

Parents Count The Ways Of Love

“You don’t love me!”

How many times have your kids laid that one on you?

And how many times have you, as a parent, resisted the urge to tell them how much?

Someday, when my children are old enough to understand the logic that motivates a mother,
I’ll tell them.

I loved you enough to bug you about where you were going, with whom, and what
time you would get home.

I loved you enough to insist you buy a bike with your own money that we could
afford and you couldn’t.

I loved you enough to be silent and let you discover your handpicked friend was a
creep.

I loved you enough to make you return a Milky Way with a bite out of it to a
drugstore and confess, “I stole this.”

I loved you enough to stand over you for two hours while you cleaned your
bedroom, a job that would have taken me 15 minutes.

I loved you enough to say, “Yes, you can go to Disney World on Mother’s Day.”

I loved you enough to let you see anger, disappointment, disgust and tears in my
eyes.

I loved you enough not to make excuses for your lack of respect or your bad
manners.

I loved you enough to admit that I was wrong and ask your forgiveness.

I loved you enough to ignore “what every other mother” did or said.

I loved you enough to let you stumble, fall, hurt and fail.

I loved you enough to let you assume the responsibility for your own actions, at 6,
10 or 16.

I loved you enough to figure you would lie about the party being chaperoned, but
forgave you for it ... after discovering I was right.

I loved you enough to accept you for what you are, not what I wanted you to be.

I loved you enough to shove you off my lap, let go of your hand, be mute to your
pleas and insensitive to your demands ... so that you had to stand alone.

But most of all, I loved you enough to say no when you hated me for it. That was
the hardest part of all.

~ Erma Bombeck ~