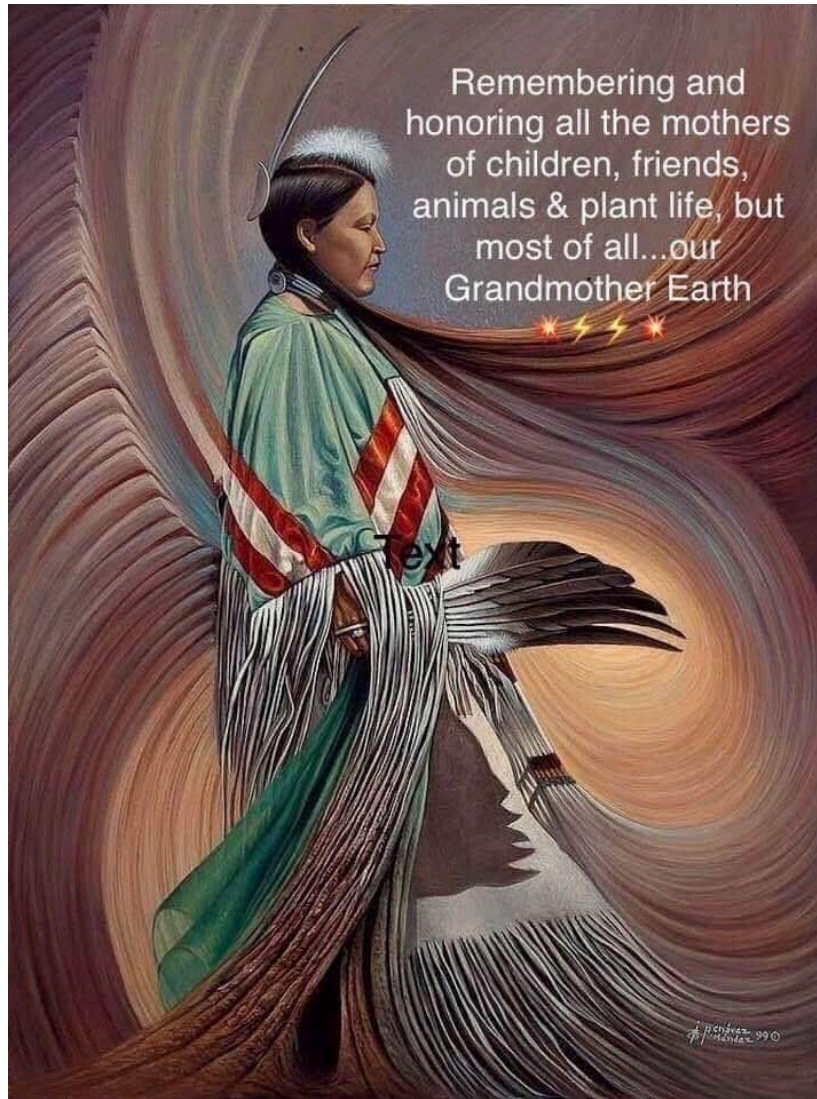


Celebrating Mothers' Day





A crocodile with hundreds of its babies is the wildest photo of the year. The spectacular image of this crocodile, with its babies posing on it, has been captured by wildlife photographer Dhritiman Mukherjee, who has been awarded the 'Wildlife Photographer of the Year' by the

National History Museum in London.



This species of crocodile (freshwater gharial) is critically endangered. Where once there were more than 20,000 specimens in South Asia, the species has now been decimated.





[smithsonianmag.com](https://www.smithsonianmag.com)

[She's the Oldest Common Loon in the World. She Just Had Her 42nd Chick](https://www.smithsonianmag.com)
[Fe, who is at least 38 years old, initially rose to fame as one half of the "resident power couple"](https://www.smithsonianmag.com)
[at Michigan's Seney National Wildlife Refuge](https://www.smithsonianmag.com)

The world's oldest common loon hatched two chicks this year, lengthening her record-setting streak as a successful mother. <https://bit.ly/4dc8HRn>



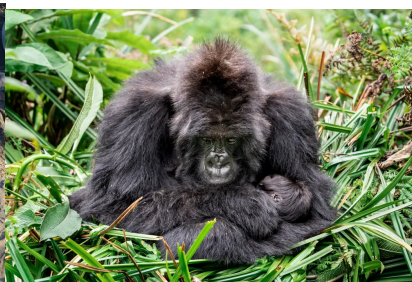
Honoring Our Foremothers



Today, we honor the incredible resilience of Matriarchs all over Turtle Island. Their triumphant stories ignite our spirits, driving us to break the cycles of the past and shape a brighter future. Together, we cultivate love, embracing our Indigenous roots, and empowering our future generations to thrive. Let us celebrate the matriarchs who continue to guide us, creating a legacy of strength, healing, and unity.

Graphic credit: Indigenousmotherhood (Instagram)

[#MothersDay](#) [#IndigenousMotherhood](#) [#BreakingCycles](#) [#Healing](#) [#Matriarch](#)





Koalas *Phascolarctos cinereus* (VU).

A newborn koala, called a joey, resembles a pink jelly bean. It stays in its mother's pouch for seven months, nursing or eating predigested leaves, and remains with her until the next joey is born.



My title. The only one I've ever wanted. Not
given in any college. The only one I ever
wanted I saw in your eyes. When you took
your first breath. I called you by your name.
By the name of your ancestors. From the
stars my song grounded your spirit home.
With me. My title. The only one I ever cared
about. The only one I'll ever care about.

Mom.

abigail echo-hawk

Olalekan Oduntan · The Birth Song Of The Himba, Namibia:

There is a tribe in Africa where the birth date of a child is counted not from when they were born, nor from when they are conceived but from the day that the child was a thought in its mother's mind.

And when a woman decides that she will have a child, she goes off and sits under a tree, by herself, and she listens until she can hear the song of the child that wants to come.

And after she's heard the song of this child, she comes back to the man who will be the child's father, and teaches it to him. And then, when they make love to physically conceive the child, some of that time they sing the song of the child, as a way to invite it.

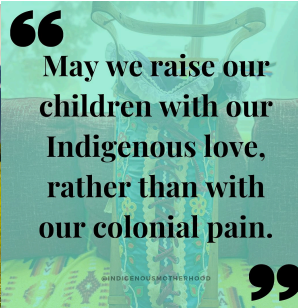
And then, when the mother is pregnant, the mother teaches that child's song to the midwives and the old women of the village, so that when the child is born, the old women and the people around her sing the child's song to welcome it.

And then, as the child grows up, the other villagers are taught the child's song. If the child falls, or hurts its knee, someone picks it up and sings its song to it. Or perhaps the child does something wonderful, or goes through the rites of puberty, then as a way of honoring this person, the people of the village sing his or her song. #Africa #Namibia



She smiles, she lughs, she hurts,
she cries.
She holds it all deep inside
She lives, she flies, she soars
She dies,
She is the one I idolize
She loves, she gives , she cares,
She is
The one I know I will someday
Be
A hero, a mother, a child, a soul,
the woman inside of me.

THE HERO IN ME - Isabelle 10th grade
Mahpiya Luta | Red Cloud





Our Mother Earth wore her Crown on Mother's Day2024