

A MOTHER'S LOVE

A Mother's heart lights up the whole world
So full of love, commitment and passion
There is never a quota or any ration.

The heart of a Mother is bold and strong
Holding a space for the family's evolution
For love and peace is the only solution.

Born to be compassionate, devoted and strong
Her heart always beating to the vibration of love
A Mother receives energy sent from above.

Always beaming with divine inspiration
Mothers unite, holding hands together
Creating a circle of love—forever.

A Mother's love creates a fine lineage of care
Love layered upon infinite love
Hand fitted within the family glove.

A Mother loves with her whole heart
Breathing in and out a love so intense
Her whole world becomes immense.

We feel, we teach, we expand and we soar
Flying amid the possibilities of life
We may be single mother, grandmother or wife.

~ JODI SEIDLER

*Jodi Seidler is a The Mother of Re-Invention, single parent expert and the creator of
www.makinglemonade.com, The Single Parent Network*

Heart of a Marine's Mother CONTINUED

As a mother, I've put off 'feeling' about this. It all finally 'hit me' after the Marines suddenly moved up their deployment a week and shortened their liberty from an expected three or four days, to only 12 hours.

Dominic clearly wanted to be in the military since he was five years old. His father and two grandfathers set the precedence with commendable military service careers. What is a mother to do?

We ask for your (continued) prayer support for him, his battalion, and the troops that serve. For their safe return. For peace. We thank all who have already given love and support.

My 'work' is cut out for me as I stay busy to help keep my mind positive about all this . . . I will write again soon.

In the meantime, peace be with you and yours. May you take an extra moment today to look at your children and loved ones with grateful loving eyes and hold them warm and close to you.

Maria



I couldn't believe the response! I wrote back with:

Well you touched our hearts! Thank you so very much for your love and prayer support.

And thank you for your patience in responding to you. We were overwhelmed with the responses-emotionally, most definitely yes, and also in number and size. We received almost 200 email responses, which filled 52 pages! I just finished compiling the responses and I'm sending them off by regular mail to Dominic today. I believe he will be overwhelmed as well.

Thank you from the bottom of our hearts. I reached out and you responded with your heart. As the responses came pouring in (many calls, too), I sat and cried as I read them . . . many wrote about:

Heart of a Marine's Mother CONTINUED

- *Also being a parent, relative or friend of someone also in Iraq and relating to the emotion of that*
- *Of appreciating my sharing a very personal and deep part of me and being moved by my writing*
- *Of being part of Dominic's 'virtual support team'*
- *Of gratitude for the military and the sacrifices . . .*
- *Of God and the angels protecting . . .*
- *Of love and prayers and prayer lists for Dominic, our family, and the entire situation overseas*

I don't know any other way to thank you but to say I love you. We love you. I/we do feel much better knowing how Dominic is wrapped in your love and prayers.

With Love, Maria, Michael and Nicole



The following eight months took its toll on me . . . crying to sleep at night, weight gain . . . keeping myself extremely busy . . . examining my life: "Had I been the best mother I could be?" All the while we anxiously waited for any news from Dominic . . . and the day he would come home. I was so afraid to reveal my tender heart and ask for support . . . to cope with a Marine's mother's greatest fears.

I forgot to look at the other side until the time was upon us: To celebrate this Marine's mother's answered prayers . . .



Sent: Saturday, October 15, 2005 5:18 AM

Subject: Dominic is HOME!

Dominic just arrived—he's home, in our arms, safe and sound! . . .

Heart of a Marine's Mother CONTINUED



The prayers protected Dominic's unit of about 250 Marines. They suffered only one accidental injury on the deployment, despite being surrounded by fatalities in other units in their same areas during the same time.



I dedicate this story to other mothers of soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines with loving prayers to embrace and protect their own and their family's tender hearts, their sons and daughters and their units, and most importantly for all the world . . .Peace.

~ MARIA CARTER

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Holidays CONTINUED

“FAMILY CIRCUS” CHRISTMAS *Mommy Throws A Tantrum!*

When I started this vocation called Mother I had it all down. I just knew my children (two, maybe three) would be the most perfect in the neighborhood. I was going to give June Cleaver a run for her money! Donna Reed . . . Ha! Betty Crocker, oh pleazzzzze! Over and over again in my head I said Ha! Then I actually had a child. And another. And another. And another. And another . . . boy, this wasn't how I played it all out in my head! Five babies in six years! Wow! Just getting out of the house I had to find shoes to go with 50 little toes . . . oh, and the socks needed for those same 50 little piggies! It was and still is an adventure!

Christmas was a fun time at our house but a frustrating time for me personally. I could not figure out why I could not have the sit-down dinner with everyone pressed, styled, combed, clean, smiling, happy and oh so grateful, singing Silent Night in perfect pitch just before the “Norman Rockwell” Christmas dinner was served!

One particular Christmas I was so frustrated. I tried all the “right” things and, when that failed, I resorted to bribery, blame, lavish promises and, finally, at whit's end . . . a tantrum. Not just whine, shed a tear, then go-about-life tantrum . . . a full blown on-my-face-tantrum in the living room in front of the Christmas tree kicking my feet, pounding my fist, screaming . . . “Why?! Why? and then to have my oldest (who was all of 5 years old), come tell me “Z, Mommy. ‘Z’ comes after ‘Y.’ Don't be sad, we will work on your alphabet together! You can get it!”

Thank God he didn't know the real reason for my tantrum! I dried my tears and looked at them. Really looked at them. They were happy, perplexed at mommy at that moment, but they had all their little hearts needed. A mommy and daddy who loved them.

Holidays CONTINUED

A safe place to put their blankie and to them, a fun place to be. They had more live in playmates than anyone they knew!

I suddenly realized what the problem was. Not the kids—not my husband—but me! Not the me me—but the attitude me.

I missed out of the real wonders of the first few Christmases because of my terrible choice of holiday comfort friends. Yep, the trio Shoulda, Coulda and Woulda and their cousins Only and If had come to once again to the Hall house to “celebrate” the year! I don’t remember consciously inviting five more to our already full house . . . but nonetheless they showed up every year and seemed to be staying longer and longer! Uninvited . . . how rude!

NO wonder I was so frustrated! I kept striving for the “Norman Rockwell” Christmas and kept getting “Family Circus” instead! I had my holiday comfort friends cheering me on, again. That year I gave them the boot! And I discovered “Family Circus” isn’t so bad!

The Friends still try to visit occasionally, usually when my spirits a bit down . . . but there is no room! I still hold on to the fantasy of “Norman Rockwell” Christmas Dinner but only in my dreams. As I watch my pieces of Heaven laugh, run, play, each other . . . I really have made best friends with the “Family Circus.” And I learned the whole alphabet too!

~ TERRI L. HALL

Contributor's request: Please do not use any part of this out of context.

Editor's Note: In our conversation receiving permission to print this original work for the first time, Terri added: “In time God blessed me with a new life (in more ways than one) and now am remarried (for almost 10 years) and have a total of 12 children and 6 grandchildren with one on the way (only 7 kids are still at home). It has been an adventure!”