

ITALIAN MOTHERS



An Italian son's photo sent to his mamma.

What is it about Italian mothers and their need to nurture, love, micro-manage, cook, clean, work, and keep everyone happy? My mother is 100% Italian, off the boat, so whatever characteristics we Italian-Americans talk about when it comes to our Italian mothers, I magnify it by a 100X's. My mother is an absolute force to reckon with, she's strong, smart, incredibly willful, savvy and sometimes funny. (Maybe more than sometimes.)

You know, when you hear the stories of sons and daughters talking about their Italian mothers, mother-in-laws, it's really quite true about their presence and will. Italian women are strong and always get what they want, so take an Italian woman and add children to the recipe and you have one protective, strong willed woman. Italian mothers have a way of giving love and making you feel like you're the most important thing in the world.

I'm not sure about other cultures, I guess a mother loves unconditionally, but there is something to be said about Italian mothers and their ways. My mother is loving, but can throw on the ever so traditional Italian mother guilt like no other. I know when she asks me for something, it really means something else. No one can understand the indirectness of a question better than a son or daughter of an Italian mother. Compliments come and go, because one day you're the "bella mia," and the next day you're "scema." It's just the way it is, which is funny. I mean, it's great..no one can give and take greatness better than an Italian mother. Sundays are usually my days with my family and I see all the things my mother does so effortlessly, it always make me wish I can be just as cool as her. Don't get me wrong my mother and I butt heads often, but according to my siblings and father, it's because we are very alike. I don't see it, but OK, whatever. --I can only imagine myself at my mother's age, what will I be like? Just like her? The thought. I need a glass of wine to do that. Anyway, where would we be without our overbearing, micro-managing, loving, guilt giving, strong-willed Italian mothers? My guess is, nowhere. She's my rock, and she doesn't even know it!

The Wall Street Journal's Joe Queenan thinks Italian mothers are the best. He writes:

"Speaking from my own experience, I would argue that the best mothers are Italian-Americans, in part because they are warm and affectionate, but mostly because of the manicotti. When I was a kid, my own Irish-American mother was a terrible cook, so I would dutifully eat the remains of whatever luckless animal she'd just burned to a crisp, puke it up and then run down the street to Richie Giardinelli's house, where his mother was always baking ziti or cooking up a fresh pot of meatballs or making manicotti.

"I never met anyone who was more beloved by her kids than Mrs. Giardinelli, though she wasn't much different from all the other Italian-American mothers I have known. Italian-American moms love their kids, they look out for their kids, they defend their kids, and because of that their kids generally grow up to be pillars of the community. If I had to do it all over again, I'd come back as an Italian-American kid—in part because of the warmth, the affection, the passion and the generosity, but mostly because of the manicotti."

"A mother thinks about her children day and night. Even if they are not with her, and will love them in a way they will never understand."

Prepared by Jennifer Murphy

Reference: <http://www.italianamericangirl.com>,
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<http://www.thehumorcolumnist.com/why-italian-mothers-best>,
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