

May 13, 2012

Hello World!

Today is of course Mothers' Day for which I wholeheartedly celebrate as I've been supremely blessed with three. That is why I placed the apostrophe after the s.

I met my first mother on November 6, 1960, the day of my birth. It was brief but instantly I knew her greatness as she did the hardest thing imaginable. She admitted that she could not give me the life every child deserved. She then gave me up for adoption.

Many adopted children go through life with feelings of abandonment, not fitting in, and hoping against hope that their birth mother would find them to rescue them from whatever heartache that may be afflicting them. My heart is only filled with gratitude for my birth mother's selfless act.

My second mother, the woman who along with the man who became my father, adopted me as an infant. Together they raised me with a love second to none. If I had come from my second mother's womb she couldn't have loved me more. From infancy to toddler, adolescence, and into adulthood, my mother nurtured and guided me, putting my needs ahead of hers. She was always my soft place to land when I fell. And even when my choices landed me in prison, her arms, filled with love, only held me tighter. She gave me the courage to look into myself to excise the darkness I picked up when I ventured down a road with a misleading sign that read - EASY MONEY.

My second mother passed away in 2007. Before she died, as we sat in the prison visiting room, she said, "I'm proud of the man you've become." My tears flowed easily. Five years later, I still feel her loving embrace, and continue to work to make her proud.

My third mother, the woman who married my father, took up the torch of encouragement, if not love. She did this without complaint as to my crime or incarceration. She's driven thousands of miles with my father, subjecting herself to the humiliation and discomfort of coming into a prison to visit me. She's faithfully encouraged my creative writing, helping with research, typing, and editing. She's willingly sacrificed time, energy, and finances to support me. And that which is most important to me, she loves and cares for my father.

So, what is Mothers' Day to me? It is the exclamation on the other 364 days that I pray I'm able to express my appreciation to these three incredible women who have touched, taught, and shaped my life.

It would be easier to leave it there, to end with, "Thanks for checking in on me." However, that part of me which helped to make my second mother proud, will not allow it. Therefore, I am compelled to acknowledge another. Being responsible for the death of a woman, a mother, I carry the burden of knowing I stole from her children all that I celebrate. It is beyond unfair that I've had three and denied them their only one. My only hope is they have been able to hold fast to the knowledge that their mother loved them and will forever. That's the nature of mothers. So allow me to celebrate three and honor a fourth.

Today I will close with, cherish the woman who has been there for you - even if she is imperfect. She is your mother and the majority of us only get one.

Cordially,

Gregory Barnes Watson

Gregory Barnes Watson
D-67547 C-14-104-U
PO Box 409060
IONE CA 95640