

Your magazine for self-discovery, creativity, and the art of living!

An illustration of a woman with blonde hair tied back, wearing a black crop top and light blue denim shorts. She is holding a baby in her arms, looking up at the baby with a smile. The baby is wearing a white shirt and blue pants. The background is a light grey rectangle.

StoryLane

Magazine

#1

The most gorgeous scar we've ever seen -
A Tribute to Motherhood

The most gorgeous scar we've ever seen— A Tribute to Motherhood

An invisible relationship is formed.

The belly button is the first scar that a person will always have on their body. The correct term would be a birthmark. Whether large, tiny, curved, or crooked, one should proudly wear their belly button since it is the only proof that one has successfully completed the long and grueling trip into this life. Many difficulties had to be overcome, from the earliest stages of development in the womb through the formation of billions of cells that eventually shaped us into full-fledged humans. That was a lot of labor, not only for us but also for our mother.

As a result of the dissociation following birth, one receives their first really personal impression. Their unique stamp, which they then wear visibly about their body. However, the connection is not severed once the umbilical cord is severed. On the contrary, only at this age can a child be entirely close to their mother. Love at first sight, skin to skin, and heart to heart. An intangible bond is formed.

Motherhood is a choice.

The bond might be intense even if one is not biologically linked to their mother. Because one thing is sure: becoming a mother is a deeply personal decision. It makes no difference whether a child grows up with their biological mother. Love is the basis of a good childhood. Every child is born with a unique fire fueled by unbreakable primitive trust, amazing memories, protective arms, and one-of-a-kind moments. Then comes that unique tingle in the center of the stomach, brought on by the smell of newly cut grass, singing around the campfire, or the crunching of snow under one's feet. It's often the little things from childhood that make them so special. In those moments, we are surrounded by people.

When the baby birds fly away from the nest

JUDITH LAHFELD

Many things are more apparent to me now that I am a mother. The constant worry about whether the children are doing well, the underlying concern of whether one is doing everything correctly, that massive chunk of duty that governs one's daily existence, and, of course, a grateful heart.

When my children are struggling, I feel terrible. When they are concerned, I am very moved. I also get nostalgic when kids learn something new and become more self-sufficient. In those moments, happiness and grief coexist because they will physically require me less from now on. Then I stand there, like a mother bird watching her young take their maiden flight. I'm proud and nostalgic, but I still push them,

even if it means saying goodbye. They eventually all depart the nest.

So when I think of the open enrollment in a few years, I discreetly drop a sentimental tear. Regarding our daughter's first dance with her father, who tears up during his speech, about when my children will become parents and continue to weave a part of our link. It's still far away but so close.



Children's Laughter and Fries

JUDITH LAHFELD

Most of all, I feel joy when I hear my children's ringing laughter, which resonates like a small joyous thunder in my heart. And occasionally, when I smell sunscreen on my skin while thinking of the taste of fries on my lips, I hear my own youthful laughing emanating from deep within my belly. There, where my navel is, and where the flame that started it all still burns. With my mother, in my own nest. My parents and I.

The most lovely aspect of it all is that everyone has a mother. Whether it's the biological mother, a caring grandmother, or the heart mother. Anyone can play the motherly role. A non-related person always played this role for us as children. Someone we still admire now. This bond is unbreakable.

My most lovely reflection

There were times when I glanced in the mirror for the first time as a mother. Sometimes with tears in my eyes since the nights were getting shorter again. Frequently with unkempt hair due to a lack of time to comb it. On some days, I wore two different socks since the laundry basket was full, and on others, I wore multicolored stickers because it was crafts time. But it wasn't these things that drew my attention; it was the woman I had become. Grateful, one-of-a-kind, with all of my strengths and shortcomings. I viewed myself as pure and vulnerable, yet stronger than ever. I had arrived unexpectedly and adequately looked at the person parenting had made me. I saw a little of my mother in me, which made me very proud.

Mothers are Magicians

JUDITH LAHFELD

Aside from their wonderful power to bring life into this world, mothers demonstrate daily that they are incredible humans. They are tear-dryers and band-aid replacements. Magicians and storytellers. They inspire, construct forts, read stories, and sing nursery songs. They offer soccer lessons as well as tutoring. They plan and improvise. They contribute more than just a bit here and there but everything daily.

Our youngsters will be able to apply bandages to their own scraped knees one day. They will prepare their own meals and tie their own shoes. They'll have long gone their separate ways and created their own stories. We no longer need to hold their hands; if we're lucky, they'll keep ours one day. They'll always have a spot in our nest, even if they're just passing through.

A mother is a mother forever as an advisor, soul comforter, grandma, or listener. All of this is based on the connection we established from the start and the bond we have woven with all of our hearts from the start. Each relationship is distinct.

That is how bonds work. They comprise hundreds of tiny individual strands that eventually join together to form a larger whole. Some threads are thicker than others. Some are different colors, and some have frayed over time. What matters is that the powerful bond is always present since everything surrounding it is the experiences and signs of life that distinguish this connection.

Thank you for never letting go, Mom.