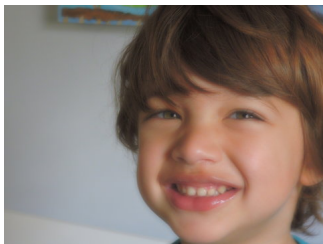


Mom's Moment: Crying Mom Tears

Written by Nadine Bubeck



Lord help me, I've taken on my mother's tearful tendencies.

At the beginning of the year, Nicholas started preschool. My first born. My preemie. My heart. My soul. My BFF. My everything. He's two and a half, and we were somewhat hesitant about sending him three mornings a week, but my husband and I thought some social non-me time would be beneficial for our somewhat cautious and super sweet son.

Day one's drop off was traumatizing. His teachers suggested I say a quick goodbye, and so I did— fighting back tears behind my sunglasses. Nicholas was hysterical— crying and screaming "mama." My heart literally broke a million times. But I listened to their seasoned teachers— two women I knew would look after, care for, and console my crying toddler. I said a quick goodbye and left.

And then I did what any other mother would do: sit in my car in the preschool parking lot and cry in self-pity and guilt. I sat in the backseat alongside my second born, a baby, who needed my non-emotional attention. Sorry, second born, for being such a hot mess.

I sat there for a good hour, annoyingly texting the teachers making sure Nicholas was doing OK. Their response: he was fine. Timid, but fine. Quiet, but fine. "Observing from afar"...but fine.

I gave myself permission to drive home.

A few hours later I picked up Nicholas. I walked into his classroom, and our eyes met. Reunited. He screamed "MAMA," as tears streamed down his eyes. My broken heart from earlier that day was full again.

Fast forward two weeks to today. This morning I walked Nicholas into his classroom, as always. He likes carrying his Darth Vader lunchbox, and led the way to his classroom with ease. All the kids were sitting on the floor doing some music activity, as I mentally prepped myself for the regular drop-off tears. But they never flowed.

Nicholas walked in, sat down, and started partaking in the music (he loves music). And I stood there in disbelief. The teacher gave me the go-ahead nod to leave, so I shut the door and stood outside the classroom, peering through the window. He was smiling...and I started to cry.

He didn't even say goodbye to me.

A flurry of mixed emotions took over me. How could he not say goodbye? I'm his mama— the one he cried for. I'm his best friend. I rocked him to sleep every single solitary night for a good year. I still sit in his room when he goes to bed. I'm his everything— or so I thought.

My tears were bitter sweet. I'm overjoyed seeing him happy, seeing him thrive, and seeing him progress from an "observer" to a "partaker." Watching him join in the fun warmed my heart— made me proud...so very, very proud. My cautious, clingy child was finally feeling comfortable in his own skin. I saw confidence radiate as I peered through the window. My baby-turned toddler was becoming a little boy.

The preschool transition was tough. Real tough. But every day got easier. He's having fun— music, dancing, sports, art, and more...happiness is all I want for my children. With that being said, every day he's one day older. And his baby years are coming to a close. I'm sad and happy at the same time. We might be super-moms, but we can't stop time.

I grew up with a crying mother. She cried at everything—sad things and happy things. I swear, the woman was always crying, and still does to this day. As a child, I constantly wondered how she still managed to have tears left inside her. Hadn't she gone dry?

Well, today I realized the definition of mom tears. I suppose it's the heart's way of being so full, that it overflows.

[About Nadine](#)

Nadine Bubeck is a multi-media personality, author, [blogger](#), PR pro, speaker, and blessed boy [mom](#). The TV News anchor turned all things mama contributes to numerous publications and is often utilized on TV as a [parenting](#) expert. Her niche: everything [mom](#), [baby](#), [toddler](#), [child](#), and family. She is the founder and owner of All Things Mama Media, LLC, the parent company for [All Things Mama TV](#), [BoyMamas.com](#), and more.

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