

# PREMIERS

Sunday, May 12, 2019,

## Dear Mother

By : Dr. Nunglekpam Premi Devi  
Independent Scholar

No matter how old you're, I need you around; I believe most 'love' at first sight!  
You're there 'mother' since I opened my eyes;  
You're the one 'reason' love begins and love ends;  
You taught me 'not' to fear but 'strengths' to learn;  
You aren't perfect when you're real and I ignored;  
You challenges differences; you're skills and abilities;  
You speak as if I'm the wisest of all;  
You told as if I'm the most beautiful of all;  
You speak as if I'm the kindest child you have;  
You're perfect when you're aren't real, I miss and I cried;  
No matter I go through; No matter we argue;  
You're there at the end; you hold together;  
You're still there even I deserted you;  
'Dear Mother' you're the world.

No matter how you mess with things'  
You aren't super woman so carving;  
You struggle hard and you never give up standing;  
You try on every turn and you're fearless, no option;  
You begin your joy with a 'life' so dearly motherhood,  
You believe in 'God' and all strengths greatest;  
You trust and care much about whole world;  
'I'm' your beginning, hope and a dream of possibilities;  
Oh Heaven! There isn't more loving than;  
'You hands' on my forehead, in your arm around;  
So tenderly protecting, I sleep in with no worries;  
No laws guarded; no rules apply and no pity;  
Yours stronger than any other,  
You're always there finding 'me' forgiven;  
Sorry mother we'll make mistakes.

No matter I move on to do away deep pains,  
You taught me everything, to live without you;  
The 'hug' you gave me nourishes, I'll ever forget;  
You're my home I dream of; you're my playfield;  
Nothing last forever when you aren't 'home';  
I miss you; no matter you let us go;  
No good bye is brave enough separating you;  
Your voice so unreasonable;  
Your smile so unforgettable;  
You're holding so precious, leading my way;  
Your presence unheard and unseen;  
Your tears so hurting; when you cry, I promise;  
Remembering you is beauty heaven;  
Still missing you isn't go away that easy;  
'Dear Mother' you're the world.

## 'Born as backward, taking India forward': PM Modi's comeback to Mayawati

Agency  
New Delhi May 12,

Facing opposition attack over his caste, Prime Minister Narendra Modi on Sunday said he was born a backward but he doesn't do politics on such lines. At an election rally in Uttar Pradesh's Kushinagar, PM Modi said poverty is his caste. "I have only one caste, I am poor. I have seen poverty, felt the pain of it and working tirelessly to eradicate it," he said. The opposition, led by Bahujan Samaj Party chief Mayawati, has been targeting Modi over his caste status. Mayawati has accused that Modi of being a "fake OBC leader" and alleged that he included his caste in the backward

category during his tenure as Gujarat chief minister for electoral benefit. "PM Modi in an effort to mislead people has now come up with a new explanation that his caste is the same as that of the poor. What else will he trick people with for the sake of electoral benefits? But how can the people forgive him for the plight of millions of poor people, labourers, farmers etc. for 5 years?" she tweeted on Sunday. Mayawati had said that Modi can't be a backward because the RSS would not have allowed him to become PM if he was so. The prime minister has been attacking the SP-BSP alliance in UP accusing the two parties of indulging in caste politics.

Letters, Feedback and Suggestions to 'Imphal Times' can be sent to our e-mail : [imphaltimes@gmail.com](mailto:imphaltimes@gmail.com). For advertisement kindly contact : - 0385-2452159 (O). For time being readers can reach the office at Cell Phone No. 9862860745 for any purpose.

# To the Moms Who Raised Us: A Tribute for Mothers's Day from the Internet

Courtesy The wire  
By : Jen Doll

Our Mothers, Our Happiness-Protectors

David Cho, publisher, Grantland: When I was six, our family had no money at all, and a treat for me then (and tbg, I still love it) would be a trip to Taco Bell for a Mexican Pizza (two hard, flat, corn tortilla shells, with refried beans and ground meat in between, with melted cheese and diced tomatoes, black olives, and scallions on top). It was the best. Then, one time, my mother, who is incredibly nice and just wanted me to be happy more regularly than the occasions when they could take me to Taco Bell, swallowed her pride and asked the worker at Taco Bell if she could buy just the corn tortilla shells for me so that she could make the Mexican Pizza for me at home. The worker doesn't know if that's allowed, asks his manager, and they're all just like, "Sure, why not." We get home and my mom goes through all the trouble to make this whole thing, and gives it to me. It tastes pretty good! She asks 6-year-old me how it is, and like the completely unwise asshole that 6-year-olds can be, I say, "It's good, but not as good as the one at Taco Bell!" I don't remember much, but I have a very vivid image in my brain of how much her face sunk in disappointment. Twenty years later, I was randomly talking about this story with my mom and I told her I was sorry for being such a jerk (it hadn't come up before then). But my mom didn't remember the whole, "not good as Taco Bell," part of the story and just recalled that I liked it. And this is precisely why moms are great, because not only will they do anything they can for you to be happy, but they'll do it while also actively forgetting instances when you are a dickhead.

Our Mothers, Our Personal Superheroes

My mom is a superhero, basically. Some examples: When my brother's daughter was born, my mom literally made a huge bouquet out of baby socks — she rolled the socks into little rose shapes and stuck them onto wires and it was amazing. For the two family dogs, she slow-cooks their dog bones herself. They sit there on the stove stewing for hours. It's like some artisanal butcher shop in Brooklyn. She buys my cat treats and toys even though she doesn't even like cats and insisted on getting him an organic hemp scratching post. And despite the fact that we're all in our 20s and 30s, my mom still sends me and my three siblings themed packages for every holiday — literally every holiday: Easter, Halloween, Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, you name it. Usually the packages have themed socks in them. She is so next-level it's insane. Plus, she gives the most comforting hugs ever.

Our Mothers, Our Keepers (in the Best Possible Way)

Maureen O'Connor, staff writer, The Cut: When I was in high school, I stayed late to work on a project one day, but forgot to call my mother to tell her where I was. She called my friends, who did not know where I was. Finally, around 9 p.m., she called the cops. I came home to find a patrol car in the driveway. Tearily, my mother described searching dark roads of our town with a flashlight, in case my dead body was lying in a gutter somewhere. It was saddest and funniest event of sophomore year. My mother says she no longer fears for me, even though I live in New York City. This is because she follows me on Twitter and Facebook. (If I am silent for too long, she calls to check in.) She reads my blog posts everyday. (If I use a sick day, she knows.) She treats Gmail like a personal comments section, providing me with daily feedback, fact-checks, and LOLs. She emails when she likes my stories. She emails when she sees stories she'd like me to cover. She emails when she thinks I'm being "ripped off." (The optimism of originals: they think our jokes are original.) After a multi-year ordeal in which she emailed every time someone talked shit about me on the Internet, I realized that my mother had a Google Alert set for my name. The Great O'Connor Google Alert Intervention took many months; eventually my brother got into her account and shut it off. We all agreed it was best never to turn it on again.

An avid consumer of online media, my mother keeps me abreast of her daily reading routines. And so, Mom, here I am—and here you are, too! Thank you for supporting and inspiring me. Happy Mother's Day to the best gossip blogger ever to write for an audience of one, her daughter. Let's talk by email tonight.

Our Mothers, Our Pushed Us

My mother always pushed me, harder than anybody else. She was tough on me my entire life. One of my favorite stories that my brother and I often reenact is when I was failing in school. To rebound all my bad grades, she berated me till my homework was finished. One day, there was an extra credit assignment and when asked about it I sharply replied, "it's extra credit,

I appreciate just as much. Our Mothers, Who Taught Us To Take A Minute to Iron

Rembert Browne, staff writer, Grantland: My mom loves to iron. It's her calming, therapeutic getaway from the chaotic life cocktail that is work, bills, society and me. But while she despises few things more than a wrinkled shirt, I've watched as she place the hot metal slab atop a piece of clothing that was already pressed, starched, and ready for the world. So I know it's less the final product and more the act of ironing. In peace.

This used to drive me insane, because there was never any "running out of the house." More of a quick first step out of the gates, and then promptly sitting in a chair, pouring, for nine minutes. At the time, I didn't understand the peaceful, slowing down of time-quality of ironing a shirt, until I found myself incorporating it in my life. All the time. Yes, practically, but more as a way to slow down my New York life to a rural New Hampshire crawl, even if for a few peaceful minutes. I am, truly, my mother's son. Yes, she birthed me, and we look alike, so that goes without question. But the ironing is what makes it the most real.

Our Mothers, Our Personal Superheroes

My mom is a superhero, basically. Some examples: When my brother's daughter was born, my mom literally made a huge bouquet out of baby socks — she rolled the socks into little rose shapes and stuck them onto wires and it was amazing. For the two family dogs, she slow-cooks their dog bones herself. They sit there on the stove stewing for hours. It's like some artisanal butcher shop in Brooklyn. She buys my cat treats and toys even though she doesn't even like cats and insisted on getting him an organic hemp scratching post. And despite the fact that we're all in our 20s and 30s, my mom still sends me and my three siblings themed packages for every holiday — literally every holiday: Easter, Halloween, Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, you name it. Usually the packages have themed socks in them. She is so next-level it's insane. Plus, she gives the most comforting hugs ever.

Our Mothers, Our Keepers (in the Best Possible Way)

Maureen O'Connor, staff writer, The Cut: When I was in high school, I stayed late to work on a project one day, but forgot to call my mother to tell her where I was. She called my friends, who did not know where I was. Finally, around 9 p.m., she called the cops. I came home to find a patrol car in the driveway. Tearily, my mother described searching dark roads of our town with a flashlight, in case my dead body was lying in a gutter somewhere. It was saddest and funniest event of sophomore year.

My mother says she no longer fears for me, even though I live in New York City. This is because she follows me on Twitter and Facebook. (If I am silent for too long, she calls to check in.) She reads my blog posts everyday. (If I use a sick day, she knows.) She treats Gmail like a personal comments section, providing me with daily feedback, fact-checks, and LOLs. She emails when she likes my stories. She emails when she sees stories she'd like me to cover. She emails when she thinks I'm being "ripped off." (The optimism of originals: they think our jokes are original.) After a multi-year ordeal in which she emailed every time someone talked shit about me on the Internet, I realized that my mother had a Google Alert set for my name. The Great O'Connor Google Alert Intervention took many months; eventually my brother got into her account and shut it off. We all agreed it was best never to turn it on again.

An avid consumer of online media, my mother keeps me abreast of her daily reading routines. And so, Mom, here I am—and here you are, too! Thank you for supporting and inspiring me. Happy Mother's Day to the best gossip blogger ever to write for an audience of one, her daughter. Let's talk by email tonight.

mom." Her answer? "Don't give a shit!" I was maybe 12. But did I do the work? Yes. She never stops pushing me, to this day.

Also, it appears I have inherited her colorful language. A family heirloom, if you will.

Our Mothers, Our Defenders

There was no faking sick with a mother who has gone through the rigors of med school in the Philippines and was running her own practice. This is a woman who does not flinch in the face of vomit or blood. If you started talk about bodily functions, her stories could make you wish you didn't. "Oh, that's too bad, that disease is just not compatible with life," I remember her telling my sister about an illness someone we knew had.

So when my mom did let us cut the corners, we cherished it. I was 14 or so at the time, and terribly behind my Catholic Confirmation training. In order to make up service hours, I was to partake in a 30-hour pledged fast on school grounds. My mouth tasted of cheeseburger and soda when I told her this news (my mother is also a fan of IN-Out) and showed her the form from school. She eyed the paper. She then looked at the scraggly pile of bones her 14-year-old son was, perhaps thought about what a 30-hour fast would do to him, and put her burger down. "Well..." she said, smirking. "That's (insert Tagalog curse word) ridiculous." We giggled. We ate our burgers. She later would write a note, getting me out of most of that ordeal.

Our Mothers, Arbiters of Taste

Sarah Horne Groce, executive editor The Upswing, a soon-to-launch online magazine (her mom is the one in the awesome coat): My mom taught me to be insanely frugal about boring, everyday purchases, and insanely extravagant about the stuff that matters. To this day, when my mom goes to a fancy coffee shop, she will take a fistful of those little packets of raw sugar, then turn to me to ask if I would like to steal a fistful, so the packets can burst in my purse. She does this somewhat furtively, as if the baristas are onto us (and they probably are.) This whole melodrama saves us each about a buck. She is big on the other sorts of freebies too, like, say, the little bottles of L'Occitane Verbena Body Lotion you get at hotels. I now have some 200 of them under my bathroom cabinet, and can't resist taking more every time I go on a trip. It's probably genetic.

mother sees something she deems to be important: a limited edition art book so heavy it could double as a weapon, a rare Inuit sculpture of a walrus, or an antique child's shoe from Japan, she'll buy it without a moment's hesitation. Even when these purchases extend into the four-figures, she will get a gleam in her eye that says, "I got a bargain." She will, in fact, brag to me that she got a 7-pack of Tupperware at her local Walgreens for 99 cents, and in the next breath tell me I should start collecting art. This is probably why I will smuggle a bag of pre-popped Newman's Own popcorn into the movie theatre in my purse, but I don't so much as flinch when I click purchase on the pair of tickets to India that cost more than a month's rent. My 9-month-old son is often garbed in hand-me-downs, but I don't think twice about a beautiful handmade baby boot. To my mother, and now to me, objects of beauty and indelible experiences matter; plush paper towels do not.

Our Mothers, Our Gchat Therapists

My mom and I are in constant contact — on Gchat. A "Darlene Kaplan" Gchat window usually pops up around 8:30 a.m. ET (she's on the West Coast, but gets up absurdly early) just to say "morning." One morning not too long ago it was nearly 10 a.m., and I started to get worried so I texted. She was just "slow getting to the computer."

On Gchat my mom serves as my best friend and my therapist. Sometimes our Gchats are about funny things we see online, sometimes they are about stresses in our lives and work (more about mine than hers, admittedly, but she's good to me that way). You hear a lot of complaints about parents adopting Facebook and other modern contrivances, but I wouldn't give up my Gchats with my mom for anything.

Our Mothers, Our Inspirations

Jacqueline Marie Leo (nee Jasous) wasn't expected to run magazines or write books or be the heads of things. She was expected to learn how to

type and join the secretarial pool. She did learn how to type (I still can't do it properly but am an excellent hunt and pecker) but failed at making a career of it. Instead she began working at women's magazines and eventually founded *Child* when I was young (possibly because I was just too adorable to keep to herself?). She sold it and went on to become the editor-in-chief of *Family Circle*, the editorial director of *Good Morning America*, the editorial director of *Consumer Reports*, editor-in-chief of *Reader's Digest*, and is now the editor-in-chief of the *Fiscal Times*, a digital property that focuses on economics and policy. Believe it or not, I'm leaving things out. She was also a VP at Meredith for a while in charge of a bunch of stuff I can't even begin to explain, the president of the American Society of Magazines, and so on. The point is not to tell you how impressive this lady is, the point is that she's so impressive because she never stops adapting and learning (she jumped head first into digital decades before her peers) and that's the gift she's given me I'm most grateful for in life. (A version of this tribute first appeared on the *Huffington Post*.)

Our Mothers, All of Them

I am, if anything, really one of those "it takes a village" types. And while I've really only had one Dad, or fatherly, or paternal figure in my life, I've had a lot of moms. A lot. There's my mom by birth, Bonnie. Growing up, there were my moms in my family: a grandmother and two aunts, all of whom were equally critical and especially caring in ways my birth mom wasn't always perfect at. The moms of my friends: Jarrett's mom, Wendy; Rebekah's mom, Diane; Henry's mom, Mimi. There's an entire treatise to be written about the mothers of some of my girlfriends, whose daughters were only the beginning of a case for what incredible women they are. One of them, Patti, I saw more often after her daughter and I broke up, as she, her partner, and I became common brunch companions. Even today, my girlfriend's mom, Nancy, is a crucial center of gravity for grace, warmth, and humor in my life.

But the one person who embodies thankless humility and selflessness in my life, who maybe has some idea that it has taken a village—and embraced it—is my stepmom, Helen. Being a stepmother (or at least, being one in the early '90s, when every divorced couple was like *War of the Roses*) has to be the hardest job in the world. She was an incredibly accomplished woman (and a thrice-married one) by the time she met my dad. I've never asked her if they ever wanted children, and I don't think I ever will, because it doesn't matter: She took that role and ran with it, even when my brother and I were essentially programmed to see her as oppositional for a large part of our childhood. She was relentlessly kind, and relentlessly cold when she needed to be. Without her, I'd worry about some of the character attributes my Dad was so often too much of a self-proclaimed softie to instill; at the same time, she's taught me a hell of a lot about playing the long-game as far as kindness and empathy are concerned, and even though I still call her by her name—Helen, or H—it's just out of habit. She's as much a mom as anyone else, if not more so in many ways. I couldn't find a picture, so I drew her here.

Our Mothers, Who Gave Us (Sick) Senses of Humor

Jen Doll (in the middle of the photo at right): Though there are many, there is one story that might exemplify this best. When I was a baby my mother and father lived in Houston, Texas. My parents at that time had a big, white van (it was the '70s), and on one trip (in that van, on a hot, dry day, we stopped by the side of the road so my parents could change my diaper. Someone in truck let me hear and shouted, "Nice baby!" then asked if my parents wanted to trade said baby for a six-pack of cold beer. In my mother's retellings to me, her retort was, "We had to think about it for a few minutes. But we kept you!" followed by raucous laughter. Any of this could be true and it could be false, but I chose to believe it. The rest, as they say, is history.