

Memory for Mother's Day 2014 - Ros Roscoe 25th March 2014

Approx 5 years ago now, when my Mum, in her 80s, succumbed to a stroke and had to move to a nursing home after admissions to hospital, I had a special moment with her which I hold very dear, especially now she is dead. Mum's health had deteriorated over the years and adjusting to the inevitable role reversal scenarios was difficult and distressing for her and us at times. However, remembering the following scene hurts and consoles at the same time, if that makes sense.

It was a warm sunny day so on a visit to the Nursing Home, I wheeled her out to the garden, and helped her to transfer from the chair to the wooden bench more for a sense of normality than comfort. It suddenly occurred to me that I could engineer a little mothering. Mum's word finding difficulties had become more pronounced so conversation had become pretty basic – singing songs from childhood etc. However, I decided to scramble onto the bench in my long skirt and lie with my legs overhanging the end but with my head in her lap. Feeling slightly embarrassed and hoping no-one would walk in on the scene. Mum's hands immediately began to stroke my hair and I closed my eyes in pure joy. Not sure how long the moment lasted but I am ever grateful for it.

God touches us through the hands of others and via a mother's hands one cannot help but believe this so.