

The Column of All Mothers

Let's just clear something up right now, in case the title didn't do the trick: the national holiday dedicated to our mothers (Labor Day, unless I'm mistaken) is the topic of this column. Now that we've gotten that little inanity out of the way, on to the main inanity.

Beyond all the clichés you find in the muddled mélange of Mothers' Day cards at your local Boring Sentiments R' Us, surely there must be some specific qualities about your mom that are burned into your brain. If all you can say to sum up the woman who birthed ya, burped ya, and blossomed ya is "roses are red, violets are blue, sugar is sweet, and so's your beef stew," then she raised a vacant little simpleton.

The words and stories one might use to sum up my own mother would hardly fit the category of "cliché"; they'd more likely fall under the "eerily similar to any small town's police blotter" heading. To be fair, she is one of the most well-behaved bank robbery wheelmen her parole officer has ever been assigned.

Okay, that was for cheap laughs (the only kind I can really afford). In all seriousness, my mom, who is actually not a felon, has a kindness and consideration for others that our society could certainly use more of nowadays. On another front, if any of you think your mom's cooking skills are unmatched, I'll concede that my mom's skills indeed wouldn't be a match. Sadly for you, however, I promise you when it comes to cooking, my mother *surpassed* yours like Secretariat hopped up on espresso driving a Lamborghini. If Wolfgang Puck were to sample any dish my mother whips up, he'd quickly drop to his knees and profess his love for her, and then just as quickly learn what it'd be like to be bitch-slapped by my stepfather.

Speaking of slappings, there are a few noteworthy mothers out there, be they living or un-living, with whom I was hoping to share some "sentiments." And what a great stroke of luck (for me) that I have this here keyboard with all these letters on it, so I'm just going to go ahead and sentimentate, starting with the easiest and most obvious one.

To Dorothy Rodham: let's just say your little girl has been really, really, really, REALLY naughty.

To Goldie Hawn: I can't speak for your daughter Kate, but I'm guessing more than a handful of young women would be weirded out when the women who gave birth to them do everything in their power to look like their younger sister. And whatever you do, avoid borrowing her clothes if there's a chance your rock star son-in-law will be around. That guy's one hallucinogen away from mistaking you for her and trying to nookie you up. Wait...that hasn't already happened, has it?

To Raquel Welch: you're doing just fine. The look you're cultivating appears more along the lines of your daughter's *older* sister, and from what I've read, with only a fraction of whatever voodoo Ms. Hawn's doctors are showering on her.

And to Mary Matthews, mother of MSNBC's Chris Matthews: you must be proud, having raised an educated, rich, successful daughter.

The mother of my two children, who I can practically guarantee is my wife, actually could be summed up in a greeting card. The card would have to be about the size of Soldier Field, but still. We've only been married for five years, and I'm already suffering writer's block every time I try to write something about her befitting her stature. I'll just put it this way for now: my kids are two of the luckiest little bastages on the planet, almost as lucky as I in fact.

And just wait till you hear the wonderful things her parole officer says about HER!