**The Experience Of Motherhood**

**As I look at my children and**

**remember the joy of their birth,**

**I feel the blessings all over again, oh**

**the value those memories are worth.**

**Although I confuse who did what, I**

**do see how much they have grown.**

**Each one of them with ideas**

**and personalities of their own.**

**I'm sure my mother hurt when**

**I was hurting as I do with mine.**

**And beamed with joy when**

**victory, in my life, I would find.**

**My mother's love had no boundaries,**

**she asked for so little and so do I.**

**And when mine visit, my heart jumps**

**for joy, and that sparkles in my eyes.**

**I made mistakes along the way, like**

**my mother, I did the best I could.**

**Praying as my children go about their**

**lives, independently, as they should.**

**My children were God's gift, to**

**me, a thought that really helps.**

**I wouldn't trade the experience**

**of motherhood for anything else.**

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