

The Cancer Child



“Any kid will run any errand for you if you ask at bedtime.”

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The Cancer child needs a lot of hugging. I cannot emphasize this enough. This is a very sensitive child who wants to feel protected — indeed, *needs* to be protected emotionally and psychologically until he or she can build their own little crab shell. They need physical contact and a sense of belonging. They want very much to feel safe at home.

As part of their attempt to create what is familiar and “homey” in their environment, they will become attached to certain things. (Remember, this young person will grow into an adult who can’t let go. We’re talking Baby Barnacle.) Therefore, do not force this child to give up a bottle, or a soother, or their baby blue blanket, or their teddy bear, or anything else they’ve grown attached to and that gives them comfort. I guarantee they will be horrified if as young teenagers, you throw out their ratty jean jacket, smelly sneakers, or favourite piece of clothing. These children become very attached to certain things. These things have *meaning* for them. (I know more than one grown Cancer male who still has his childhood teddy bear high up on a shelf in his den.)

As adults, these children feel sentimental about many of their childhood treasures; therefore, you must respect this need by saving these mementos. (Yeah, tough if you’re a Virgo or Scorpio parent.)

Do try to laugh and appreciate their lame jokes as they fumble their way toward cultivating humour when they are four and five years old. They are testing their ability to be funny. They know this skill exists, and they know they have it, but they’re not sure how it works. Later, they will entertain you royally at dinnertime! Cancers are marvellous dinner companions.

Do not force your Cancer children to eat anything they don’t want to eat. They have a strong relationship with food, and many of them will grow up to be great chefs. Stay clear of this delicate realm of fascination, and let them enter it with genuine interest and joy. I know a Cancer woman who was forced to eat her porridge as a child. As she grew up, she was a dutiful daughter to her parents. (Unusually so.) Nevertheless, at her father’s funeral, she knelt down and quietly slipped some oatmeal into his coffin. She had never forgotten.