

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHERS

With April having just ended, it is a little uncertain whether May will whisper in the coming of spring or just remind us that one season has ended and a new one has begun. As the chill from the north wind quietly ushered in the beginning of this new month, emotionally it feels like the seasonal changing of the guard. Whether we're watching the blossoms bloom in the awakening of morning's dawn, or retreating in the shadows of the glistening evening's sunset, it is a reminder that life is not a spectator's sport; and sometimes the distance between where we are and where we want to be is measured by eternity.

The month of May has a very gentle tone. The peaceful sound of raindrops on a windowpane; the fragrance of freshly cut grass caressing the day; and the delicate scent of a new born babe restoring our hope for the future. Each is a reminder that the festival of life has its own special sentiment; and for each of us it is different. The celebration of our consciousness, our moods and our temperament, helps us to define our passions, our joys our sorrows, and our tenderness.

May has traditionally been set apart as a time to honor Mothers, and to celebrate the bond of Motherhood. It is often the gentleness of feeling the closeness from a Mother's love reflected in the moment, or the joy of sharing the rights of passage between Mothers & Daughters or Mothers and Sons. It is the deep respect given to the matriarch of a family, or the elder figurehead as she passes the tribe's folklore down from one generation to the next. Mother's Day has its value in the cherished memories of times past, and the endearment echoed in the harmony of each heartbeat and the unconditional love that bonds families closer together. Mother's Day is an especially sensitive time when it frames the memory of the loss of one's dearly beloved, and the comfort of knowing that before she passed the quality of her life was made richer because she was at peace during her last days.

For the more than 173,000,000 single female parents and heads of households who are full of dreams and the illusion of graceful living, fascinating conversation, and the thought of accomplishing social etiquette while reminiscing of plans to keep in touch with close friends; Mother's Day belongs to them too. The Day also honors the mother who struggles each day to honor the occasion for having done the best she could with what she had, and all too often it still seems as though it is not enough. The value of Mother's Day belongs too, to the caregiver who lovingly nurtures and mothers other people's children because she never had an opportunity to give birth to her own. We have also set Mother's Day aside to embrace the Step-Mother who has her own distinction, as does the woman who had to unwillingly give up her children so they might have a chance for a better life.

Therefore, in honor of this occasion as we pay tribute to the majesty of our position, and welcome each other with out stretched arms, we are reminded that it is our pride and the glory of our individual style of Motherhood is why we celebrate this very special gift; which is "our" very special Day.

Thus, in the spirit of the occasion and with an open heart "A Woman's Corner" acknowledges the contributions of Women in Transition; of Women in Training Programs; of Women New to The Workforce; of Women Alone; of Women Starting Over; of Women in Relationships; of Women Re-building Their Lives; of Women Of the World; of Women Reconnecting to Their Own Well-being; and to Women in Confinement. Many of whom are mothers, and all are daughters; but by proxy their contribution to us as a society through the sacrifices that they too make everyday of their lives has in many ways laid the foundation that paves the way for us to travel unencumbered.

We are all "keepers of the keys", and we are being dependent upon by those who come after us to ensure that on tomorrow's journey no woman will be left out, and no one will be left behind. "A Woman's Corner" recognizes through our individual efforts, struggles, joys, sadness and regrets, we cannot recapture the past but we can honor the present and not wait for May to claim our bounty, because for us every day is Mother's Day ...