

..... Michelle's Story

For as long as I can remember I have loved children. Like most girls, I enjoyed playing house with my dollies dreaming of having my own children someday. When I was playing, I was a mother. From the time I was nine, I have enjoyed babysitting (and I still enjoy it today!) When I was in college, and still today, I do weekend or week-long babysitting events while parents are out of town. I love being June Cleaver, playing with the kids, making dinner and keeping house...for that week I am a mother.



When I met my husband, I was so excited to start my family with him. In November of 2005 we started trying to get pregnant – but to no avail. I consider myself to be a faithful Latter-day Saint. I love the Lord, and I love serving Him. I never thought it would be hard for me to get pregnant, especially since I consider this to be a “righteous desire of my heart.” Now, I know that there are women out there who have had similar and more serious trials - trying desperately to start their family. One particular friend of mine who had many miscarriages and years of bad news said to me once (long before I was even married), “Be happy in every season of your life,” she said tearfully. Then she went on to say, “I wasted a lot of years being angry and sad.” I have taken her advice and I have made this my mantra during this period of my life. Whether I have children later, rather than sooner – or if I never have children or adopt, I still feel obligated to use my God given, mothering nature to love my younger siblings, play with my nieces and nephews and to befriend the children in my neighborhood. This can be a very trying time, but I have found peace in the Lord’s will for me as I choose to the gifts I already have for good, instead of wallowing in self-pity (although I’m sure I’ve done my share!)

I am a mother when I take a minute to chat with the youth in my ward and when I’m genuinely interested in their lives. I am a mother when I share my love for children by happily serving in the Primary and loving the children God gives me through “unconventional means.” The more I think about it, I think of ALL the children he has given ME to love.

We’ve heard it said, “It takes a village to raise a child.” I say, “It takes a mother.”

And I AM a mother.