



Take one a day...  
and feel great  
all week!

**DAY 1**

Every success  
story starts with  
positive thinking.

**DAY 2**

Your dreams  
are too important  
to ignore.

**DAY 3**

You're beautiful  
just the way  
you are.

**DAY 4**

Hope is in the air.

**DAY 5**

Everyone needs a  
break now and  
then. Take one!

**DAY 6**

Don't  
underestimate  
the power of  
your smile!

**DAY 7**

You are  
someone's hero!



# Help yourself to some Chicken Soup for the Soul

## "My daughter's two moms"

Becoming a mother was a dream come true for Kathleen, and she hopes one day to have the chance to thank the woman who made it possible

I was in labor for two days." That's how almost all new moms begin their story of their child's arrival. So, to fit in with all the other new moms, I decided to begin my story that way, too.

"I was in labor for eight years." But I wasn't really "in labor" all the time. I was waiting. It was a cycle of home studies and social workers, adoption agencies and lawyers . . . endless paperwork and parenting classes that spoke of the days to come. Eight years of prepa-

ration for the child we hoped would be ours one day. —  
mom. There were diapers and formula, toys and nap times. There have been moments of pride and joy unlike any other experience in life. She is almost grown now, and it has been a wonderful journey. These are my experiences because a young woman chose with the wisdom of a mother.

Her act of love created the best part of my life. Someday, I hope to be able to thank her and tell her about the miracle that is my daughter.

I will tell her of the most beautiful baby,

**"I thanked her silently for each and every day of being a mother"**

ration for the child we hoped would be ours one day.

And then, just as an expectant woman gave birth, we became parents overnight. The most wonderful gift I was ever given came to me from a stranger who had enough faith to believe that this was the right thing to do.

When I heard the words, "We have a baby girl for you," I knew my life was about to change. And it did. I became a

of the dark hair and blue eyes that swept me away when I first held her. I will tell her of the toddler who delighted everyone with her smile.

I will share my Halloween costume design for the rainbow unicorn pony she had to be when she was six. I will share memories of her first Christmas. I will share the photos that tell the story of our daughter growing up.

I will tell her of all the Mother's Days that



have passed, when I thanked her silently for each and every day of being a mother to my daughter. I will tell her of the wonderful young woman she has become.

I don't know if she has become a mother again, but I know the time will soon come to share my daughter. A



part of me feels it's only fair, as I have had the privilege of being her mother for 17 years. But another part of me wants to prevent any hurt.

So, when the time comes to meet my daughter's other mother, here's what I'll say to her: "Please be careful when you meet her. Remember she loves you uncon-

ditionally. She does not know the specific reasons for your choices, but she wants to know, and she wants to know you. You hold her heart in a way I will never be able to. As you once treated her gently in the womb, treat her gently now.

"I only want the best for my daughter—our daughter. You gave her life, and I gave her the mother's love that she needed to grow up a happy and healthy young woman. She has been the best part of my life, and your choice made this possible.

"With faith and hope, you once gave her to me. Now I can share her with you with that same faith and hope. Treat her gently and love her. That is what I ask now—just as you once asked of me."

—Excerpted from "The Labor of Two Moms," a story by Kathleen E. Jones in *Chicken Soup for the Soul New Moms*®



**Jack Canfield & Mark Victor Hansen** are the coauthors of the *Chicken Soup for the Soul*® series. Preview new books, sign up for daily e-mail, meet the authors, enter contests and more by visiting [ChickenSoup.com](http://ChickenSoup.com).