

# NORTH TORONTO

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Mother's Day Feature

## THE ULTIMATE MOTHER'S DAY

An insider's guide to the most daring and decadent gifts in town! by Rebecca Eckler

**HIPSTER MOM** and popular columnist Rebecca Eckler combines two of her favourite things — being a mom and getting presents — to provide a road map of sorts for all those planning-challenged dads who are so often caught unaware when Mother's Day rolls around.



Nuh, uh. Do not try and pull the, "It's such a commercial holiday," line on me, mister!

It didn't fly on Valentine's Day. It's definitely not going to fly on Mother's Day. You know how much Mother's Day means to me! No, every day is most certainly NOT Mother's Day.

Do I really need to remind you who changed the majority of diapers, fed, bathed and stayed up all night with The Child? Do I really need to remind you who gets The Child dressed almost every morning and sets up all play dates? I didn't think so.

I know you don't need to be reminded about who carried The Child for nine l-o-n-g months.

And, no, this year, I do not want breakfast in bed, prepared by The

meanst well. But remember what happened last year? The whole orange juice and Cheerios fiasco? The fact that most of the "breakfast in bed" ended up on the stairs? Who cleaned up? Right. Me.

No, I'm not complaining. But this Mother's Day, I don't want to clean up after anybody. I want to be pampered and treated like a queen. I want presents. I want expensive presents.

OK, fine. Obviously, I need to explain, one more time, why I should be treated like the Rock Star Mommy I am on this day.

What about my birthday, you ask? I told you! After I turned 32, I didn't want to remember my birthday.

I knew you were going to throw out the whole Christmas and

presents for you, too!

I'm glad you understand. Mother's Day is all about me. It's about celebrating the fact I am a mother, the hardest job in the world. Oh, I know, I'm so hard to buy for. What more could I possibly need? Didn't I already explain that Mother's Day is not about what I need? It's about spoiling me rotten. Clearly, you need help.

I'm more than happy to point you in the right direction. It's no trouble at all. I'll just throw out some ideas and leave the rest up to you and The Child.

And, I wouldn't turn down a gift certificate for Torontonians **Natalie Bean-Sole's nutrition consulting**. I've always wanted to try one. She's a new mother, too. So Bean-Sole knows all about weight gain — getting it off and keeping it off. She can fill me in on healthy eating and exercise habits or lack thereof. That would be so nice of you to treat me to a nutrition consultation ([www.nutritionforeverinc.com](http://www.nutritionforeverinc.com)).