

My dearest children,

I always knew I wanted children.

4 to be precise. That number changed a few more times. It became the 3 of you ;)

I put myself in the perspective of mother at an early age.

Stepped into my mother's shoes and thought about how I would do it. Dreaming about curly buns running on the beach, children like a child sees a child.

Who am I to tell you what to do. Seriously Niki. Now, being a mother is never finished, but the parenting is.

“Mom, sometimes you just have to listen!”

I have learned so much from you, especially that I don't have to solve everything for you. And that I have to trust you as I trust myself.

I was strict to myself. I could have been nicer to myself.

But if I have learned anything, it is that you are who you are.

I wish I had given you more confidence, more “come on, you can do it” instead of “I'll show you how to do it”

Little children, little worries. Big children, big worries.

Dear, beautiful, powerful children of mine, you will make it, you can do it and you can always come and take shelter with mama.

Love you <3

mama