



Cathy Weber-Zunker

will inspire, motivate, and empower

My World

My Playtime

Public speaking. No way! Who would speak for the fun of it? Well... um... I guess I would... It's so much fun!

"What do you know for sure?" The first time I heard this question was on Oprah. She asks people what they know for sure... Jimmy Carter said, "I know for sure that mothers want peace."

...simple and true.

What have I learned for sure? I've learned that simple truths are what life is made of. It is these uncomplicated principles that I tote with me from place to place... universal laws that impact every aspect of our lives... personal... professional... family... friends... but mostly they impact us... inside ourselves.

My Work

Since 1978 I have operated an in-home child care in Alexandria called Munchkin Wonderland. The children have taught me my most important life lessons... the eyes of a child... they see life so clearly... no gray areas... nothing foggy... life is simple and easy through the eyes of a child.

My Three Sons

John, Rob and Tom. Raising them was the most fun thing I've ever done.

I know for sure: that being pregnant is the only chance we have to assist God in a miracle.

Our Grandson

My grandson, Brady, is the best thing I've ever done... that I really didn't have anything to do with. Brady has taught me to walk through alleys in search of treasures. Two years and two months old.

Nap time on a warm, sunny summer afternoon. This little grandbaby shouldn't be having a bottle anymore BUT I'm a grandmother and if he wants a bottle of chocolate milk... then he will have it. I gently lay him in his crib. Even though it's a warm day, he wants to be covered with his fur blanket, the one he's become attached to since Christmas time. With shoes off he is comfortably tucked in, I hand him his bottle of chocolate milk. With the back of my hand I caress his cheek and I say, "Oh Brady, Grandma loves you soooooo much!"

He slowly removed the bottle from his mouth, turned his head toward my hand and kisses it. Not saying a word, he returns to his bottle and nap. Life just doesn't get any better than this.

I know for sure: that your children having children is the ultimate revenge!

My Mom and Dad: A Precious Moment

I stood off to the side in the cool hospital room – the old man's surgery had been somewhat successful – at least he was not left in total blindness – after all, half sight was better than none at all.

The physician at the bedside is talking about choices. Is there care available at home or will a nursing home be needed? The doctor leaves them to themselves to ponder the options. The old man bellows, "Ma!" and then again, "Ma!" ...And the gray-haired woman approaches the patient who has been moved to a chair in spite of intravenous tubes and monitors. This frail little woman sits on the edge of the bed next to the old man and he says in low, confidential tones, "Ma, what do you think? Will we be okay at home?" For a moment the two heads of gray hair touch together – for that instant they are fused as one – and the woman replies in a soft, assured tone, "Oh, I think we'll be okay." It is what the man wanted to hear – for they would go home together one more time.

Standing there in the room, I was an intruder in a conversation between two people who had labored together for nearly half a century – it was a privacy that was none of my business and yet I saw it... not just saw it, but captured it... and put it away in my heart... knowing that at a time forthcoming, I would need it to console my tears...

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Yes, Dad and Mom died this year – Dad in August and Mom in November. They are gone and yet I know that I could not possibly ask for more – for I know full well, that if I asked... for one more conversation... one more dance... one more walk through the yard... and one more apple pie... that one more of everything would still not be enough.

This year I have learned to stop and look deep into the eyes of people that love me.

This year I have learned that being there when someone needs me is the most valuable gift I can give to myself. I thought I was the giver, but I was the receiver.

I know for sure: that I thought I appreciated my Mom and Dad while they were here, but now I know differently.

If there were dreams to sell, what would you buy?

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