

LAURA RADNIECKI

Seeking joy in the midst of motherhood

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The
Motherhood
Manifesto:
A Love Letter to You

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Hey Mama,

I see you. Yes, you.

I see you sitting there, reading this letter right now.

Perhaps you are on your phone, reading this while the noisy sounds of childhood fill the room around you. If I was a betting woman, I would guess there are toys, books, and all the STUFF that comes with raising babies littered around you too.

If you're like me most days, you might be wearing yesterday's sweatpants, or maybe the same jeans as you've worn all week if you're feeling fancy. You have maybe lost count of how many days it's been since you last showered, or when the last time you leisurely applied makeup was.

And if you're like me, you are probably tired too. Oh, so very tired.

I see you. I get it. I am right there with you.

This motherhood thing... it is undoubtedly the hardest thing I have ever done in my whole life. I knew it would flip my life upside down but I didn't really realize just HOW MUCH things would change. I didn't realize the depth of what I was entering into, nor what my life would be like on the other side.

If you are also in the trenches of motherhood right now, mama, I am hugging you through the distance with this letter.

I want you to know that you are doing a good job.

You are an amazing mother.

You are pouring your heart and soul into the little ones that God gave specifically to you. He hand-picked you to be the mother of your babies. No one else. You.

Everything you are doing with and for your babies MATTERS.

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It might seem like your efforts sometimes go unnoticed or unappreciated. Sometimes you might wonder: what's the point? How can there be meaning and significance in picking up toys for the hundredth time in two hours? In wiping counters and baby butts? In filling sippy cups, driving carpool and breaking up sibling squabbles?

I'm here to tell you, mama... it all matters.

Every single bit of it.

Those dishes, counters, floors, and food - they matter. They are helping your baby grow.

That laundry - it matters. It is clothing your baby and keeping them warm.

Those toys, books and art supplies - they matter. They are helping your baby learn, imagine and most importantly, have fun.

Everything you do in the course of loving and caring for the little souls in your life, it all matters deeply. It is all important.

YOU are important.

So mama, if you are feeling insignificant, hear me tell you that you are significant. You are an integral part of your life, your children's life, and of the world as a whole. What you do has power and impact.

If you are feeling lonely, hear me tell you that you are not alone. Millions of mamas around the world are in the trenches of raising babies right this very minute, and I am one of them.

If you are weary, hear me tell you that there is purpose to your weariness. You are caring for your children, and that care is shaping and molding them into the people they will become one day. And in the meantime, the care you give them is crafting the childhood they will remember for the rest of their life.

As the saying by Gretchen Rubin goes, "The days are long, but the years are short."

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In the middle of a terribly long day, that quote might not offer much comfort. Because sometimes, the days do just seem SO SO LONG. Sometimes, that quote might even be a little annoying when you're running on 2 hours of sleep and feel like you're teetering on the edge of your sanity with a raging headache, while your kid throws their food on the floor for the tenth time while screaming bloody murder at the top of their lungs. That quote might not offer much consolation in times like that.

But we all know just how true that quote really is.

I know you have remarked, like I have, a hundred times maybe: "How is time passing so fast?" "How can my baby be a year old already?" "How can my child be possibly starting kindergarten!?"

And as my parents tell me, pretty soon you'll be wondering how your child can possibly be graduating high school, college, getting married, and having babies of their own. Weren't they just in diapers themselves last week?

We all know that time passes by at the speed of light without any urging on our part. We also know that no amount of pleading can slow it down.

My prayer for you, fellow mama, is that we might remember the reason for our efforts in the midst of the trenches of motherhood, while knowing how important our efforts truly are.

Every diaper you change, every meal you feed, every book you read, every game you play... you are helping sculpt and form your child into the person they will become.

Every song you sing, every outfit you wash, every errand you run, every school pick up you make... you are pouring into the life of your child and helping them realize how loved and special they are.

Every every scraped knee you kiss, every tear you wipe, every fight you mediate, every story you listen to... you are taking part in the sacred dance of raising a child.

And you are doing an incredible job.

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I pray that you are filled with strength if you are weak, comfort if you are lonely, patience if you are frustrated, and hope if you are weary.

You are doing holy work as you walk through the midst of motherhood.

All my best to you, mama.

I see you, hear you, identify with you, and send you love.

xo,
Laura

P.S. If you sometimes find yourself having the overwhelming desire to lock yourself in the closet with a bag of chocolate or your junk food of choice, you are not alone in that either. Just in case you were wondering...



About Laura Radniecki:

Wife, Mama, Believer, Blogger & Photographer.
Spending my days seeking joy in the midst of motherhood while trying to squeeze in a much needed nap.

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