

## Generations

# Making new special memories

**M**y Mom and I enjoyed many movies together as I grew from toddler to teen. Our special bonding time also introduced me to the classics, like



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“Jane Eyre,” “Pride and Prejudice,” and the amazing “Wuthering Heights.” As unusual as it seems, even though I’ve written and had two novels published, I didn’t enjoy reading, but loved movie night with Mom.

Perhaps my best memories are when Mom and I would watch curly-topped Shirley Temple sing and dance in a collection of black-and-white flicks.

Mom adored her, and many of my early school pictures feature me with the same curly-top hair-do thanks to a couple of home permanents.

Shirley was super to watch, so adorable, and unbelievably talented. I couldn’t wait for the day when I could share her movies with my daughter.

Well, life doesn’t necessarily happen in precisely the way or order you want it to. My first child, Edward, made it obvious that there would be no “Good Ship Lollipop” for awhile.

Next came Victoria, and I waited patiently for her to get to the right age so I could introduce her to Shirley.

As luck would have it, I soon realized that I would have to tie

Victoria down before she would be willing to sit through a Shirley Temple movie. Girly things did not interest her. I was able to convince her to try cheerleading after a lot of begging, but that only lasted a week, and she let me know quickly that ballet wasn’t for her when I found her cut up tutu under the bed.

David, my third child, had been my last hope, but he seemed to go in for horror movies and our mother-and-son movie fests consisted of “Halloween I, II and III” and a little evil doll that went haywire with a hatchet. Most of the time, I hid my eyes, but we bonded very well during movie night even if it didn’t include Shirley.

David and his wife, Jamie, gave me hope when Claire, aka Pookie, was born almost six years ago. While she was still in the bassinet, I ordered “The Little Princess” and “Heidi,” both now on DVD, digitalized, remastered, colorized and surround-sounded, but featuring the same old Shirley. I waited patiently for Pookie to get out of the crib before debuting the adorable little girl who tap-danced her way to stardom. Timing was important. Either Pookie was going to be intrigued or I would lose her because of a 30-second attention span.

While she grew, we sat through “Teletubbies,” “Yo Gabba Gabba,” “Dora the Explorer” and “Strawberry Shortcake.” Later, we graduated to “Spongebob Square Pants.”

When “Frozen” came out on DVD, we watched it together, and she explained the whole plot to me. I figured now might be the right time to introduce her to Shirley.

She made it through about 10 minutes of “The Little Princess” before she asked me for some pretzels, a drink, an ice pop and more pretzels. Perhaps “Heidi” would be a better choice since there were a lot of goats and yodeling in the film. We made some progress. She began the pretzels, drink and ice pop orders about 30 minutes into the movie.

One afternoon, she arrived for a visit and the first thing she said was, “Grandma, we don’t have to watch ‘Heidi’ again, do we?” I sighed, quickly put the DVD on the shelf, and said, “No, let’s see if ‘Spongebob’ is on one of the 200 channels.”

It finally sunk in that perhaps the things I liked to do with my Mom were simply our treasured moments and that each child that touches one’s life makes their own special memories.

Pookie came up to see me this past weekend, and I was glad that I had a good supply of pretzels, soda and ice pops. But instead of diving right into the Disney channel, she surprised me by saying, “Grandma, do you want to see the cheer I learned yesterday at cheerleading?”

It had taken a long time for me to hear those words, but the wait had definitely been worth it.

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