
HOPE Newsletter - Issue 16

This Mother's Reaction to Her Son's Fit of Anger Can Teach Us All a Lesson in Parenting

November 28, 2016 by [Kathleen Fleming](#)

This story from mom and blogger Kathleen Fleming of [Majestic Unicorn](#) about her son accidentally breaking a mirror in the house is absolutely inspiring.



This was my hallway last Wednesday.

Broken. Sharp. Treacherous.

This was my hallway.

It was my son who did this.

Sometimes, often really, things break — irreparably. And it takes your breath away . . . straight away.

It took my breath away when my son stormed into the bathroom, frustrated, angry, fed-up for his very own, very significant to him, reasons. And when he chose to SLAM the bathroom door, causing the heavy mirror mounted to the front to slip out of the hardware holding it in place and crash onto the floor — a million, BROKEN pieces were left reflecting the afternoon light.

I was quiet. I surveyed the damage and took a deep breath. Put the dog outside so he wouldn't cut his feet, put the cat in the basement for the same reason.

I walked into the backyard and felt the hot tears streaming down my face. It's amazing how alone you can feel as a single parent in moments like these. I realized how scared and disappointed I felt. Did this really just happen? Yes. This was real.

And as I stood and considered whether or not this was an indication of his developing character, I heard his tears through the window above me, coming from inside the bathroom.

His soul hurt. This was not what he expected either. Hello, Anger — I don't remember inviting you into my house.

Scary.Terrified.Ashamed.Worried.Scared.

Deep breath, #MamaWarrior. Deep breath. That small, fragile soul needs you right now. He needs your very best. Your biggest compassion. Your most gentle and firm mama love and reassurance. More deep breaths. Go Mama.

Go. Go now. Go open the front door, tiptoe through the broken glass, hear him hearing you coming, watch the bathroom door crack open, see the face you love most in the world red with worry and wet with tears, his voice is suddenly so small: "Mama, I'll never do it again, I am SO sorry." More tears. More weeping. Such uncertainty on his sweet face.

Go Mama. Get him. Go now. Scoop him into your lap. Yup, you're crying too. Damn this was big. Hold him tight. Watch how he curls into a ball in your arms so quickly. See

how eager he is to be loved by you. To be reassured by you. See how small he still is. See how fragile that spirit is.

I love you.

You are safe.

I am right here.

The worst part is over now.

I've got you.

I'm here.

I love you.

Go Mama. Tell him about Anger. Tell him now. Anger is a really powerful feeling. You have a right to your Anger. Anger burns hot. It can purify. It can also destroy. He nods. He feels it. He's met Anger now.

There's a better way to show your big feelings.

We'll work on it together . . . tomorrow.

I'm here to help you.

You are safe.

You are never alone in your anger.

You are never alone in your fears.

I'm here. We're here together.

Now we will clean together.

And we cleaned up the broken pieces. We swept and we vacuumed. It was quiet work. It was careful work. It was thoughtful work.

Sometimes things break. Sometimes we break them. It's not the breaking that matters, the how or why. What matters is how we choose to respond to the broken-ness. Does it kill us? Does it throw us into a downward spiral of blame and punishment?

OR

Does it help us remember how to love deepest? Does it push us towards compassion and over the hurdle of "rightness" and "wrongness" into LOVENESS?

Yes. **LOVENESS.**

- Go Mama. Go now. Get that baby of yours. Teach that. Show that. Live that. It's called LOVENESS. Go. Now.

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