

## **Things My Mother Forgot To Tell Me About Becoming A Woman Fully Grown**

And in honor of all of you women who are also definitely fully grown, let me close with a little something that I wrote entitled, "Things My Mother Forgot to Tell Me about Being a Woman Fully Grown." It is up on my website [www.havealittlefaith.com](http://www.havealittlefaith.com). And it goes like this:

Your feet get bigger. Did you know that? I didn't, until this past summer when I finally confessed to myself that my size 7 shoes were too tight, and that I needed to move up to a size 7½. One day in passing, I mentioned this to my mother. And she said, ever so casually, "Oh, didn't I tell you that? As you get older, your feet get bigger."

She then proceeded to remind me that she was now a size 7 (up from her previous size 6½), and asked if I would please send along my perfectly wonderful, expensive, outgrown shoes. Since my mother once wore a petite size 5 shoe, I have this distinct feeling that my feet are something like Pinocchio's nose and will continue to grow until the day I die!

My mother not only forgot to tell me about my feet, but she also forgot to tell me about other body parts -- teeth hurt, eyes need bifocals, gray hairs appear in places beside on your head, you become lactose intolerant, you begin to make sure you have fiber at least once a day, and weight redistributes. As one girlfriend told me, "I weigh the same, everything just hangs differently...it's like gravity is pulling me down."

But those are easy. My mother also forgot to tell me so many other things. Like how many different kinds of tears there are...there are sweet tears, salty tears, bitter tears, and tearless tears.

And laughter...there is the laughter at, the laughter for, the laughter with, and the deep, down in the belly laughter that happens sometimes when I am all by myself.

She forgot to tell me how hard I would cry when he left me, and then when *he* left me, and then when *he* left me. But then, she also forgot to tell me how hard I would laugh, years later, about the time when *he* left me, and *then* he left me, and then "*thank you Jesus!*" he left me.

She forgot to tell me when to remember and how to forget. Or how to forgive, especially during those times when I thought I would never be able to forgive.

She forgot to tell me when to move on, or to move out, or to move away. Or when to stand by, or to stand tall, or to stand with or when to simply stand still.

But there's one thing that she didn't forget to tell me, and for this I will be eternally grateful. She remembered to tell me not to forget to pray.

So, thank you God for walking with me through the valleys, and carrying me over the mountains. And thank you God for mothers, and grandmothers, and aunts, and sisters, and girlfriends whom have--each in her own special way--taught me how to love; and how to never give up on myself, to always look up, and to never look back. And especially God, I want to thank you for having the vision of what it is to be...a woman...fully grown.

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