On loving and hating my mentally retarded mother

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Abstract

In this article I have explored why I love and hate my mother. It is a retrospective and ongoing participant observation of the phenomenon of being the daughter of a mother with mental retardation. In it, I make use of a layered account—an experimental, postmodern, ethnographic reporting format that enables researchers to use varied resources, such as social theory, lived experience, and emotions. By using my own experience, I explore, through first-person narrative, the complex issues and emotions involved. My conclusion is that the situation is fraught with ambivalence because my present interactions with my mother are cast in the light of a past where my mother simultaneously neglected and protected me.
Factors Influencing Teachers' Decisions About Their Use of Community-Based Instruction
Shari L. Hopkins, Stacy K. Dymond

Experiences With the Mental Health Service System of Family Caregivers of Individuals With an Intellectual/Developmental Disability Referred to START

My mother divorced the drug dealer a long time ago for some unrelated reason. I hate my parents with near homicidal rage for allowing me to be physically and verbally abused and for blaming me for the damage I endured. They interpret my obvious discomfort around them as a sign that I’m still mentally ill, which drives me crazy. Tl/DR: My mom and dad allowed me to be abused, blamed the damage on mental illness, and now want me in their lives. Just typing this made it obvious to me that I’m not an asshole for hating my parents. I just wish they’d stop with the Bipolar bullshit, it’s destroying m “Mentally retarded,” once the respectful phrase that replaced the insults, is now the new term to hate among people with intellectual disabilities (the preferred term today) and their families and supporters. Now uttering it, whether as an insult or just a label, will get you accused of hate speech, or at least earn you an angry tongue-thrashing or a shower of angry tweets. Like the “n-word,” to even speak or write it for its own sake may be a transgression — it’s often rendered as the “r-word.” In the case of “retarded,” this would involve declaring that they are proud to be, or love someone with, mental retardation, and that there is nothing wrong with being mentally retarded. I once heard the mother of a child with special needs call her child’s special education teacher a “moron.”