

MOMS:

This is for all the mothers who froze their buns off on metal bleachers at football games on Friday nights instead of watching from cars, so that when their kids asked, "Did you see my play?" they could say, "Of course, I wouldn't have missed it for the world," and mean it.

This is for all the mothers who have sat up all night with sick toddlers in their arms, wiping up vomit laced with Oscar Mayer wieners and cherry Kool-Aid saying, "It's OK honey, Mommy's here."

This is for all the mothers of Kosovo who fled in the night and can't find their children.

This is for the mothers who gave birth to babies they'll never see. And the mothers who took those babies and made homes for them.

For all the mothers of the victims of the Colorado shooting, and the mothers of the murderers. For the mothers of the survivors, and the mothers who sat in front of their TVs in horror, hugging their child who just came home from school, safely.

For all the mothers who run carpools and make cookies and sew Halloween costumes. And all the mothers who DON'T.

**What makes a good mother anyway? Is it patience?
Compassion? Broad hips?
The ability to nurse a baby, cook dinner, and sew a button on a shirt, all at the same time?**

Or is it heart?

Is it the ache you feel when you watch your son or daughter disappear down the street, walking to school alone for the very first time?

The jolt that takes you from sleep to dread, from bed to crib at 2 a.m. to put your hand on the back of a sleeping baby?

The need to flee from wherever you are and hug your child when you hear news of a school shooting, a fire, a car accident, a baby dying?

So this is for all the mothers who sat down with their

children and explained all about making babies.
And for all the mothers who wanted to but just couldn't.

This is for reading "Goodnight, Moon" twice a night for
a year. And then reading it again. "Just one more time."

This is for all the mothers who mess up. Who yell at
their kids in the grocery store and swat them in despair
and stomp their feet like a tired 2 year old who wants
ice cream before dinner.

This is for all the mothers who taught their daughters
to tie their shoelaces before they started school.
And for all the mothers who opted for Velcro instead.

For all the mothers who bite their lips-sometimes until
they bleed-when their 14 year olds dye their hair green.

Who lock themselves in the bathroom when babies keep
crying and won't stop.

This is for all the mothers who show up at work with
spit-up in their hair and milk stains on their blouses and
diapers in their purse.

This is for all the mothers who teach their sons to cook
and their daughters to sink a jump shot.

This is for all mothers whose heads turn automatically
when a little voice calls "Mom?" in a crowd, even though
they know their own offspring are at home.

This is for mothers who put pinwheels and teddy bears on
their children's graves.

This is for mothers whose children have gone astray, who
can't find the words to reach them.

This is for all the mothers who sent their sons to
school with stomachaches, assuring them they'd be just FINE
once they got there, only to get a call from the school nurse an
hour later asking them to please pick them up. Right away.

This is for young mothers stumbling through diaper
changes and sleep deprivation.

And mature mothers learning to let go.

For working mothers and stay-at-home mothers.

Single mothers and married mothers.

Mothers with money, mothers without. This is for you all. So hang in there.

Please pass along to all the moms in your life!!!

"Home is what catches you when we fall - and we all fall."

HAVE A GREAT DAY!

Robi,

Here is another one I thought you might like. Hope all is going O.K. We got you Christmas card today. Thank you very much for the money. I sent your package. Hopefully it will get there by Christmas. We'll try to call sometime during during the holidays. Merry Christmas!!

**Love ya lots!!
Nina**

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