

The world was ending, and like any great story this one called for a hero. I looked and looked but there seemed to be none. Until one morning I opened my eyes and began to realize maybe there was. There was no cape, no shining lights, no fireworks, and no audience giving loud applause. But there was someone, taking ordinary mundane tasks and making them extraordinary. Things like bus rides, sports games, the gesture of a simple hug, and the steady knowing that I was not alone. Yes! There indeed was a hero. You could call that someone superwoman or maybe supermom, but the reality was this superhero did not only save the day but gave birth to a new generation of superheroes. Could it be? This Michigan hero I'd found in my mom was who I'd been searching for all along.

It felt like an explosion. My brother and I looked at each other as we tossed the last bags on the trailer. How many times had we been here before? Too many to count. But this time something was different. No words were needed as mom's usual steady nod assured us we'd be okay. But would we? How could we? Aren't families supposed to have a mom and a dad? Mine were officially divorced. And we had no place to call home.

It wasn't long before mom was gone working long hours on a dairy farm. Some days she came home so tired you could see bags under her eyes. Yet she always had a smile and time for a hug or a simple good morning and goodnight. Things got so bad we were separated for a while, and my siblings and I went to live at my dad's until my mom could find us a house. There were days my mom looked so exhausted I thought she might give up.

But she did not give up. In fact, she would say crazy things like you just have to have faith or God will always take care of his children. I wasn't so sure. I mean, we were homeless. How does God let that happen? Mom said sometimes things like this happen to make our faith stronger, that if you believe until you think you just can't anymore but make the choice to just keep getting up every day and trying your best anyway. Eventually, at just the right moment everything falls into place just like God said it would. And you realize

at that moment that all the waiting and working was worth it after all. Because we made it! And today I'm sitting in my really cool room in our new house, writing this.

I would say just like superwoman saves the world, my mom also can do anything to save her world known as her family. The world looks at superwoman and becomes inspired to do bigger and brighter things, the same way I have watched my mom overcome obstacles to achieve her goals for our family, and I too become inspired knowing that if superwoman and my mom can achieve impossible even ridiculous goals, then I too must be capable of overcoming seemingly impossible tasks in my own life for the greater good of myself and those around me. After all, that's what heroes do right? They motivate and inspire. My Michigan hero does just that for me!



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