

When you're at the bottom
And your self-esteem is gone
Open up this wrapper
Take this out and pin it on.

Pretend that you've been voted
Mother of the Year
And mothers the world over
Are giving you a cheer.

Sit down and just imagine,
Savor their applause
For all your selfless hours
In a worthy cause.

Then stand and give a speech
That they all long to hear.
Tell them that you're honored
To be Mother of the Year.

When your speech is over
And reality comes back
And you see those runny noses
And that mile-high laundry stack

Don't put on self-pity.
That familiar way to feel.
For the cheering you've imagined
Is not too far from real.

For there are many cheering
And there is much applause
For your selfless hours
In a worthy cause.

Concourses of angels
And loved ones yet unknown
Are watching and applauding
From a Heavenly home.

If you listen closely
You may faintly hear
Pure applause from heaven
For YOU. Mother of the Year.

So wear these flowers proudly
You are being recognized
Every second, every hour
You are loved in Heaven's eyes.