

## Happy Mother's Day + Free "Card" for Your Refrigerator



**Sometimes being a mom is a glorious, cuddling, reading-books-and-drinking-hot-chocolate kind of thing.**

*Do you remember those days?* Rain slides down your windowpanes like butter on a hot griddle and you squeeze a little more tightly, trapping the minutes in your mommy arms.

Sometimes being a mom means your days are filled with picked dandelions and pretty rocks unearthed from next to the swing set because they most certainly are *probably diamonds*.

But sometimes it's full hair-pulling handprints on your clean windows -- and dirt scattered on just-mopped floors, and you slap your hand against your forehead because you feel as though you just can't push a broom for one more second. And the fighting and bickering and dripping popsicles

make you seriously consider walking out to get the mail...*and not coming back for at least 19 minutes.*

**It's all of those things.**

This week I was walking through Target and I came upon a mama pushing her sweet brown-eyed boy past the row of vacuums. She was smiling and rolling her eyes as her 4 year old kept busy pointing at and counting each item they passed. Mom's drumming fingers hinted that it must have been going on for awhile.

*Sixty-four...*

*Sixty-five...*

Then, "**Mom, go forward!**"

*Sixty-nine...seventy!!*

Like the old ladies at church did to me eleven years ago, I tossed my imaginary gray curls and moved my walker aside to admonish her.

**"Enjoy it... (smile, sigh)... I miss those days!"** I said.

I do.

I miss the mornings of chocolate milk and PBS shows and naps together on the couch. I miss the dimples on their hands and the smallness of their voices and the bigness of their adoration.

But mostly, I'm grateful.

So grateful to have shared my days and loaned out my heart to three little humans who are the very flesh of my flesh and bone of my bones.

So for all the moms reading, **Happy Mother's Day.**

May you be overwhelmed with gratitude and may you be shown appreciation.

May you be smothered in kisses and bathed in the conviction that your work matters.

May you forget about the laundry and the dirty dishes and the shedding dog and the crumbs on the floor ... *and just enjoy your kids.*

**Girl Meets Paper**

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Enjoy them, Mom.

Because your love is what Mother's Day is all about.