

A Letter To My Daughters: Your Sister Is The Greatest Gift I'll Ever Give You

 www.bigcitymoms.com/parenting-articles/a-letter-to-my-daughters-your-sister-is-the-greatest-gift-ill-ever-give-you/

Channie Brusie

December 12, 2016

They walk together in front of me, their hands clasped together, heads leaned in, whispering the secrets of sisters and my heart swells with love looking at them.

Because no matter what happens in my life, I feel like I have given the greatest gift of all in giving them each other.

The truth is, parenting is getting a lot harder as my daughter grow. They are now six and eight years old and this parenting game, goodness has it changed. I used to struggle through the days of having just my two daughters at home, the hours stretching out endlessly before us, me wondering if I was doing anything at remotely right for them.

I can't say I was ever a perfect mom and the truth is, those days back when they were babies and toddlers (my first two girls are exactly two years and two days apart) were very hard for me. But I couldn't have predicted where those days of diapers and potty training and tea parties would lead us — to here, years later, when I look at my girls and feel my breath whisked right out from within me when I realize how lucky they are to have each other.

Every family is different, of course, and I can't say that they will always be friends, but the fact that these two have each other right now feels like the greatest gift I could have ever given them. To have someone to walk through life with, a sister to call and text and laugh and cry with, to know that whatever happens, you have a best friend?

It's priceless. Looking at them, I am reminded how much I love my own sisters, but as the oldest, with a six and nine year gap between us, I often longed for that close, swap-clothes kind of sister bond. It's something I never got to experience and I'm so glad my girls will get to experience what it means to have a sister:

When they fight like the dickens, but then fall asleep curled up next to each other.

When they steal each other's clothes, then compliment how good the other looks (after they get done demanding to "take it off, right now!")

When they play for hours together.

When they crack each other up, laughing so hard they can't breathe, over something that we have no idea could possibly be so funny.

When they are so very much alike, but so very different.

I know I didn't have a lot of say in the matter, but somewhere, deep down, I knew as soon as I gave birth to my first daughter, that she was destined to have her sister. I knew before I got pregnant again that my next baby would be a girl — I was so convinced, in fact, that we didn't even find out what we were having, but I still insisted that it was a girl. We actually didn't even have a boy's name picked out, that's how sure I was it would turn out to be a girl!

Luckily, everything worked out for the best. I got my girls and my girls got each other. And honestly, I know that not everyone gets that (myself included, although I love my sisters dearly, I'm still the old, boring sister), which makes seeing their bond unfold before me all the more sweeter.

So girls, just remember, any time in the near — probably very near — future when you're mad at your dear old mother, just keep in mind:

I gave you the greatest gift ever. I gave you the gift of a sister.