

# You're Not My Favorite Child

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## The Answer to my Daughter's Repeat Question: "Mom, am I your favorite?"

There is an indescribable magic that happens when a mother holds her baby for the first time. The culmination of all the months (or even years) of waiting, wondering, and visualizing that suddenly manifests in such a way, it's almost surreal. In the midst of exhaustion, worry, complications, jubilation – there is that realization that a miracle has just occurred. And, it's different with each child she welcomes into her life.



Savannah, as I held you and looked into your eyes, I felt immense emotion and a completely new knowing I'd never experienced before. I gazed in amazement at your sweet face. You were so serene and quiet, yet you peered into my eyes like you were seeing into my soul. I felt such a deep sense of wonder and as if I had been chosen by **you**.

As I told you how much I already loved you, how happy I was that you were here, and that you were mine, I felt something so undeniably profound, so massive like a bolt of lightning, such energy that would have knocked me off my feet if I hadn't been propped up in bed. And I said, "Wow! We have SO much to learn from each other."

What a strange thing for a mother to say to her newborn baby, right? But that's what came out of my mouth. And that's what I knew right then and there as we continued to watch each other.

Seventeen years later, I can't count the number of times I've been in awe of you: your wise, older than your age remarks, your unique perspective, your passionate responses, your brave, bold, protective nature, your unpredictability, and your pure, raw silliness. I marvel at the power you unleash when you drop your guard, and share your compassion for others, while remaining solid in who you are as an individual, not sacrificing your self-worth. You have always possessed that gumption I wish I'd had as a child and young adult. You are so very different from me, and how fortunate I've been to witness **you being you** these seventeen years.

You came to this planet, into my body, and into my life when **you** wanted, and on a mission. As a result, I've been blessed to be the mom of an **AWE**some (in the original sense of the word) daughter who has gripped my heart, sparked a love that is one-of-a-kind, and greater than can be measured or expressed in mere words.

All these years later, yes – we have learned so much from each other, and you continue to teach me. So often I've admired your inner-strength and said to myself and out-loud to others, that I don't think I have to worry about you and your ability to stand up for yourself when you're out on your own. Something that took me a very long time to do for myself.

I thought it was my job to show you how to be a kind person in this world, but you were born that way. As you've become this gorgeous young woman, **you've shown me** how to embrace and express **my** personal strength, while still doing my best to share how much I care about others. By watching you and through our conversations, I've learned that it's possible to be a strong woman looking out for herself, and still be a good human doing good for others.

Recently you asked me who's my favorite child, and I told you I don't have a favorite. It really is true because I see you and Lance for who you each are in my life, and what you each bring to humanity. I hope that doesn't disappoint you to hear from me. My connection to you and how I enjoy my relationship with you doesn't depend on how I feel about your brother. The bond between **us** is unbreakable, uniquely beautiful, created for a reason, and meant to be **our own**.

You'll see when you're a mom, that while you may have certain things in common with one child more than the other, the connection is simply different - as it is destined to be. When you know that each child is a blessing intended for you, there's no reason to choose a favorite. There are times you might relate to one more than the other, but that continually changes as everyone grows.

I also hope that when I don't tell you that you are my favorite, you aren't saddened, or feel any lack of love from me. I hope that you don't interpret that to mean that I'm hiding something, or that if it's not you, then it's him. Instead, I'm hoping you see it the way I do: that it's our blessing as a family because you and Lance were two souls who chose me and each other to experience this lifetime together.

From the time I was little, I pictured my family with two children – an older boy and a younger girl. In 2001 against the odds, I got my son. And against the odds again, in 2002 I got my daughter. Lance brought my dream into reality. You made my dream come true.

So, I hope you understand that I'm not avoiding an answer to your question about favorites and you understand why. But most importantly, I want you to know and **feel** the depths of my love that is meant **only** for you, **all** for you, and that I could not be more grateful to be your mom than the moment I first took you into my arms, and then **every** second since.