

Mothers Day reading - Original author unknown. Although largely based on an unknown source, this reading has been edited and added to in order to make it (in our opinion) read better, make more sense, and give a positive & uplifting response to mothers.

(Should be read as a monologue with sincere, appropriate expression)

Mothers Day is a special day because Mothers are so special.

Your Mum may not have won Mother of the Year, she was probably too **busy being a mum** to even worry about entering, but that's what makes Mum's so special, and so this day is for her.

This day is for all the mums who read the same bedtime story every night for a year. And then read it again "Just one more time."

This day is for all the mothers who sat up all night with sick toddlers in their arms, wiping their brow, cleaning them up and saying, "It's OK, Mummy's here."

This day is for all the mothers who drove their children to school, and then drove home, and then drove back to school again because their child forgot their homework or their lunch.

This day is for all the mothers who got soaking wet watching the footy game from the **boundary line** instead of watching from the car, so that when their kids asked, "Did you see my goal?" they could say, "Of course,

I wouldn't have missed it for the world," - **and mean it.**

This day is for mothers who allowed their children to lose or come second, so they can appreciate even more what it feels like to come first, and still **respect** those who finish **behind** them.

This day is for mothers who don't just **allow** their teenagers to make choices, but **pray** for them, and help them to make the **right** ones.

What makes a **good** mother anyway? Is it patience? Compassion? The ability to nurse a baby, cook dinner, and sew a button on a shirt, all at the same time? **Or is it their heart?** Is it the ache they feel as they watch their son or daughter disappear into the classroom, for their very first day of school? Is it the thoughts that take them from sleep to dread, from bed to cot at 2 a.m. to put their hand on the back of a sleeping baby?

Is it the need to flee from wherever they are and hug their child when hearing news of a school shooting, a fire, a car accident, a baby dying?

I think so.

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

This day is for all the mothers who showed up at church with spit-up in their hair and dribble on their clothes, and a stack of nappys in their handbags.

This day is for all the mothers who taught their children to cook, and to clean up after themselves,... **and then cleaned up after them.**

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

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This day is for all the mothers who sent their children to school with stomach aches, assuring them that they'd be just FINE once they got there,.... and for all the mothers who kept their children home snuggled up in bed with toast and flat lemonade.

This day is for young mothers constantly keeping up with nappy changes and feeding, for mothers of noisy teenagers, for mature mothers learning to let go, and for mothers who's children have grown up and are mothers themselves. For working mothers and stay-at-home mothers. For single mothers and married mothers. Mothers who seem to have it all together, and mothers who admit they they struggle.

This day is for all of our mums, this day NEEDS to be special - just in case. Just in case that on any one mof the other 364 days of the year we might have forgotten to say "I love you mum".