

I have never called Mma Tsholo my host mother because she is younger than I am, but she certainly has the traits of a wonderful mother. She welcomed us into the family home with few words, sincere smiles and enough English to make it clear that this was to be my husband's and my home away from home for the next two months.

It was important for her house to be a true home, filled with touches of caring about its eye appeal and all the attention and contents that create the warmth of home. It is a home filled with love, acceptance, and sharing. It is tidy enough to allow ready access to daily needs, but not so spotless as to make anyone worry over misplacing something or leaving a drop on the counter from the coffee spoon. Just like the 1950s TV moms, she made sure we had milk for morning cereal and bread for our lunches. She remembered each family member's likes and dislikes, but never complained about this foreigner's attempts to make a meal in her kitchen.

Mma Tsholo is too young to be my mom, but her love and warmth certainly reminded me of my own mother who passed away not long before my husband and I joined this Peace Corps. For the most part, moms all over the world, present and past, biological and adopted, intentional and accidental are what keeps this beautiful and fragile planet from spinning off its axis. If we've had one that loves us we are at the very least fortunate. If our daughters become one of these remarkable women, we are richly blessed. As for me, I am both and am filled with gratitude.

I am wishing my 'host mom' a joyous Mother's Day.

Submitted by Shannon Commers
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