

As I reflect on this past weekend, I am thankful to say that I feel so grateful, and my heart is full. Yesterday was Mother's Day, and the ironic thing is that I spent the majority of the day by myself. But I was absolutely okay.

My daughter came in and stayed for a few days to spend time with the boys, then she went back home Sunday afternoon. We all joined my youngest son and his wife for lunch on Saturday, in honor of Mother's Day. Chelsea and I went shopping, just like mom's and daughters are supposed to. It may not sound like much for many, but for me, it is a miracle.

Ten years ago, this would not have been possible. We were dealing with major issues all around, and the thought of my ever being able to enjoy time with my baby girl was as far-fetched as George lassoing the moon for Mary in "It's a Wonderful Life." But it happened, and I am so, so thankful.

I told Ben and Isabella, my son and his wife, that I wanted to go out to eat with them on Saturday, because the restaurants are crazy on Mother's Day. We tried a new local restaurant, and the food was okay, but my company was what made me so happy. They are expecting their first baby in August, a little boy. I was just happy spending our short time together.

Lastly, I've been busy babysitting my grand dog, Brady, for my older son. On the heels of a work trip, he and his new bride are finishing up a week in Hawaii. They called to wish me a happy Mother's Day, and shared pictures of that beautiful island. It was just a really good day.

I guess I'm sharing this with you because if this had been any other Mother's Day before now, I might have felt hurt because my kids weren't all together with me to celebrate. I even went to church by myself, and it didn't bother me at all, other than I always pray for my family to be in church. But I felt content, and thankful, and blessed.

I feel like I'm finally breaking free from the codependent person I have been for most of my life. I always needed approval or attention from someone else to validate my worth. It has been a long and painful process to get to this point, but it was necessary.

As I've said before, sometimes it may feel like God isn't near, or doesn't hear our cries for help, but he is always there. In my loneliest moments, he has been my constant companion and friend. He is showing me that my happiness and worth does not depend on my kids, my home, money, etc.

I still have those hopes and dreams for while I'm on this side of Heaven, but I know that His presence in my life will sustain me until it's time to go home for good.

Blessings,

LisaJo

