

## Non Fiction Essay

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### **Mother: Adjective, Noun, Verb (an excerpt)**

#### 1995 Mother: Adjective

Nobody would ever call me a driven person, but when it came to my 'mother' urges, I was the 1995 model Jaguar XJ220: going full speed ahead. My partner was equally committed to this plan. We had just been pronounced husband and wife at St. Patrick's Church and were ready for our next chapter of life: *Little House on the Prairie* (minus the prairie & Laura's talent for writing). Motherhood was an obvious vocation for me, having been raised by my devoted mom, Marjorie.

#### 1956 Mother: Noun

*Way back, shortly after we joined Canada, red-haired Marjorie, married her handsome high school sweetheart. Immediately, she produced her first bouncing baby boy. Then another ...and another.... and another. Four in five years. All bundles of joy.*

*Cloth diapers galore and singing lullabies to a gaggle of toddlers at bedtime. Finally me - the fifth and only girl. Mom placed my crib in the dining room and slept next to me- holding my hand through the rungs.*

1996 Mother: Noun

Surprisingly, my plan to become a mother stalled immediately. This Jaguar XJ220 hit a wall because apparently, the engine under its hood was quite complicated. Motherhood finally smiled down on me: a tiny, nine-month-old boy was placed in my arms, in a Guatemalan hotel lobby. Again, five years later, we were thrilled to meet a sweet, brave girl toddler from Baby House #3 in far away Asia. An adoptive parent waits for years on end, then suddenly, parenthood happens in a single moment.