



Dear Mom E-Letter—The Heart of a Mom

Mother's Day is about heart. When I was a child, I loved the heart shown at the end of the "I Love Lucy Show." Mom had a heart-shaped brass mirror that was like a large locket. Pushing a little side button released the cover, exposing the mirror. I loved to play with it because it reminded me of "I Love Lucy."

Lucy was funny, but to me, she was also glamorous. She and my mom both wore shirt-waisted dresses, had beautiful hair, and wore shoes with skinny heels. When I opened the cover of the heart-shaped mirror, I could see myself in the mirror, and I felt all grown up, like a "big girl." I wanted to be like my mom.

When we look into our mother's heart, we see love. Once when my daughters fought, obviously competing for my affection, I sat them at the old oak table for a lesson on a mother's love.

I told my daughters that a mother's love is the closest thing on this planet to God's love for us. A mother's love just is. You can't increase it nor can you decrease it. It cannot be divided nor multiplied. It just is.

Whether you give birth or adopt, a mother's love rises above pain, trauma and fear. Moms get a glimpse of Heaven when they create life, and thankfully, God fills them with love for the tiny creature in their arms. That love only grows—not because of anything the child does—but because of the connection we have with God in bringing forth and nurturing life.

I told my daughters, therefore, that I could not love one of them more than the other. I could not love them less—even when they drove me crazy—nor more. That kind of love is complete, whole, as perfect as life gets on this journey. Nothing they did could control my love for them. It just was.

The deer in the headlights look told me that once again, my words were not understood. It reminded me of a time when Kelsey was four, and sitting in a friend's hot tub with me, she naturally asked if we could get one. I told her we could, but her life would be much better if saved our money for a college education, how a college education was my big goal for her, and how much better her life would be if she went to college. Kelsey sat there and asked me, "So what's a college education?"

Moms want what's best for their children. Sometimes we just have to explain it.

My daughters did not understand the mini-lecture that day. They didn't get it. That's OK. I didn't get it either until I became a mom. And I really got it when I lost my mom. That journey is the heart of ***Dear Mom: Remembering, Celebrating, Healing***.

Have you taken the journey of finding the gifts of your mother's life? Start with her heart. When you look in the mirror, think about the heart of the woman who raised you. Think about a love that was nurturing, supportive, always there.

And then smile at yourself. You've become the best part of your mother—her heart. What a wonderful way to celebrate Mother's Day!

Happy Mother's Day!

Dee Dee

Dee Dee Raap is the author of Dear Mom: Remembering, Celebrating, Healing. All rights reserved.