



The Best Job

By Pam Morris, Early Learning Center director

I have the best job in the whole wide world; I am a mom. HaShem blessed me and my husband with three amazing daughters and I am grateful each and every day for them.

History

When I was growing up, my mom didn't work outside of the house. That was a decision that she and my dad made and we were fortunate enough that she didn't need to have an outside job. My parents knew how to be frugal; we ate at home a great deal more than we ever went out. We drove on most of our vacations and most of our vacations were to see family.

And sometimes, I am envious of this benefit my mom had. Especially when my daughters were younger, there is a part of me that wishes I could have spent more time with them. But then I look at the quality of time I continue to have with them and I realize that I didn't miss anything.

In the Moment

I speak of the benefits of being in the moment; of being present and cherishing what we have. And this is never more evident than when I look at my daughters. They are growing. Not completely out of the house but that stage is closer than the baby stage and while that does sadden me, I realize I was here every step of the way. I was an active participant in every part of their lives so far and remember them all with fondness (mostly). While I miss how some of these milestones were easier than some of the current ones, I wouldn't go back. I am so fortunate to have experienced all along their

successes and missteps; their moments of courage and kindness, their moments of uncertainty and questioning.

Future

What will the next stages look like? Because of the age difference between my girls, I can see what is coming for number two and three because of number one (and how she will love that I called her #1!). I definitely made more mistakes with number one as she didn't come with an instruction manual. She gets frustrated when her younger sisters get to do things she wasn't allowed to do; she was our guinea pig and we learned from our mistakes. I hope she will forgive me. But still, even though I can sort of see around the corner for what comes next, I try not to rush it. I try to take each stage as they come, kvelling in the excitement and joy that each brings.

Differences

And boy are they different. Individually, you wouldn't know they were sisters. One and two look nothing alike. Two and three not so much either. But put the three of them together and you see the complete puzzle. Their personalities differ as well. Depending on the day, each one is more like either me or their dad but no two days are the same and they alternate so we never know what we are going to get. But isn't that part of the fun? Each one is an individual. Each one has strong feelings about something. Each one has that one thing (or two, or three) that trigger a strong emotional response- laughter, tears, you name it.

Where do I fit in?

Sometimes I don't. And I am ok with that. The three girls have such a close relationship with each other. Each turns to one another for guidance, for advice. But sometimes, they welcome me into the group. I am let in on their inside jokes. I become the fourth and I cherish that relationship, that feeling of belonging.

What amazes me, what brings a smile to my face and fills my heart: knowing that their relationship, their friendship has nothing to do with me and will continue long after me. And while I plan on being around for a very long time, what better gift could I ask for than to have my daughters have such a wonderful, loving closeness that will never end.

Legacy

And this is what I will truly leave behind. My daughters, to carry on. To light the way for their daughters and sons. To create the atmosphere that will allow their children to become best friends just as my daughters are each other's bff. To watch my girls together is a precious gift. It's what makes being a mom the best job in the whole wide world.

Shabbat Shalom and Happy Mother's Day!