

## *To All Mothers Like Mine*



A long time ago, as the story goes,  
A child was born with ten fingers and ten toes,  
Two arms, two legs, eyes, ears, mouth and nose.  
And the mother loved her . . . .  
The Professionals said wait, something is not right.  
Your child is different and quite a sight . . . .  
One leg longer than the other and clubfeet.  
Facial paralysis. Yes, your child's incomplete!  
But the mother loved her . . . .  
She is nothing more than a blob they, did say.  
Can't walk, can't talk, she's in the mentally impaired way.  
Yet the mother still loved her. . . .  
Years have gone by and you should see  
The result of my mother's belief in me!  
I have two legs and two feet that can walk.  
And a mouth that can talk, talk, talk.  
Two eyes that can actually see,  
And allowed me to earn more than one degree.  
Because my mother loved me.

-by the foster daughter of Dorothy Farah

To all the mothers like mine, thank you for following your heart and believing in the possibilities.

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