


A cluster of five plumeria flowers with pink and yellow petals is scattered on a beach of coarse, light-colored sand. The flowers are the central focus of the image, with their vibrant colors contrasting against the textured background of the sand.

*Mama Mia...
What A Perfect
Mother's Day!*

By Jenny Dee



Let's pretend that we could create the perfect kind of mother's day...you know, the one where inconsiderately planned activities like dance competitions and basketball games aren't scheduled to remind us that not even on "our" day, do we get the day off.

It's a lazy Sunday, with absolutely no errands to run. I sleep as late as I want, waking only to the glorious smells of children making me special gluten free chocolate pancakes with bacon and a side of orange juice. The wonderful breakfast in bed is served up on a cute little tray, complete with a vase of my favorite flowers: pink lilies and roses.

The delivery comes complete with their sweet little hugs (yes, even as teens), and homemade cards extoling the virtues of my motherhood perfection. Gifts are also welcome, especially those that speak to my heart, like journals, love coupons, or pretty much anything their cute imaginations can think up.

I walk downstairs to a miraculously clean house and the smell of a spring candle wafting through the air. There is nothing for me to do, other than just enjoy the fact that I don't have to lift a finger today.

In fact, after taking a walk in the fresh, breezy air, I'm ready for an afternoon of self-pampering that does not include the presence of my children. This day is for me—and while I will spend time with the little loves that made me a mama, I am going to indulge in quiet time first.

It all begins with a mani/pedi—the full out spa kind with the magical exfoliations and soaks and paraffin wax combos while the chair pre-games for my later in the day massage. When my tootsies are all prettied up and dry, I'll make my way over to the massage parlor, where essential oils and the hands of a strong, talented male masseuse release every single knot of tension I have held in for the last few months of child activity juggling.

Fruit infused water is waiting for me afterwards, as is a quiet meditation room where I can relish in the relaxation and let my mind continue to numb to the

outside world. I am at complete, utter, undeniable peace and it feels ahhhh-mazing.

Content with my quiet, I head back home where my little cherubs are waiting for me—house still spotless—with their dinner orders. I happily place an online order for two restaurants: one for their picky tastes, and one for myself, to indulge in the decadence of an adult meal without the hassle or sacrifice of ordering from their local fast food chain.

They set the table with my flowers and special disposable plates, and we enjoy a nice family dinner, followed by an amazing chocolate cake that they baked from scratch (but with store bought icing, because they know I prefer it over homemade icing.) My stomach is now just as happy as the rest of me.

Can this day get any better? Oh yes, it can.

We all snuggle in together on one couch watching a movie, as I count my blessings for the beautiful children I have and the wonderful day I was given. They play with my hair, knowing how it relaxes me and makes me smile.

Once they are all tucked into bed for the night, I may indulge in either a bubble bath or simply grab a book and find a comfy nook within my couch for a second round of self-pampering in the silence of my own (still clean!) home.

If I'm not single at the time, there are also moments of romance peppered in throughout the day, with an extra dash of spoiling (and someone to join me in eating an adult meal and beverage!). I fall asleep fully relaxed, restored and ready to take on another year—but tremendously grateful for every moment of a perfect mother's day.