



*Dear Chrissie Michael,*

*As your graduation gets nearer, the "senior" moments become more frequent—those times when it hits me how much I'll miss being a part of your daily life next year. What will I do with all of my free time on football, basketball, and baseball nights? I'll miss the phone calls at 10 or 11 p.m. after every practice, asking, "Mom, I'm hungry, what's for supper?"*

*And don't forget the added, "Mom I've got homework."*

*But I wouldn't trade any of those times. One quote I think about daily is "Life is not a dress rehearsal." Too often people express regrets about not spending enough time with their children. There are some things I'd do differently, but you and I will both agree we've given 100% to reach this milestone in your life. After all, you can't expect others to give any more than you're willing to give.*

*Aren't you tired of my mini-sermons by now? You've only heard about two million in your life. I learned long ago that yelling at you would never accomplish anything, but if I gave you a logical reason (sometimes only logical to the two of us), you'd listen to anything I said—maybe not agree, but really listen.*

*I have to keep in mind that your life is really just beginning. I've had eighteen years to prepare you for just this. And you know to always count on the Lord. So the stage is set. I showtime! Give it all you've got because you never know who may be watching you, besides me, of course! Let life after high school begin, but remember LIFE IS NOT A DRESS*

*REHERSAL!*

*I love you,  
Mom*

