

# Lessons Learned from my Graduate

This whole graduating and leaving home thing is really wearing me slick out! I *don't want* my babies to leave! And yes, even at 6'5", he's still and will always be my baby.

On the night he was born, my #2 son was immediately whisked away due to issues with blood incompatibility. Hours went by that seemed like days. I couldn't stand the separation any longer so in the middle of the night, sporting my new fluffy leopard slippers, I scooted to the nursery to try find him. *I had to get my hands on him!* Looking through the window, I spotted my dark haired, chubby little guy. They were poking him with needles and wires were hooked to his chunky chest. I couldn't watch from the other side of the glass any longer.

As I found my way into the room, the nurse turned her head and piped, "I can't believe you were able to walk all the way down here so soon." Eighteen hours of labor and a few stitches couldn't keep me away from him.

That's just what moms do ... we do hard things for our kids. While physically challenging to walk the length of a hospital to be with my newborn son, it's recess compared to the challenge of watching him drive away and letting him go. I've spent the last 18 yrs. adjusting my grip but letting go makes me a little crazy. OK, a lot crazy!

That same irrational, unimaginable, instinctual, instantaneous depth of love that propelled me to walk through physical pain to get to the other side of the glass, now calls me to leave him.

To let him fly.

I've never liked good-byes ... Well-meaning friends tell me,

“It’s not goodbye, it’s only see you later.”

Not true.

I’m saying goodbye to many things: daily doses of silliness and laughter, a willing helper, a best friend to his siblings, my administrator and daily reminder of things like what we’re having for dinner, an amazing finder of where I put my glasses, nightly “good night, mom,” late night chocolate milk marathons with his brothers, the daily interaction and silly conversations between a 6 yr. old and the 18 yr. old brother he strives to be like, and a positive role model for my younger kids – to name a few...



Yes, I’ll absolutely see him again...much sooner than planned most likely ☐ However, I know that when he zooms out of the driveway in a few days in a loaded down vehicle headed to college, it means “good-bye.”

He’s been an easy one to love ... And although I’m the mom, this guy has taught *me* much over the last 18 years:

- ~ When the quiet one speaks, his message is eagerly received.
- ~ Discipline is a lifestyle that brings great reward.
- ~ Humility is very attractive when lived out through the life

of a youth.

~ A forgiving heart speaks volumes to those watching, especially when all agree forgiveness isn't deserved.

~ Minds can be beautiful.

~ It takes courage to admit you have questions and to wrestle out answers to the tough ones.

~ The positive role model of an older brother is invaluable.

~ Humility is attractive.

~ Thinking before speaking is always a good idea.

~ You can be your fiercest competitor.

My sweet, Noah:

- You are a gift from God.
- I will miss you severely.
- I will love you forever.
- I will love you always.
- As long as I'm living
- My baby you'll be.

And I promise I'll *try* to be ok watching from the other side of the glass ...

XO