

Dear Mama,

Dividing your attention between full-time work and family is tough. At times, doing it well seems nearly impossible. Personally, I'm constantly striving to find that balance--that groove between profession and parenthood, work maven vs. muva, hustler vs. homemaker.

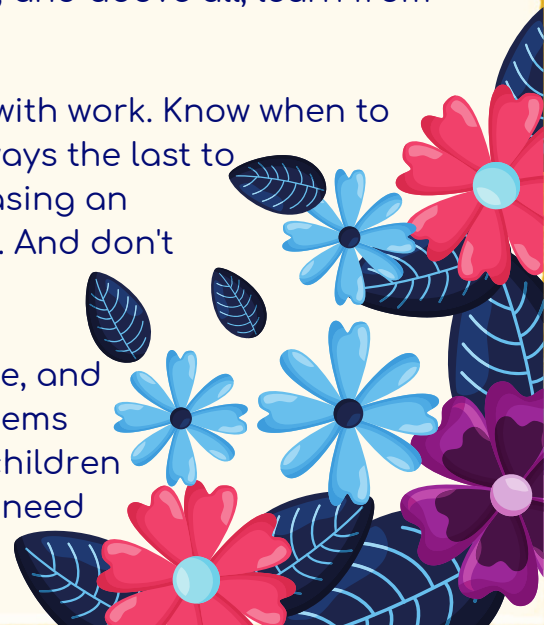
So, this Mother's Day, I'm sharing my experience along with some encouragement and a few nuggets of advice that I've picked up in my three little years since being initiated into the sisterhood of motherhood.

First, let's go into guilt. Borrowing from our beloved Madame Vice President, it's gotta GO! Easier said than done, and it's absolutely something I struggle with on a consistent basis. But it just doesn't serve me to dwell on the time I spend away from my child. Instead, I force myself to think about what I'm accomplishing by pursuing my career, the fulfillment I get from reaching others through my work, and importantly, the opportunities I can provide my son with my contribution to our household. This balancing act is performed on a tightrope, so we can't spare emotions that don't serve us. Let that guilt go, Sis.

And while you're at it, find your tribe of working mothers. You're not alone. You're not the only one out here changin' the world, gettin' money, raising beautiful black babies who will grow up to be more magical than you ever dreamed possible. Find those women, know them, befriend them, lean on them, and above all, learn from them

They'll be the ones to tell you to establish boundaries with work. Know when to leave the meeting that's running over so you're not always the last to pick up. It's okay to take a quick break when you're chasing an evening deadline to make a story at bedtime more fun. And don't hesitate to re-establish those boundaries if you must.

Now, I understand that sometimes you'll have to choose, and you'll worry that you made the wrong choice when it seems like you just have to choose work. But remember that children are resilient, and their love is unconditional. You don't need to be there for every first. For every first step, there's a second. For the touchdown you might miss or the solo



you couldn't quite make it to, you can hang on to every word as your children recount the stories. And they'll love you for just listening. Trust me.

I love you, my sister for listening to me when I say, Mama, you are capable. You got this!



Kera