

Busy Moms Newsletter

Confessions of an Imperfect Mother Volume 1, Issue 1

I have a confession to make. I am not the perfect mother. But I like to think that I am not alone. Perhaps there's another mother out there who, when faced with a grinning two year old covered from tippy-toe to ankle in purple metallic nail polish, silently ask themselves "What made me think having a child was a good idea?" Yet when that self-same aspiring makeup artist, confident of your approval, smiles winningly up at you and says ever so sweetly "I make me pretty, Mommy, just like you!" you are lost. Helpless in the face of her

unconditional adoration, your heart melts. Parenting is an awesome responsibility, not to be taken lightly. It can also be an endless source of joy, learning, and love reciprocated. It is, like anything in life, what you make it. It can be a burden or what keeps you going on those days when you feel as if all the world is out to get you. When the alarm doesn't go off, traffic backs up, the copier breaks down, and your leftovers explode in the lunchroom microwave, a chubby pair of loving arms wrapped tightly around your neck at the end of a

ruthless day can make it all disappear. Parenthood is full of eye-opening moments. It's the sight of your little one passed out cold after playing so hard she fell asleep with her shoes on that reminds you of the importance of taking time to play. It's the teenager who says "Thanks, Mom" instead of rolling his eyes and stomping off who makes you realize you really are having an impact on at least one member of the next generation of leaders. With every great privilege comes great responsibility. Let's remember what a privilege it is to shape

the next generation, our future leaders, and let's not take that responsibility lightly. Remember to tell your children you love them, and enjoy the precious moments along the way. Take time out to stop and inhale the sweet fragrance of a downy-soft baby's head, take a moment to watch your child at play, or peacefully sleeping, or laughing with friends, and thank God for the awesome privilege and responsibility of being a parent.

