

Is mommy a rock star? You bet

[MOMOIRS \(//WWW.THESPECTRUM.COM/BLOG/MOMOIRS/\)](http://WWW.THESPECTRUM.COM/BLOG/MOMOIRS/)

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When it comes to screaming fans and people begging you to stay, no one does rock star status like mom. (Photo: agencyby, Getty Images/iStockphoto)

If you've ever wandered through the aisles of the infant and toddler department of any store, the sayings on some of these onesies, bibs and shirts vary between smile-inducing, like "Does this diaper make my butt look big?" and "Party at my crib at 2 a.m.," to cringe-worthy, which I won't re-print.

Recently one such saying resonated particularly with me.

My Mommy is a Rock Star.

You know what? I think I am.

Hear me out. I am certainly not saying that I am actually rocking this motherhood thing. More often than not I feel like I am stumbling along as blindly as the next person. But judging by the way my kids act around me sometimes, the rock star status is not so far-fetched.

Think about it. Who comes into a room and is immediately greeted with squeals of delight and a throng of fans shouting their name?

Rock stars. And moms.

Who is expected to perform on demand a litany of songs – both from a pre-determined set list (AKA bedtime routine) and by request (whenever the kids feel like a round of Hokey Pokey or London Bridge)?

Rock stars. And moms.

What about when you try to leave? Who else has people literally throwing themselves at your feet, wailing and wrapping their arms around your leg, begging you to stay?

Rock stars. And moms.

Like it or not, we moms — particularly moms of young children — have acquired a level of popularity the likes of which A-listers and rock gods only dare dream.

If you're not careful, such constant popularity could really go to your head. I cannot even go to the bathroom without one of my little fans begging to join me. I'm doling out autographs regularly, every time a school permission slip comes home or a check needs to be signed. And if there is a shred of space between my husband and me when we're sitting on the couch or giving each other a hug, there's always someone ready to wiggle in between.

I even get fan mail. My dresser, refrigerator and the wall in my room is currently bursting with letters and pictures written and drawn by my fans, often depicting some image of me posing with them.

See? Rock star.

Truth be told, it's my husband who really deserves the label more than me. At least he is a legitimate musician. He even played with a couple of local rock bands during our courtship and early years of marriage, and he gets his fair share of attention to be sure, but not like Mom.

There is one major difference between rock stars and moms. The paycheck. It's not quite what you've seen on MTV's "Cribs," but that's all right with me. I'll take the endless kisses, hugs for days, smiles and squeals and memories made any day.

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