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I've often said that I learned all my best stuff from my mom. Maybe imitation really is the sincerest form of flattery. If so, I'm still flattering my mom.

Mom worked full-time when most moms stayed home. Yet somehow, Mom got the importance of being present. When I was in high school, I would come home late from an evening out and find Mom up ironing Dad's shirts. She wasn't up because she was a night owl or because those shirts absolutely had to be ironed before she went to bed. She was up because she knew the best time to hear about my day was the moment I walked in the door.

Last night, I was up until sometime between 1–2 a.m. because I am a night owl, and I like to work or read at night. This morning when my boys got up, I thought about staying in bed. They are 16 and 17 now and capable of getting themselves off to school on time without me. But I remember how good it felt to have someone who just wanted to be around when I was there. I got up to hang out with my boys. Maybe I'll go to bed earlier tonight.

The other thing that Mom (and Dad) did for me was believe in me. Who knew my weaknesses better than they did? Yet I had the sense that they were confident that I could do well. I don't know that I've done as well at that as they did, but I'm still trying.

When I think about honoring our mothers, I'm grateful that my mother is the kind of mother who is easy for me to honor. I think Mom enjoys that fact. I think she is also uncomfortable with it. My similarity to my mother includes our awareness of ways we wish we had done better.

God is the mother that we both strive to emulate. God is the one who manages to be always present. God is the one who can face our faults while still believing in us and offering us yet another chance to be who we are designed to be. 🙏