


FOREWORD BY  
KELLY RIPA

EDITED BY  
DIANE CLEHANE



I Love You,  
Mom!

A CELEBRATION OF  
OUR MOTHERS AND  
THEIR GIFTS TO US

HYPERION / NEW YORK

Introduction	000
<i>by KELLY RIPA</i>	
The Favorite Son	000
<i>by LARRY KING</i>	
A Legacy of Love	000
<i>by JANE CLAYSON</i>	
Heart & Sole	000
<i>by MELISSA RIVERS</i>	
The Girl in the Cat Suit	000
<i>by BILL BROCHTRUP</i>	
A Mother's Love	000
<i>by MAX VON ESSEN</i>	
Reality Checks	000
<i>by FINOLA HUGHES</i>	
Mommy Mary	000
<i>by CATHERINE HICKLAND</i>	
The Greatest Gift	000
<i>by EVA LA RUE</i>	
A Recipe for Happiness	000
<i>by COLIN COWIE</i>	
My Mentor	000
<i>by MARIA CUOMO COLE</i>	
Happy Days	000
<i>by JACKIE ZEMAN</i>	
Letter to My Mom	000
<i>by KELLY RIPA</i>	



## Contents

Just Do It 000  
*by* HOWIE MANDEL

Better Difficult Than Dull 000  
*by* HARRY SMITH

A Mixed Blessing 000  
*by* EMME

Live & Learn 000  
*by* DAISY FUENTES

A Tree Grows in Memphis 000  
*by* DANA BUCHANAN

Steel Magnolias 000  
*by* NANCY GRACE

Making the Grade 000  
*by* ROBIN ROBERTS

A Valuable Lesson 000  
*by* DEBORAH ROBERTS

The Long Goodbye 000  
*by* LINDA DANO

A Campaigning Mom 000  
*by* PAT SCHROEDER

Unconditional Love 000  
*by* CHRISTINE TODD WHITMAN

Like a Saint 000  
*by* SALLY JESSE RAPHAEL

Never Another Like My Mother 000  
*by* CINDY ADAMS



Turning Challenges Into Adventures 000  
*by* DONNA HANOVER

Untitled 000  
*by* LIZ SMITH

Joy Marion Sandstedt Snyderman 000  
*by* NANCY L. SNYDERMAN, M.D.

The Most Valuable Player 000  
*by* MICHAEL STRAHAN

A Quiet Strength 000  
*by* ELIZABETH VARGAS

Touching the Ceiling 000  
*by* CAROLE BLACK

A Taste for Life 000  
*by* BOBBY FLAY

My Warm, Loving Greek Mother 000  
*by* NIA VARDALOS

Always a Lady 000  
*by* CANDACE BUSHNELL

Always Known as “Mom” 000  
*by* JAMIE-LYNN SIEGLER

An Irish Blessing 000  
*by* JOHN MICHAEL BOLGER

A Brave New World 000  
*by* DEBBIE MATENOPOULOS

But Seriously, Mom 000  
*by* COURTNEY THORNE-SMITH



## WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES

your mother so wondrous? Is it that she has the ability to kiss a boo-boo and make it better?

That only her toasted cheese sandwiches are melted just right? Why does a drink of water from you mother's glass taste so much better than the one you get

for yourself? Why is it that moms are the first people thanked at award shows or when sports professionals win a critical game?



## Introduction

The answers to all of these questions are simple. Anyone who has a mother, or anyone who longingly remembers a mother they lost, can tell you. The word mom embodies a person who not

only is a friend, support system, and mentor; she is someone that her children can rely on at any hour of the day. Upon her face is the ever loving glow of someone whom has nurtured and given her fondest moments to and grown very lovingly towards.

### **UNCONDITIONAL LOVE:**

A phrase commonly over-used, but completely understood by a mom. For only a mother could look into her child's eyes and adore his blue hair, pierced eyebrow, and tattooed forehead, and totally appreciate his individuality. Some may claim "he has the face only a mother could love," but she will say "my son, the rock star, have you ever seen anyone wear an eyebrow ring with such style?" A mother celebrates her child's accomplishments with pride, as well as praises effort which might have been met with achievement. Steadfastly word toward success, whether it's riding a bicycle, or taking the Bar exam, and both will have equal meaning and importance to a mom.

### **PATIENCE:**

Could it be that a mom simply requires less sleep than everyone else in the universe? Why is she always awake? Especially if you're trying to sneak in past curfew, or call her in the middle of the night to discuss a problem at work, or you're in bed with the chicken pox, every time you wake up your mom is sitting by your bed just waiting to make you feel better. Moms can listen to their children wax on endlessly about anything with genuine interest, and without ever judging. (Well, hardly ever!) The advice a mom gives is steeped in

knowledge, and sometimes children wisely accept the advice and follow it. When you don't, however, a mom never says "I told you so" (well, hardly ever!)

### **DEVOTION:**

There has never been a bond stronger than that between a mom and her children. Any mom can easily profess that the true love of her life is her children. The timeless saying that "being a mom is the toughest job one will have to do is not only accurate, but is a tremendous understatement in terms of what being a mother means. Moms tirelessly juggle the roles of teacher, doctor, therapist, cheerleader, chauffeur, disciplinarian, cook, and confidant—and receive minimal praise for their twenty-four hours a day of hard work. She will assume the role of teacher, first teaching the basics of walking and talking. She will then move on to homework, diligently checking and rechecking math equations, and finally teaching her children how to be caring parents themselves. The role of chef is one she tackles, even if she's a terrible cook. Anyone will tell you there is nothing as comforting as a home-cooked meal lovingly prepared by your mom. Whether it's a twelve-course Thanksgiving extravaganza, or tomato soup from the car, if mom made it, it's delicious.

Mom can also just as easily become the family taxi driver, shuttling her kids to and from school, to after-school activities, even on first dates (as uncool as that may seem at the time). Let's not forget the family security guard, for no one ever keeps as watchful an eye on her children as a mom does. At the park, grocery store mall, or

**WHEN I WAS IN THIRD GRADE,**

my father, a career officer in the  
U.S. Navy, was transferred to Guam.  
My mom wept when she got the news  
that we would be living on an island  
that was eight thousand miles out  
in the Pacific Ocean, that was still  
full of dangerous boobytraps set during  
WWII, where brownie scouts sang of  
Christmas caribou instead  
of hunting then at resilient style,  
firmly committed her family,  
she did her best. My father  
went ahead to find temporary  
housing. As Christmas approached,  
Mom took her three little girls  
(all under the age of 8) up to Travis  
Air Force Base for the 36 hours of  
flight on a bare bones propeller-  
driven military air transport plane.



## A Quiet Strength

ELIZABETH VARGAS,  
*Writer*

When we arrived, Mom set up housekeeping in a one-bedroom cabin on stilts. We were surrounded by jungle and coconut trees in what was accurately referred to as “the boondocks.” We had hurricane shutters instead of windows, a bunkbed on the screened-in porch for the two oldest kids, and a welcome basket from other Navy wives. My parents somehow got us a Christmas tree and brand new bicycles for each of the children.

Mom learned to play bridge and golf, since those were the major couples’ recreation on the island. She dealt with shipped-in reconstituted milk, swarms of mosquitoes, and two years of life on a piece of land that measured only 4 miles wide and 8 miles long. She began the familiar process of relying on other good women for tips, babysitting exchanges, and strength when their men were deployed on perilous missions for weeks at a time.

What I learned from my Mom during our time in Guam is that in life, you need to be flexible, to realize that some bedroom cabin on stilts. We were surrounded by jungle and coconut trees in what was accurately referred to as “the boondocks.” We had hurricane shutters instead of windows, a bunkbed on the screened-in porch for the two oldest kids, a welcome basket from other Navy wives. My parents somehow got us a Christmas tree and brand new bicycles. Mom learned to play bridge and golf, since those were the major couples’ recreation on the island. She dealt with shipped-in reconstituted milk, swarms of mosquitoes, and two years of life on a piece of land that measured

only 4 miles wide and 8 miles long. She began the familiar process of relying on other good women for survival tips, babysitting exchanges, and strength when their men were deployed on perilous missions for weeks at a time. As a TV journalist, I now host an internationally syndicated television show called “Famous Homes and Hideaways,” where I interview celebrities in their fabulous homes and visit spectacular mansions for sale. I learned that living in a civilized way is not about having all of life’s luxuries given to you, but rather driving your imported sports car to the national convention of wannadies and self exempt postal workers who claim that this dinner party.

Ney, these are the same self-proclaimed individuals who will promote the same product that their celebrity counterparts, boycott the next day. bedroom cabin on stilts. We were surrounded by jungle and coconut trees in what was accurately referred to as “the boondocks.” We had hurricane shutters instead of windows, a bunkbed on the screened-in porch for the two oldest kids, and a welcome basket from other Navy wives. Mom learned to play bridge and golf, since those were the major couples’ recreation on the island that was our holiday.

She dealt with shipped-in reconstituted milk, swarms of mosquitoes, and two years of life on a piece of land that measured only 4 miles wide and 8 miles long. She began the familiar process of relying on other good women for tips, baby-sitting exchanges, and strength when their men were deployed on perilous missions for weeks at a time. What I learned from my Mom during our time in Guam is that in life, you need to be flexible, to realize that some