*Mother’s Day*

First, let me first wish everyone a Happy Mother’s Day. I thank God for my mom and sister figures in my life. I’ll start with my mom. She’s in Heaven now I believe. My mom suffered a lot. She had rheumatoid arthritis, which was brutal, but she always believed in carrying her cross. If I’d complain she’d always say, “offer it up.” My mom was intense and could be tough. Sometimes my dad would get excited and say “Now I know why I married a red-head!” I didn’t mean that the way you were thinking. Just kidding. But seriously, she would get passionate and she could be bold.

 I remember when the Mormon ladies would come over to bring Jesus to us. My mom didn’t turn them way. Instead, she’d offer them pie and coffee and then the battle would ensue! Of course, nobody ever really won. But it was all good fun.

 Then there’s my eldest sister Kelly. She was a worker! I remember once while sitting, she was holding the phone between her neck and shoulder, with little baby Brandon in her arms, while jotting something down with her other hand. All the while, she was listening to her son, Chris, taking to her about his day! It was actually, kind of a funny image. Kelly loves nature and music too.

Then there’s my sister Katie. She was a fashion designer, model and now a homemaker. She is creative, a great listener and once told me if you don’t enjoy doing something anymore, you need to a fall in love again or stop doing it. This always stuck with me. Don’t let the joy get sucked out of you. Enjoy what you do. If not, you gotta start over.

Then there’s my sister Colleen. I remember once she was carrying Robby in a baby rocker with one arm, while picking up toys scattered about the living room. Meanwhile her son, Sean, obsessed with *Star Wars*, was explaining to her how Luke, Han and Leia had to deliver the Death Star’s stolen data tapes to the secret hidden Rebel base! Again, comical, although she didn’t know it. Colleen is very loving and even as a kid liked setting the table and making breakfast to surprise mom and dad. We’d always decorate the napkins too. It was great.

In conclusion, where would be without a mother? In fact, we can all imitate motherly virtues: courage, love, perseverance and last, but not least, a great sense of humor. You won’t survive long if you don’t have a sense of humor as a mother!