

Half-A-Dozen

By Suzy Hopkins

My mother was raised during a time when a woman got married and had children. Period! It didn't matter how the woman felt. My mother didn't want any kids. When my sisters were born when I was nine and ten years old I took over the care and feeding of them since my mother neglected them. I loved that job.

The summer I graduated from high school I got a job at a seaside fishing village that was a tourist spot as well. I was the nanny for two darling blond boys three and four years old. Heaven!

When I got married I had planned on my half-a-dozen kids. Then my son was born. Whew! Super smart. Hyperactive. Asked a million questions. Exhausting but fun. It turned out my husband didn't help out at all with the baby or anything else. He wanted to be waited on like his mother always had done. Not happening.

My second husband had had a vasectomy. Darn! He was the best dad I had ever seen.

On my own again I mentored a girl for eight years, adopted my daughter and volunteered at the handicapped kids riding center for years. Horses and kids – couldn't be happier.

Recently I volunteered at the fourth grade for two years. Just loved the kids.

If I had my life to do over I would have my half-a-dozen kids.