MOM'S OF BOYS (MOB'S)

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I am a Mom of boys (MOB). It's straight crazy and I love it. Moms of girls - I don't think I fully understand your days. Though I was a small girl once myself, I currently do not do dolls, quiet playtime (for more than 5 seconds), or meander through the zoo taking in every detail. We run. Everywhere. **It's as if it is physically painful to just. sit. still.** As you might already know from previous posts they are probably in full superhero or ninja attire while they run and chase and attack imaginary bad guys. My house explodes a few times a day with whatever was useful for booby traps or vehicle creation. They greet one another with punches and maybe a grunt; and we do animal noises (*loud* animal noises), wrestling matches and chasing games to superhero music. I can get them to do almost anything if they get to punch my hand as hard as they can (I'll have to change that strategy eventually). We build forts, castles and trampolines out of couch cushions; and jump off of our fireplace mantle. Yes, *we* — they made me do it. Tough time with meals? Just talk about getting huge and ask them to flex.



I also hear from other MOB's that t**here's this thing with dirt**. You could be in a spotless room, turn around, and they'll find it. Because they are magnets for the stuff. You won't even know the dirt was there, and they'll be covered in it. They'll probably even tell you about it, because of course otherwise you wouldn't have noticed. One friend mentioned her son has drawn her attention to it as they drive; "Look at that *dirt* mama!" For us, it's not so much dirt in and of itself, but the constant activity that therefore causes dirt to stick. A friend once asked me if we seriously bathed the boys every night. Ummm… yes. We must.

We once had friends over and while we were sitting back chatting over dinner our 4 boys were running around in *pure joy* outside in the rain. I don't even think they spoke, they just screamed, laughed, and became BFF's for the day. It's crazy, right? I mean, *no talking?!* As a woman this part is dumbfounding to me. When they came in, without blinking we simply towel dried them off and continued chatting. It's what you do. **Sidenote: to those freaking out; no one was struck by lightening; and no one caught pneumonia.



I must mention the cuddles and kisses. It's awesome. Much to my great relief this is not just a girl thing. And **there's something pretty endearing about watching an innate sense of protection and bravery** when a 4 year old steps chivalrously in front of you (to fend off the dog or his little brother); or when your 2 year old offers to help you up off the floor (which you are sprawled out on because of the previous MMA match you were invited into). And when we tuck them in, then comes the words. Plans for tomorrow's projects, tips on how to be brave, and prayer time… for the love of tears, this stuff is precious.

Moms of both genders… wow. Just wow. *You do both worlds*. You're either brilliant or schizophrenic. You should get a cape. Or go to Tahiti. Or let's just get honest and shoot for a hot meal without getting up for anything. I'm not sure what else — those are my go to well wishes for people I adore.

So because my littles recently had their birthdays (which are two full days apart) AND we did Thanksgiving; I have been a little reflective. **Having boys is a blast. A never ending party. But what also moves me is the tremendous *honor*, the breathtaking responsibility of raising them to become men. Real men.** So there's a few things I want them to know as they face an imperfect world full of imperfect people and the truth about evil is slowly revealed. There are things I want them to cling to as they grow their character and become the kind of men our world so *desperately* needs. ***Because with all of my heart, I want them to live life to its' fullest measure!*** Some of those words are sacred, things Brandon and I will speak into their lives and hearts

along the road; and meant just for them; but some are worthy of discussion. Why? Because fellow MOB's, my list is not perfect, and my guess is you might not always think so either; but i**f we can pour out the truths we claim to one another and let iron sharpen iron, I think our world will benefit.** So please, I invite you to share your wisdom; there isn't much else any of us want to do better than raise our boys to be men. Until next time. I'm pretty excited to share.