



The Crisis Planner Honoring MOM...

The Lilacs are blooming. Their sweet fragrance fills the air and reminds me that Mother's Day is here.

I have a strong association of Mother's day with these beautiful flowers. There is power in strength in the delicate blossoms that weigh down the branches of the Lilac bush as they gently float on the breeze.

We had several Lilac bushes in our yard and every year I would cut a huge bouquet for my mom. Placed in the center of the dining room table the fragrance filled the house and made me smile.

Even today, as I walk around my neighborhood the scent of Lilacs brings back memories of just how special my mom was.

She is gone now almost three and a half years following a five year battle with Alzheimers that took her from me piece by piece. Gratefully she knew who I was until the last few months, when she knew no one. I was blessed to have her for as long as I did as so many friends had lost their moms long before me.

This, however, is not a story of loss. This is a story of love, gratitude and blessings.

My mom and every mom is special in their own unique way. Their story is forever intertwined with your life. You are who you are because of that connection. You are the legacy that they ever existed. You get to choose the parts of that legacy you want to live and pass on.

Being a mom did not come easy to my mom. She struggled to get pregnant for 5 years before I arrived. Her desire to be a mom, the love she felt for both my sister and I overshadowed any fear she had about doing it wrong or making a mistake.

She was blessed to be married to my dad and often bragged about him being the one in a million. Their marriage of 65 years was filled with a deep love for each other.

We never were rich nor were we poor. Money was wisely spent as she sewed our clothes. We felt like princesses in our matching outfits made with her loving hands. She knit and crocheted. She kept a clean house. While not in love with cooking we never lacked for a hearty meal.

She was blessed to be able to stay home and always waited for us to come home from school with a smile. She helped us with our schoolwork. I think sometimes too much as she was an excellent speller and I would ask her how to spell things all the time. It wasn't until much later in life that my spelling improved.

She loved the arts and exposed us to music, art, and theater. She had played the violin in the 1939 World's Fair in New York and I found myself playing the violin in the 1965 World's Fair at the New York Pavillion.

She had worked as an executive secretary in NYC prior to becoming a mom and every year would take us to NY, deftly riding the subway, going to Radio City for the Christmas and Easter Shows, taking in the ballet at City Center and even the Philharmonic or Opera at Lincoln Center.

She was not much of an outdoor girl, yet she stepped up to be a Girl Scout Leader and found herself sleeping in tents, on the ground, with the bugs. If that's not love, what is.

She encouraged my creativity always.

When I went to college, she returned to the workforce. Starting part time in a secretarial position she quickly took on more and more responsibility with the hospital and at her retirement was a VP of Personnel, negotiating union contracts and managing benefits. I was so proud of her and her accomplishments.

In her seventies she had the time to do something she had always wanted to do. She joined a writing class and wrote three novels. She self-published two, the third is yet unfinished. I would love to be able to finish and publish her final novel as a tribute to her gift.

She taught me the value of friendship, love, service to others and above all gratitude. Being able to be grateful for the little things in life. Being able to laugh at yourself. Being able to smile even when things are not perfect.

What memories of your mom remind you of where you came from? Remind you of the lessons you learned from her? Do you stir up memories of hugs when you fell down, soup when you were sick, cheers from the audience as you took a bow in the school play or consoled you when your heart was broken?

Honoring our moms should not be relegated to one day a year. I have been blessed with an amazing mom and am grateful for everything she did to nurture me to grow into who I am.

Today as the scent of the Lilacs fill the air I am reminded of how much I miss you mom...

I will always love you.

You inspire me to be the best I can be every day.

Happy Mother's Day



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TheCrisisPlanner.com

LindaFostek@TheCrisisPlanner.com

631-368-5005