

Simon

By Anna Von Reitz



Among the Chipmunks, I would have been Simon— a little bit detached, intellectual, and gawky. As a child, I looked at the world around me with amazement, skepticism, and no small amount of morbid curiosity. I still do.

As I got older I realized that Simon, a name like Peter, which means “rock” — is worth noting and thinking about. Who are the “rocks” in this world? Despite my quiet life I noticed that the heroes of this world look more like Al Bundy than Superman.

They are mostly quiet little men past forty, sometimes with a beer belly, and they hold the world together, pay the bills and raise the children.

Most of the time they do it without (much) complaint. Most of the time they stay faithful to their wives despite their daydreams. They worry and fuss about bills and houses and cars. They often feel neglected and sometimes disrespected, even by those who owe them the most in terms of money and time and care.

I thought about all these men towing the line and quietly making the difference, the ones drinking cold coffee and getting up before dawn to make sure their wives have perfume, their daughters go to the Prom, and their sons grow up with some idea of what is expected of them.

Bless them, I thought, bless them all forever, the good Fathers and Brothers, Uncles and Cousins, Husbands and Lovers of the world. Where would we all be without them?

The brave and uncomplaining men?

This doesn't take anything away from the women, but just for a moment stand back and appreciate the men.

Bless their balding heads and calluses.

Love them as they are. As is. Our Super Heroes don't leap off the page, with rippling muscles, and hair like a lion's mane.

No, they shuffle along in suits that seem two sizes too big, or they wear their cowboy shirts tucked in, or they have a ratty t-shirt and a hoodie, or a set of coveralls with holes in the pockets.

We've all seen them. Our heroes. Take a moment [today](#) and sing the unsung heroes of day to day. The guys who buy dog food, and wash the car, put their dirty socks in the laundry hamper, and tell you the weather report— pay attention to them and what they contribute to the world.

I never met a Superman, but I've met plenty of men who are super just the same.

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