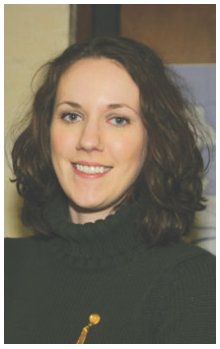

Mother's Day is tomorrow, and I thought long and hard all week about what to get or do for my Momma.

I have tossed around the idea of getting her some flowers delivered to her work, another kitchen gadget or a gift that I made myself.

All those gifts would mean a lot to her, but there's really nothing in the world that compares to the gratitude any mother deserves.

Looking back over my younger years, I now realize that one of the greatest gifts I could have given my Momma was an "I love you" more often.

With a son of my own now, my heart melts when he looks up at me and says those three simple words. I could be in the middle of a "sit down" with him over a tantrum, and those three words make it so hard for me to continue.

I instantly melt and smile to hear it from my child. Perhaps I would have said it more when I was younger if I only realized what a mother feels when she hears it.

Now that I am an adult, I realize how hard I may have been on Momma.

As a child, Momma would make me eat all my supper. She would turn off the television sometimes and make me go outside and play. She was almost obsessed with checking my homework. She made a list of chores for me to do around the house. She disciplined me for not saying "please" or "thank you." She even broke out the switch a time or two.

When I brought home a bad grade from school, Momma would ground me. When I got caught taking a Hershey bar from the store down the road, she made me return it to the owner. When I refused to let a tantrum die down, she simply shoved me in my room and closed the door.

During my teenage years, I know that I caused many gray hairs and sleepless nights for Momma. I never understood until now why she did some of the things she did during those times.

Momma would take my car keys away if I stayed out too late. She had the nerve to want to meet any boy who took me on a date. She still obsessed over making sure my homework was done. She stayed up late into the night until she heard me sneak off into my room.

Momma would lend me money even though I had an afterschool job. She would prepare snacks or supper for several teenage friends who showed up without any warning.

Momma would hug me when my boyfriend broke up with me even though I would ignore her the next morning. She would help me get my first car and somehow managed to find money for my senior trip.

Momma did a lot for me, and there were times I never even said "thanks." But she continued to help me.

Our son is only three years old now, and our new baby girl should arrive in three weeks. My

husband Jason and I are at the time now when our son wants to spend time with us, talk with us and he tells us he loves us.
But there will come a time when the hugs start to dwindle in number. “I love you” may not come as often. The bedroom doors seem to shut. And suddenly Jason and I will be uncool and not know anything.
But regardless of all that, I will still be his Momma. I will continue to leave my door open, my arms extended and my heart in his hands.
Just as my own Momma has done for me. We have our battles and disagreements still from time to time, but she will always be my Momma.
And she is a good one because it shows with how I treat my own children. Anyone can be a mother, but it takes a lot to be a Momma.
And to the one who is mine, I say “thank you” and “I love you.”
And that may be the greatest gift of all.