

Advisor's note: The following article comes from the May 1, 1996, edition of *The Polemic*, Alpena Community College's Student Newspaper. *The Polemic* is running a copy of Kristi Hanson's first place in light commentary category story. This is to honor a first place in writing and share with the college a Mother's Day message which may have been missed last year.

The Polemic • Wednesday, May 1, 1996

## Opinion 7A

# A Mother's Day wish - Babysitter needed

By K. J. HANSON  
STAFF WRITER

Here it is, the one day a year when Mothers everywhere, such as myself, are expected to linger in bed while our little darlings, and hopefully our spouses, attempt to show their yearlong gratitude by burning the toast, under-cooking the eggs, and serving tepid, but very strong, coffee. And, if we're very lucky, we may even receive a marigold, planted with love, in a decorated styrofoam cup. I can't think of a better way to start Mothers Day.

Traditionally, most Mothers would consider their all-important day well spent, if all they were to receive was piece of mind in knowing that someone else would be willing to referee fights between siblings, change the baby, or get the entire family seated for a meal, regardless if it has those "yucky green things" floating in it. In reality, I feel that most Mothers, myself included, would admit to spending the day like this . . .

The back door slams shut as my three boys race outside to capture the elusive spring air that stubborn old man winter has afforded us. Anxiously, I watch as my youngest attempts to catch-up with his brothers. My thoughts turn to laundry, and other such chores I'm forever trying to stay ahead of.

Walking back into the house, I revel in the long sought after, but rarely obtained, silence. A favorite fantasy of mine begins to play out in my mind. I've just returned from the store, and upon entering the room I am not greeted with the usual "what did you get me?" Instead, I hear a chorus of "Hi Mom, how was your day?"

I quickly glance around to see if I have entered the wrong house. My stunned gaze falls upon the immaculate condition of the room. Not only are there no toys or papers left on the floors, but the TV is off, and in each of my boy's hands there is a book! They were reading!!

Alas, this dream is not to be, as the resounding bang of

the back door invades my silence.

In the distance I hear shouts of "I didn't do it." "Yes you did," "Mom I not in trouble dey is." This last remark comes from my four-year-old, who obviously wishes to extricate himself from the latest brotherly feud.

In the midst of this uproar, I notice that my blonde haired seven-year-old now has dark brown muddy hair. His face, hands, and clothes are caked and unrecognizable. Streaming from his eyes, tears are causing the dirt to streak.

Accusations of you pushed me, you threw it first, yeah but I missed, are bouncing off the walls.

Each child is clamoring to get his side of the story heard first.

My nine-year-old, seeing the seven-year-old is crying, begins to tease him.

"You look like the creature from the swamp," he taunts.

My seven-year-old, not one to stand still for insults, attempts to karate kick my nine-year-old, who is still laughing at his witty insult.

Meanwhile, my four-year-old is jumping up and pulling on my arm in an attempt to be noticed.

"Mamma, dey wouldn't pway wif me so's I pwayed ona hiw, he states, with an indignant mud-streaked face.

My first instinct is to take the muddy one outside and spray him down with the hose. Thoughts of gagging him sound nice about now; his bellowing is beginning to grate on my last nerve. Instead, because I've recently been schooled in the fine art of parenting, I admonish the two clean culprits to go back outside, stating firmly, "we will all discuss this later."

I then turn my attention back to the newly dubbed creature from the swamp, who is still attempting to explain his innocence in this situation.

As he drips, I escort him into the bathroom. By now he is cold, tired, and begins to rub at the dirt in his eyes. This action causes even more duress. As he steps into the bathtub, I ask him to remove his wet things.

"Even my underwear," he asks, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes, of course," I say, as I begin wiping the mud from his face and eyes.

Eventually, he is all shiny and clean. He is wearing warm clothes, wrapped in a fuzzy Afghan. He is now able to laugh at the thought of himself covered in mud.

"Will you sit with me," he asks.

"Sure," I say, as thoughts of what to do for dinner are pushed aside, because at this moment my son needs me. Part of the job, that which is the grand title of Mother, is being there for your children.

Eventually, my other two appear at the door. Gingerly, my eldest walks over and places his hand on top of his brothers still-damp head.

"Sorry," he whispers.

"You have mud on your nose," the clean one teases, his way of accepting an apology.

Soon they are all piled on top of me in the chair. As usual, they are all talking above the other, vying for my attention. The youngest is the loudest as he competes for his place in the family.

"I wuv you this much Mamma," he says, spreading his arms wide.

Not to be outdone by their little brother, the two oldest chime in. "Well, I love you to the moon," says my seven-year-old.

"Infinity," states my growing-up-too-fast nine-year-old.

Now, I ask you, what more could a Mother ask for? Oh, sure, a clean house to come home to, no temper tantrums would be nice, but, right now, I can't think of anything more wonderful than the unconditional love of a child. That's what Mother's Day means to me.

*Dedicated to my three favorite little bandits, and a special thanks to the youngest who in taking a nap allowed me to write this.*

## Theater magic doesn't fade

By KENT ANDERSON  
NEWS EDITOR

Silence reigns amid the still darkness. The heavy black curtains have been pulled into the wings; the stage is an empty platform of wooden planks, and the sea of seats set before the barren plane of oak are unoccupied. This is the stark reality between shows.

Dreaming is what it's all about: the thoughtful illusion of an imagined reality pretending to be real. But there is focus here, there is purpose, for within the confines of a crude, cramped world, the audience is challenged to face something of

the truth.

Theater provides a window through which one can see something of his or her self, whether it be the soul, the conscience, or the capacity to err in all its possibilities.

A play is a lie telling us truth, a dream teaching reality. When we sit before a production, we submit ourselves to an event that sparks contemplation. Our imagination, our perspective, is as crucial a to the believability of the performance as the actors. We must not see a set of propped up walls, false courtyards, and pretend personalities; we must see the kingdom of Lear, the island of Prospero, the city of Verona!

If we believe, we learn, but if we don't believe, then we pass on an opportunity to see within ourselves and examine the complex recesses of our emotional caverns. The actors, if successful, shine the light that guides our inner-eyes beyond the surface to the profound.

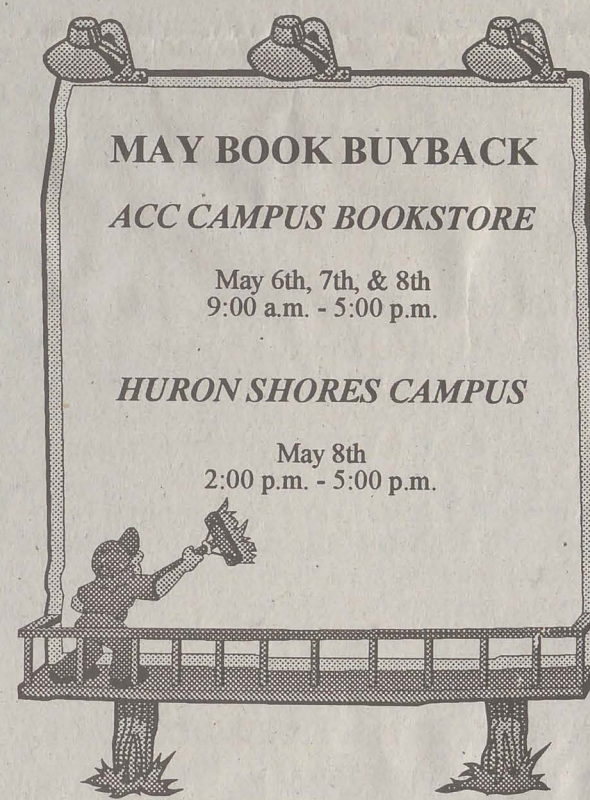
It is a magical experience, far removed from the thoughtless splendor of the cinema, wherein the dreams are presented fully adorned, sometimes cloying in the images, leaving no room for the beautiful potential of a dreaming mind.

And the magic doesn't fade, even when the solemn silence falls upon the stage. After the sets are torn down,

after the props are removed and the actors go home, something remains.

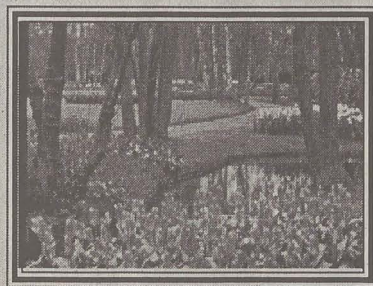
Standing in the stillness of an empty theater, one can see it, the dim revenants of characters stepping softly on the barren stage, moving with their purpose, lost in who they are. Their dialogue lingers on the dark air, like a distant, fading echo from within a tomb. Whispers. Soft steps. The eerie presence of things not there, yet mystically alive.

We should give ourselves up to it, allow ourselves to be carried away by the gentle sway of a reality unreal, yet too true to be ignored.



## Northern Exposure

Photo & Custom Framing



Inside

### The Drug Store

2236 US 23 South  
Alpena, MI 49707

Phone (517) 354-2171 / Fax (517) 356-6606

### Photo Processing

12 EXP \$ .99  
24 EXP \$ 1.99  
36 EXP \$ 2.99

Next Day Single Prints

## The Concert Connection and Moonlight TATTOOS

113 river st. Alpena MI 49707 356-4900

Body Piercing TATTOOS  
Concert Shirts All of your Wall Hangings  
CD's FAVORITE Incense  
Stickers Bands and more!!!! Patches

come down and check out our

3-D BLACK LIGHT ROOM

Choose from a selection of over 500 Concert shirts  
for your next tattoo!

Bring down a Design ~ Choose one  
~ Have one Custom Designed ~

Hours: 12 Noon - 7:30 p.m. Closed Sunday