

## Ronia ROCK 'N ROLL MAMA

I am a rock singer. It defines much of who I am. Ever since I was a little girl, I sang into every hairbrush I ever owned. All I ever wanted to be was a rock star. I wanted to look like a rock star, move like a rock star, and smell like a rock star (gross, I know). Kids never figured into my picture of rock stardom. That is, until I had one of my own.

When people initially think of rock 'n roll and parenthood, they invariably think of them as separate entities. They seem to be, at first glance, polar opposites. Strange bedfellows. Never the two shall meet. The list could go on forever. Unless you're a rock 'n roll parent.

I am a rock 'n roll banshee and a bad ass mama.



One thing that you have to learn, first and foremost, is the ability to prioritize and make use of your music community. Sorry sucka, but the kiddo comes first. But that doesn't mean you have to dump weekly practices to watch Elmo on DVD. You just have to find a reliable, and preferably cheap, babysitter. You aren't the only parent in the music scene. Try to network with other musician parents. I actually went one step further and contacted a local musicians collective and collaborated on a babysitting network where parents traded babysitting so everyone could hit rehearsals and shows without having to stress or dump a gig. Living in Austin TX, I DO have one of the best musician communities out there. Perhaps it's easier for me than most. Perhaps not. You won't know until you try.

I've done a lot of interviews throughout the years, and a question that invariably comes up is, "Did I have to forsake chasing my dreams once I became a mother?". No fucking way. In fact I have come to realize that it's even more important to keep chasing them now that I have someone that looks up to me.

My son watches everything I do, and how I do what I do informs the kind of person he'll be when he grows up. I'll admit, I did some major soul-searching in the first year or so. Should I "grow up"? Should I "straighten up and fly right"? It didn't take me long to figure



out that the kind of man I want my son to be is a man that chases his dreams, no matter what obstacles he may encounter. What kind of mother, or human being, for that matter, would I be if I gave up a key part of who I am? I would be looking forward to a potentially pointless existence full of bitterness, regret, and resentment. I owe it to my child and myself to continue to be who I am. FOR him, not despite him.

Hell, he wants to be a professional skateboarder AND a drummer/guitar player. In fact, he's the best air guitar player I know!

Fucking go for it, junior. The sky is the limit.