



## Episode 82: A Blessing For The Mothers

Motherhood is both miracle and madness. It's wonder and weariness. It's question marks and false starts and always moving the finish line.

But on one day every year, we honor the mothers - both our own and each other. We turn to remember all the ways we're grateful for her and we hope she feels seen.

Today I'll offer a short blessing for all the mamas everywhere - both the newest ones, the most experienced ones, the ones who are still waiting as well as those who don't think of themselves as mothers at all but they mother us all in their own ways.

Here's to you.

Here's to you, dear mama, with the tired eyes, the impossible schedule, and the sour milk smell all over your clothes.

Here's to you with the PBS cartoons in the background, eating a handful of goldfish and calling it lunch, with the toddler who just learned the word *mine* and won't stop secreting bodily fluids from all of their orifices.

Here's to you who negotiates bedtimes and snack times with a special kind of finesse, the likes of which Wall Street and Washington have never seen.

Here's to you who would gladly and without hesitation jump in front of a bus for your children but, for the love, cannot manage to find the energy to make one more PB & J.

Here's to you leaving work early to pick up ginger ale and saltines for his upset tummy and digging through the trash for the accidentally discarded lovey.

Here's to you buying poster board at the only open drug store at 11 pm because someone forgot to mention that science fair project.

Here's to you making the ten thousandth school lunch, driving them to practice, trying to remember the multiplication tables while you make the dinner they probably won't eat.

Here's to you asking for help, letting someone else do the laundry and take them to swim practice because you need a minute.

Here's to you who fights off guilt, comparison, and shame.

Here's to you who chooses love, laughter, and a light-heart every chance you get.

Here's to you who is raising them up all by yourself, doing the job of two parents with the energy of half of one.

Here's to you praying for their friendships, playing in the backyard, buying shoes *again*.

Here's to you who don't always have the answers to the endless questions, the patience for their constant demands, or the words to communicate just how much you love them.

Here's to you cringing in the passenger seat, staying up til curfew, ordering pizza for bottomless stomachs.

Here's to you cheering on the sidelines, laughing at their humor, counting down the days.

Here's to you straightening the bow tie, listening in doorways, french braiding her hair.

Here's to you making reservations, holding up a camera, waving from the driveway.

Here's to you who prays in the darkness, longs for connection, hopes for the future, and always wants what's best.

Here's to you, dear mama, who no longer has children in your house but holds them in your heart, who leaves the light on with backdoors open wide and warm arms open wider.

Here's to you – sisters, aunties, grandmas, and friends – who do the mother work as you listen, cheer, help, and walk with children in ways only you can do.

Here's to you who longs for the children you don't yet have or the children you now only hold in your heart.

Here's to your courage, your creativity, and your faith.

Here's to your strength and your gumption.

I raise my coffee mug to you.

Here's to you, mothers everywhere. You are exquisite.