

Pastries for Breakfast

She told me I was a renaissance woman.

My world was suddenly still, my heart skipped a beat, as I soaked in the new me – *renaissance woman*.

Maybe I was more fascinating than I thought, more worldly, more adventurous, more everything. Maybe the extra years of my life had earned me a title that elevated me above the other women at our breakfast table. I could almost feel myself floating above them, wearing the crown of renaissance woman.

As my head slowly returned to normal human size, I rejoined the conversation. Over a large portion of hash browns, an over medium egg and a cup of green tea with honey, the four of us zig zagged through the maze of life for suburban housewives.

Suburban housewives, sounds awful perhaps, but true. Women, who bear children and step into another time zone until the extra bodies have gone, like a prepositional phrase placed in the middle of a sentence. The trajectory of life is paused while children are raised, loved, fret over and given wings to leave the nest and then gently pushed or kicked out if necessary. We are women of substance, women of means, women with purpose beyond our small talk and pastries.

Wives of men who bring home the bacon, while we fry it up in a pan. Wives with the luxury of choice – to tend and mend and fix and organize again and again, over and over for the 18 or more years until our offspring are set free. We chat politely, and then laugh ferociously when our lives play out more like a comedy than a serious play.

Wives and mothers, our identity tied to the services we provide. Our brains are just as smart, our hands as nimble, our passion as intense – maybe more. Yes, more of everything because we have been waiting, waiting for our turn to be more than what we are to others. More.