

Some day when my children are old enough to understand the logic that motivates a mother, I will tell them:

I loved you enough to ask about where you were going, with whom at what time you would be home.

I loved you enough to insist that you save your money to buy a bike, even though we could afford to give it you.

I love d you enough to make you return a Milky Way – with a bite out of it – to the drug store to confess “I stole this.”

I loved you enough to be silent while you found out your new best friend was a creep.

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

I loved you enough to let you take responsibility for your actions even when the penalties almost broke my heart.

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

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

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

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

From “I Loved You Enough”
by Erma Bombeck