

Dear Mom

You were the first place I felt safe—  
arms that held more than just my weight,  
eyes that saw who I was, even before I knew.  
I think of all the times you stayed quiet  
when it was hard, gave when no one saw, loved  
me through moments I didn't deserve it.

You never asked to be the hero.  
But you were.  
A reflection of God's grace in motion,  
strong when I was weak, steady when I was lost.  
I carry you with me—  
in my choices, in my voice,  
in the gentleness I offer others.

Because you didn't just raise me—  
you showed me what love looks like  
when it's rooted in something eternal.

You are not just the woman who raised me.  
You're a reminder of the God who never lets go.  
You are a gift I thank God for,  
a prayer answered long before I knew how to pray.

XOXO