



# Guilty

So, Mother's Day is over and done with for another year, thank God. If I had my way it would be banned and if you're a mum with young children then you will probably, although secretly and guiltily, agree with me. This year I've been quizzing mums to find out what we really think of our Special Day. Yes, we love the handmade cards and the flowers but here are five little things that we are not so keen on:

1 No mother wants to be woken at 6.30 am by a small child holding a dripping bowl of cornflakes over her head. If we eat them we feel sick. If we don't, we feel sick. Yes, that's sick with the GUILT of watching our child's lip tremble at the rejection of such a beautiful and thoughtful act.

2 It is just not funny to go to church and hear our children read out thank you prayers such as, "Dear God, please bless our mums for cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing..." This is merely a list of things we have to do before the end of the day and because it's our Special Day we have to do them all when the children have gone to bed. Otherwise the children will be upset that we are not making our Special Day special. And once again we will feel GUILTY. The alternative is staying up extra late on Mother's Day eve to wash and iron the school uniforms, clean the shoes, sort the school bags. This ensures we are knackered and grumpy on our Special Day, snap at our children and feel GUILTY.

3 Mother's Day cards or prayers which thank us for being patient when our children are naughty also make us feel GUILTY. We are not always patient. Show me a mum who remains patient when their child is shaving the cat and I'll show you a mother on diazepam. We may be patient 99% of the time but it will be our 1% failing which we remember on Mother's Day.

4 We do not want to watch our children perform in any kind of talent

showcase on Mother's Day. While I am delighted that my daughter chooses to play violin in an orchestra rather than playing second fiddle to the local crack dealer I still do not want to spend four hours grinding my teeth and getting a

*"Show me a mum who remains patient when their child is shaving the cat and I'll show you a mother on diazepam"*

numb bum while waiting for her to play her five minute contribution. Wishing myself elsewhere - in a spa or in bed with a box of chocolates - makes me feel very GUILTY.

prefer not to do it on my Special Day. I know the fact that she's dead means she is hardly likely to care if I leave it to the Monday but not doing it on the Sunday, yes you've guessed it, makes me feel GUILTY.

So there you have it. Mother's Day. I'm already feeling guilty for writing this and expect a massive backlash from both my offspring and readers alike.

On a lighter note; who believed me when I said in my last column that I would definitely, never, ever, not on your Nelly, be persuaded to go away for the Valentine's weekend? Well, I lied.

My defence is that my sister came over from Spain to stay with us for a week which meant I had a live-in babysitter and then Ged managed to wangle tickets for London Fashion Week. How could I resist? You'll be astonished to hear that we had a perfect weekend. It began with an upgrade to a suite at the gorgeous Thistle Piccadilly, a meal to die for at the super-glamorous Zedel's, a day of being snapped by paparazzo at Fashion Week... all just perfect. By the second day I was convinced we had broken the curse that marks all our holidays with disaster. Then our 'phones rang simultaneously.

While we were playing out in London town a masked gang armed with sledge hammers tried (and failed) to smash their way into Ged's shop. I expected my lovely husband would want cut the weekend short and hurry back but no. "The security worked, they didn't get in, the shop's safe and the Police have caught the gang. What's the point of going home early?"

He's all right you know, my husband. Partying in the face of adversity, that's what he's good at. Oh and making beautiful jewellery of course. Did I mention that he took over the ironing on Mothers' Day eve too?

Read more on Gill's blog at [www.gillwatson.co.uk](http://www.gillwatson.co.uk)



5 Visiting graves in the freezing cold/rain/snow is never pleasant. I miss my mum and although I would like to put a bunch of daffs on her grave for Mothering Sunday I would actually