

Ode To The Holiday Women

Contributed by Ross Cavins
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The most hectic time in our lives is the short month between Thanksgiving and Christmas. And it's generally more hectic for the women in our families. You run from here to there and then back again because you're looking for that little Doohickey that Timmy said he absolutely needed or he'd die.

Then, because that Doohickey is on sale for \$3 less at a store across town, and it's the principle of the matter at that point, you fight traffic for a half hour, drive around for another half hour to find a parking place, search for another half hour for that exact Doohickey because if you get the off-brand that looks the same and works the same and feels the same but isn't the same, you'll hear about it on Christmas morning in the form of a temper tantrum with lots of screaming and flailing and crying. Then, after the pimply teenage clerk finds the only one in the store, it's been opened and damaged and he gives it to you with a shrug saying it's his break time.

So you return to the first store that was closest to home only to find out it was the last place within a hundred miles to have the Doohickey and that they sold out of it ten minutes before you came in the door, and for that you can thank the grandma with the bifocals in the Buick Century whose only trip to the store every year is for Christmas gifts and you don't know why she bothers when all she ever gets are socks and mittens for her grandkids; and who wears mittens any more, do they still make them?

You finally get home, exhausted and ready to concede this will be the worst Christmas ever, and have the brilliant idea to check for the Doohickey on the internet with the computer you got last Christmas and haven't used since except to look up that sweet potato pie recipe for Thanksgiving that everybody loves and you seemed to have misplaced somewhere, only you don't find the same exact recipe and you can't remember just how many cloves you crushed per pie so you ended up "over-cloving" the four pies you made and this got reproval from your mother-in-law in the form of snide remarks and facial gestures.

You boot up and go to ebay to look for the Doohickey because if it still exists, it'll be there, posted by the same schmuck who predicted it was going to be a hot item this year and went to the store early and bought the first hundred they put on the shelves. Oh, he has it, along with thirty others, all charging three times as much as you would have paid in the store and as you sit there, contemplating whether it's worth it or not, Timmy starts whining from the next room that he pooped himself and that since you folded all his underwear the wrong way, now he can't wear them until they are all washed again and folded correctly.

Believe you me, I know what the holidays can be like but once you have everything in place: the tree put up and trimmed and lit, the house cleaned and decorated just right, the presents fretted over and bought and wrapped, the food cooked and sitting on the table piping hot and smelling like heaven; and even though in the only picture anyone takes of you, your hair is a mess, your makeup is smeared, your eyes are bloodshot, and you realize the cute little Christmas sweater you wore had dipped just a little too much for your tastes because Timmy was pulling on it to tell you he pooped his pants, again …

Once all this is done and the holiday is history and you realize that your hard work provided family memories that will last a lifetime, experiences that can never be replaced or sold on ebay, then you begin to understand that yes, for all the worry and stress and headaches, it was worth it. It really was. Because without you, our Holiday Women, the rest of us would be absolutely lost. And for that, I offer you all the praise you've rightfully earned.

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