

As I pressed my ear to my son's chest I was momentarily taken back to that magical day when I heard his heartbeat for the first time. That surreal moment when I realized life was inside me, once again. I will never forget that.

Yesterday morning my son came to my bed, kissed me, and wished me a happy Mother's Day. I was barely awake at the time. A bit later, as I sat up in bed lost in my own thoughts, or lack thereof (typical morning scene for me), he came back, stood by the bed and hugged me for a little while. My head rested on his chest so that all I could hear was his heartbeat. That magical day's distinctive rapid ultrasonic whooshings announcing "I am here," now clear, slower, somewhat matured beats. I was listening to life. One of two lives God used me to bring into this world. The sudden overwhelming sense of gratitude I felt for God's grace is indescribable…words elude me.

All I can say is that I fell into that moment and lost myself in it. It's happened before. A mother's music to her soul, those life rhythms. Never gets old. I hope all you Moms had a grace-filled Mother's Day.

Children and mothers never truly part – Bound in the beating of each other's heart.
– Charlotte Gray

Before you were conceived I wanted you Before you were born I loved you Before you were here an hour I would give my life for you This is the miracle of life.
~ Maureen Hawkins

Share this:

- Share on Facebook (Opens in new window) Facebook
- Share on X (Opens in new window) X
- Share on Pinterest (Opens in new window) Pinterest

- Print (Opens in new window) Print