

I didn't realize Mother's Day



was really about this...

For so long, I never felt chosen.
And now I look at my children and
realize three souls found their
way to me.

Three souls trusted me enough to
call me “mother.” That changes
the way I see everything.



I used to think
motherhood was
something I had to
survive perfectly.

Now I see it
differently.
Even the chaos.
Even the
exhaustion.
Even the
impossible
days.

It is still a
privilege
to love
this
deeply.





Somewhere along the way, I stopped asking motherhood to look beautiful all the time. And recognized how sacred it is.

The older I get, the more I understand this:

Motherhood was never another
role for me to perform.

It was an invitation to become more honest,
more present, more awake to my own life.



This year, I don't want to rush
past the ordinary moments.

I want to remember them.





maybe mother's
day was never
really about
flowers or
gifts at all.

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