

## **It is Mother's Day and I stayed up until Midnight just to post this!**

I was born in 1971 – Dad was drafted for the Vietnam War before I was even born. (Fortunately he only went as far as Germany) He got a Red Cross memo about my birth.

He was off to Germany and mom packed me up and we followed.

We got back a couple years later – I didn't even speak English – I only knew German.

My sister, Heidi was born – she was born with Cystic Fibrosis.

Three months later – we were at a funeral for my sister.

Life seemed to stable off from that point.

Through it all – I never had a sense of instability or fear – I was always safe, that is what a mother like mine does – I only felt natural sadness – I always had comfort.

All the years to follow were great – a woman that went back to college and was awarded the National Award of Mathematics and Science. She was off to DC and I was off to Europe.

She taught fourth grade for 17 years and to this day I still hear how my mother changed lives and was an inspiration. Now she motivates teachers – but she is always at heart, in the classroom.

I moved all over the US and worked all over the world – she just supported me even though being worried at times.

This incredible mother – found herself visiting her only son at psychiatric hospitals, homeless shelters and prisons. She never gave up hope....

She always told me, “Cory, I just know that God has a bigger plan for you!”

At times, she didn't even know where I was... I was homeless and didn't call. A son living on the streets – what is worse the son that knows or the mother that doesn't? I can tell you – it is the mother that doesn't know that is worse.

She never stopped believing though. My illness and I pushed her to limits that I could not fathom – but it didn't budge her belief system or her faith or her hope. Even when people around her did not believe in her son.

This week I got an email from Ohio Supreme Court Justice Evelyn Stratton and she ended her email with, “how is mama” ?

I had a grandmother like my “mama” – mess with anyone but don't mess with my kid! My mother learned a lot from her and she has shared it all with me.

Blessed? Well, I guess not even a writer can find the words to express how bless a guy like I am!

Thank you Mom, for believing in me! It is easy to be a mom when your kids are perfect - but your skills have been tested and you get an A +!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!