse. I would just hold her hand a little tighter until it was out of sight.

The next day, Melise and I were working in the garden. I thought Melise was right behind me, but when I turned around she was gone. I wasn't surprised because she was becoming an independent little thing. I walked around, looking in all her favorite spots, expecting to see her impish smile at any moment.

Then I was struck with an awful idea about where she might be. I ran around the corner of our house in time to see Melise's bottom half sticking out the door of the doghouse. I frantically yanked her out.

Luckily, the mama cat was so surprised by the intruder who was shrieking with delight that she hadn't yet attacked. Also luckily, Melise hadn't squished or grabbed any of the kittens. However, Melise started into a royal tantrum when I pulled her out. I whisked Melise back into the house to comfort her.

Melise and I went out to run errands for the afternoon. When we returned, the cat and her kittens were gone. I was disappointed (and so was Melise, who stood at the entrance of the doghouse pouting), but I couldn't blame the mama cat for moving her kittens to a more secure location.

The Laughing Mom: humorous tales of motherhood

Written by Holyoke Enterprise

When Mother's Day dawned, I immediately thought it was going to be miserable. I hadn't slept well the night before because Melise had developed a fever that wouldn't quit. I shuffled around the house groggily. I felt sorry for myself because I was craving cinnamon rolls but didn't have the energy to make them.

"So who's going to make me rolls? How about you, Melise?" But she didn't make any promises.

I prepared for a dull day in the house with a sick baby. I very briefly contemplated a cinnamon roll recipe but chickened out after I summed up all the time it took to rise and cook. I made our usual breakfast and then put *Pride & Prejudice* in the DVD player. I figured if I was going to cuddle a sick baby all day I might as well enjoy it.

Before Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth could even share their first dance, Melise's fever broke, and she was begging to go outside. I peeked out the door to find a sunny day—perfect!

Our day took a happy turn from there. I gardened while Melise traipsed around the yard. I discovered the new residence of the mama cat and her litter of kittens—it is safely out of Melise's reach! And I discovered one of our guineas sitting on a pile of eggs. A very motherly day indeed!

With a light heart and great satisfaction, I settled Melise down for a nap that afternoon while I enjoyed the rest of my movie. The day was almost perfect. I even got cinnamon rolls the very next morning—better late than never!

Holyoke Enterprise May 10, 2012