

Leeanne Rebic Hay of Plano: Celebrate all mothers who made a sacrifice



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I know a woman who has never been to one of her child's school events. It is not because she is too busy.

This same woman has never baked a cookie, wrapped a present, or even admired a picture her child has drawn at school. There are others like her — more than you would think, because of course most people don't know this about her.

Oh sure, you and I and many others are at all the events. We plan them, work them, and attend the clean-up afterwards.

Every year on Mother's Day, she writes a brief, heartfelt message to her child on her Facebook timeline. He has never responded.

She wasn't there to wipe his brow when a fever got high, and she certainly wouldn't be there if he had gone to the emergency room to get a few stitches.

The majority of us agree that we could never do what she did. And maybe that is why she doesn't talk to too many people about it — at least that's how it was when the child was small. Now that many years have passed, and shame and guilt are not as popular as they once were, she talks it about more.

And she is my hero.

I assure you that everything I have written about her is true. When you consider the context, her actions add up to be the greatest gift any mother could possibly give to her child.

This woman knew that she could not care for her child. She knew deep in her heart that although her love was boundless for him, she could only do her best by putting him up for adoption. And she did.

Thirty years have passed since she gave up this child. Not a birthday goes by she doesn't pray for his health and happiness. Not a Mother's Day goes by that she doesn't feel the greatest sadness of her life is the greatest joy of another woman — her child's mother.

It was this other woman who held him through colic, baked the cookies, dried his tears, dressed him for school, and loved his daily hurts away. She celebrated first words and steps, little hugs and sloppy kisses, graduations, and perhaps even a wedding by now.

And each and every day this other woman — this mother — says a prayer for the woman I know who gave her a child to care for and raise.

We are fortunate to live in state that has a law — yes, a state law — that provides a safe haven for women to leave their infant child at a firehouse or hospital emergency room — to give them to the care of others.

Most of all, I wanted to tell you about this woman I know who has never had any contact with the boy she gave birth to.

And if you are her child reading this now, please understand this: You were not unwanted. You were not abandoned. You were selflessly loved by a woman who wanted you to have the best of everything in life — and knew she couldn't give it to you — so she gave you to someone who could. Say a thankful prayer for her.

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