



Dear Mom E-Letter—The Gift of a Sister

The friendly waitress asked if we were sisters. Surprised by the question, I replied, “No, but I’d be honored if we were!”

The waitress went on to say how with age, couples begin to look alike, how friends like us begin to look alike, and how people and even their pets begin to look alike. I understood and smiled, thinking of side-by-side photos I’d seen of people and their pets with similar hair, mustaches and even grins.

But have my friend and I begun to look alike? We’ve shared intimately the details of life without Mom—she was one of the first to read my book, and it came out just shortly after the death of her own mother. We’ve shared details of our careers—the successes and overwhelming minutiae that attack women who try to do too much, but then do it anyway. And we’ve shared the joys and challenges of raising children—two moms struggling to be as wise as we are loving.

My friend is a quilter. It’s her art, her creativity, her passion. She quilts using old fabric and new, on an old Singer sewing machine—the exact model Mom used to sew my clothes. Nearly everything I wore—blouses, dresses, skirts, coats, shorts, pants and tank tops—all came from Mom’s hands guiding fabric under the black body of the old Singer sewing machine.

Just like the values of my mom, the old Singer wasn’t very complicated. Stitches could be straight or zigzag, long or short. It didn’t require much maintenance, just a little oil stored in an old tin can. That was about it. The old Singer was simple, dependable, and strong.

My friend used her old Singer and some of her grandmother’s fabric to create a pink flamingo quilt for me for my birthday this spring. It’s a Dear Mom quilt—stitched and shared in love. Being crafted on the Singer reminded me of Mom, and how we do become our mothers, inside and out.

Do you create the same things your mom created? Do you have things she made—and do you find them priceless? Do you have a friend with whom you’ve shared the intimate journey of life and now you’ve begun to look like her?

I am honored to look like my friend—although I’m getting the better end of that deal—but even more, I’m honored to have shared this journey called **Dear Mom**.

Losing your mom is one of the hardest journeys of your life. Don’t travel it alone. Share your memories over coffee. Share your cherished traditions over lunch. And when a waitress asks if you and your friend are sisters, just smile, and enjoy the honor of being lucky enough to have such a great friend.

Enjoy the journey!

Dee Dee