

I Used to Hide My Kids on Dating Apps

How I Stopped Apologizing for Being a Mom and Found Someone Who Fell in Love with All of Us

By Sarah

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The Night Everything Changed

Three years ago, I was lying in bed at 11:47 PM, staring at my phone after another disaster of a first date. My 8-year-old daughter Emma was finally asleep after three bedtime stories and two glasses of water, and I should have been relieved to have some quiet time. Instead, I was spiraling.

The guy—let's call him Brad because of course his name was Brad—had seemed perfect on paper. Good job, nice smile, said he loved kids in his profile. But halfway through dinner, when I mentioned that I needed to be home by 9 PM for my babysitter, his whole demeanor changed.

"Oh right," he said, cutting his steak with unnecessary force. "The kid thing. I just don't see myself as a stepdad, you know? I mean, I like kids in theory, but... I'm just not ready for that kind of responsibility."

He said it like Emma was a burden I was trying to trick him into carrying.

I smiled politely, finished my wine, and made an excuse about an early morning. But inside, I was dying. Again.

That night, lying in the dark, I opened my dating app and really looked—I mean *really* looked—at my profile for the first time in months.

There I was in five carefully curated photos:

- Me at a friend's wedding (cropped out her kids)

- Me on a hiking trail (taken during Emma's dad's weekend)
- Me at a restaurant (definitely not anywhere with a kids menu)
- Me at a coffee shop (the fancy one, not the one with the playground)
- Me looking "spontaneous" on a beach (actually a planned solo trip)

Not a single trace of the most important person in my life. Not one hint that I was a mother to the most incredible little girl who makes me laugh every single day, who still crawls into my bed during thunderstorms, who writes me notes that say "Mom you're the best cook in the universe" even when I serve cereal for dinner.

I had erased her. Completely.

And suddenly, I understood why dating felt so exhausting, so fake, so... empty. I wasn't just hiding Emma from potential dates. I was hiding her from myself. I was living like being her mom was something shameful instead of something extraordinary.

That's the night I realized I had to change everything.

My Confession: I Was Ashamed of My Beautiful Life {#my-confession}

Here's what no one tells you about single mom dating: The shame creeps in so slowly, you don't even notice it happening.

It starts innocently enough. You join a dating app, and you think, "I'll just focus on me for now. I'll mention Emma later, once they get to know me."

Then you go on a few dates, and guys seem more interested when they think you're "available" for spontaneous plans. So you start scheduling everything around custody weekends.

Then someone makes a comment about "baggage" or being "complicated," and you think, "Maybe I am asking for too much. Maybe I should be grateful anyone wants to date me at all."

Before you know it, you're living a double life. There's Dating You—carefree, available, uncomplicated. And there's Real You—tired, devoted, beautifully messy with goldfish crackers in your purse and Daniel Tiger songs stuck in your head.

The Lies I Told (To Others and Myself)

"I love to travel" *Reality: My idea of adventure is finding a playground with good coffee nearby.*

"I'm spontaneous" *Reality: I need three days' notice for anything and a confirmed babysitter.*

"I'm looking for someone to share new experiences with" *Reality: I'm looking for someone who won't run when they find out my Saturday nights involve Disney movies and homemade popcorn.*

"I'm just focusing on my career right now" *Reality: I'm building a life around school pickup times and soccer practice.*

The worst part? I started believing my own lies. I started seeing Emma as an obstacle to overcome instead of a gift to share. I started feeling guilty for wanting love when I already had the purest love right in my own home.

The Breaking Point

The breaking point came during a phone call with my sister three months after the Brad incident. I was complaining about another failed date, and she said something that stopped me cold:

"Sarah, you know Emma can hear how you talk about dating, right? What message do you think you're sending her about our family?"

I hung up and walked into Emma's room, where she was coloring at her little desk. She looked up at me with those huge brown eyes and said, "Mom, are you sad because boys don't like us?"

My heart shattered. My beautiful, innocent daughter thought she was the reason I was unhappy. She thought she was keeping me from love instead of being the greatest love of my life.

That's when I knew: I wasn't just hurting my own chances at happiness. I was teaching Emma that our family wasn't worth celebrating.

The "Two-Hour Window" Strategy {#two-hour-window}

Once I decided to change everything, I had to get practical. The biggest challenge wasn't emotional—it was logistical. How do you date as a single mom when you have approximately two hours of free time per week?

Here's what I learned: You don't need more time. You need better systems.

The Backup Babysitter Revolution

This was my game-changer. Instead of relying on Emma's dad's weekends (unreliable) or my mom (guilty every time), I created what I called my "Village System":

Primary Sitter: My neighbor Sarah's teenage daughter. Pays for her car, loves Emma, available most weeknight evenings.

Backup #1: My friend Lisa. We trade babysitting—I watch her kids one weekend, she watches Emma the next.

Backup #2: Emma's friend's mom. Their daughters love sleepovers, and we alternate hosting.

Emergency Option: My mom (but only when she offered, never when I asked).

Suddenly, I went from being available "maybe next Saturday if the stars align" to "I have three possible evenings this week."

The Two-Hour Power Date

I realized I was trying to cram traditional dating into a non-traditional life. So I created a new kind of date that worked for moms:

4:30-6:30 PM Weeknight Dates

- Coffee shop dates during the afternoon rush
- Early dinner at family-friendly restaurants (bonus: I could scout them for future Emma visits)
- Walk in the park before it got dark
- Museum visits during less crowded weekday hours

Why this worked:

- No need for extensive childcare arrangements
- Ended before bedtime routine
- If the date sucked, it was short
- If it went well, we both left wanting more

The "Mom Schedule" Honesty

Instead of hiding my schedule constraints, I made them part of my charm:

Old approach: "Sorry, I can't do Friday. How about... um... let me check my calendar..."

New approach: "I'd love to meet you for coffee Tuesday at 5 PM! I'm usually free weeknights until 7 since that's bedtime in our house."

Notice what happened? I acknowledged Emma without apologizing for her. I set clear boundaries while showing I was organized and intentional about my time.

The right guys found this attractive. It showed I was responsible, had my priorities straight, and valued my time (and theirs).

The "One Date Per Week" Rule

I used to pack in as many dates as possible on my kid-free weekends, thinking quantity would lead to quality. Wrong.

Instead, I limited myself to one meaningful date per week. This meant:

- I was more selective about who I met
- I had energy to be my best self on each date

- I didn't feel guilty about time away from Emma
- Each date felt special, not rushed

Time Management That Actually Worked

Sunday Planning Sessions: 30 minutes to look at the week ahead and identify possible dating windows.

The 15-Minute Profile Rule: If I couldn't decide whether to swipe right in 15 minutes of looking at someone's profile, it was a no.

The Text Test: If someone couldn't hold an engaging conversation via text, they weren't getting my precious two-hour window.

The Logistics Test: If coordinating one date required more than three back-and-forth messages, they weren't organized enough for my life.

What I Actually Said to "I Don't Date Moms" {#what-i-said}

Once I started being honest about Emma from the beginning, the mom-shamers revealed themselves quickly. Instead of seeing this as rejection, I learned to see it as efficient filtering. Here's how I handled the most common comments:

"I don't usually date single moms..."

What I used to say: "Oh, that's okay! I'm very independent. You'd hardly notice I have a kid!"

What I learned to say: "I understand single moms aren't for everyone. I'm looking for someone who sees my daughter as part of what makes me amazing, not something to overlook. Sounds like we're looking for different things."

Why this worked: It positioned Emma as a feature, not a bug. It made clear I wasn't interested in someone who merely "tolerated" my child.

"Your kid must be exhausting."

What I used to say: "Oh, sometimes, but she's pretty easy-going..."

What I learned to say: "She's actually incredible energy in the best way. She keeps me young and reminds me to find joy in small things. She's definitely made me a more patient and fun person."

Why this worked: I redirected the conversation to focus on how Emma enhanced my life instead of defending her existence.

"Do you have time for a relationship?"

What I used to say: "Of course! I have lots of free time!" (Lie)

What I learned to say: "I'm very intentional about my time, which means when I choose to spend it with someone, it's because they're truly special. Quality over quantity has always worked better for me."

Why this worked: I reframed my limited time as selectiveness, not scarcity.

"What if your kid doesn't like me?"

What I used to say: "Don't worry, she likes everyone!"

What I learned to say: "Emma's pretty good at reading people, just like her mom. If we get to the point where you meet her, I'm confident we'll all get along great."

Why this worked: I showed that Emma's opinion mattered to me, and I trusted both of us to make good choices.

"I'm not ready to be a stepdad."

What I used to say: "That's fine! There's no pressure!"

What I learned to say: "I'm not looking for an instant stepdad. I'm looking for someone who might want to build something beautiful with both of us over time. But if that doesn't appeal to you, I totally understand we're not a match."

Why this worked: I acknowledged his feelings while making clear that Emma and I were a package deal, not separate negotiations.

The Power of the Graceful Exit

The most important thing I learned was how to end conversations gracefully when someone revealed they weren't right for us:

"I appreciate your honesty. It sounds like we're looking for different things, but I wish you all the best!"

No arguing. No trying to convince them. No apologizing for who I was.

This simple script saved me so much emotional energy and helped me maintain my confidence. I wasn't trying to win over people who didn't want what I offered. I was looking for my person—someone who would see Emma and think "bonus," not "burden."

How I Rewrote My Profile (And Everything Changed) {#profile-rewrite}

The day I decided to rewrite my dating profile was terrifying. I was essentially coming out of the closet as a mom, and I had no idea what would happen. Would I get fewer matches? Would guys think I was desperate? Would anyone swipe right on the real me?

Here's what I discovered: When you show up authentically, you attract authentic people.

Before and After: My Profile Transformation

OLD BIO: *"Love to travel, try new restaurants, and explore the city. Looking for someone to share new adventures with. Enjoy hiking, good wine, and spontaneous weekend trips. Career-focused but know how to have fun!"*

NEW BIO: *"Mom to an amazing 8-year-old who keeps me on my toes and laughing daily. We love playground adventures, Saturday morning pancakes, and finding the best hot chocolate in the city. I'm building a beautiful life and looking for someone special to share it with. My ideal Saturday night involves good conversation, great company, and being home by 10 PM for bedtime stories."*

The Photos That Changed Everything

OLD PHOTOS:

- Professional headshot
- Me at a bar with friends
- Solo hiking picture
- Beach vacation selfie
- Restaurant photo (wine glass prominently featured)

NEW PHOTOS:

- Me and Emma at the farmer's market (faces both visible and happy)
- Solo photo of me smiling genuinely
- Us at the playground (action shot, full of joy)
- Me reading a book at a coffee shop (showing I have interests beyond Emma)
- Family photo from my sister's wedding (Emma in a cute dress, both of us beaming)

The Results Were Shocking

What I expected: Fewer matches, judgmental messages, guys running for the hills.

What actually happened:

- Fewer matches, but much higher quality
- Messages that mentioned Emma positively
- Guys who asked thoughtful questions about our life
- Men who seemed genuinely interested in getting to know both of us

The Messages That Made Me Cry (Happy Tears)

"Your daughter sounds amazing! I love that you two have morning pancake traditions. What's her favorite kind?"

"The playground photo is so sweet—you both look genuinely happy. I'd love to hear more about what makes you laugh together."

"I have a 6-year-old nephew who I adore. It's clear Emma is lucky to have such a devoted mom."

"10 PM bedtime stories sound perfect to me. I'm usually in bed by then anyway!"

These weren't guys trying to tolerate my daughter. These were men who saw our relationship as something beautiful worth celebrating.

The Secret Ingredient: Specificity

The magic wasn't just in mentioning Emma—it was in the specific, joyful details:

Generic: "I have a daughter" **Specific:** "Mom to an amazing 8-year-old who keeps me laughing daily"

Generic: "Family is important to me" **Specific:** "Our Saturday morning pancake tradition is sacred"

Generic: "Looking for someone who likes kids" **Specific:** "Looking for someone who might enjoy our hunt for the city's best hot chocolate"

The specificity did two things:

1. It helped genuine, family-oriented men picture themselves in our life
2. It filtered out men who saw children as abstract concepts rather than real people

What I Learned About Authenticity

Being authentic didn't mean oversharing or making Emma the only topic. It meant presenting a full picture of who I was—which included being a devoted mom AND having my own interests and personality.

The right person wouldn't fall in love with just the mom version of me or just the woman version of me. They'd fall in love with the complete package: a woman who happened to be an amazing mother, who had created a beautiful life, who had love to give and room to grow.

The Mindset Shift That Changed Everything {#mindset-shift}

The external changes—new photos, honest bio, better time management—were important. But the real transformation happened inside my head. I had to completely rewire how I thought about myself, Emma, and what I deserved in love.

From "Damaged Goods" to "Premium Package"

For the longest time, I saw myself through the lens of what was "wrong" with me:

- I had baggage (Emma)

- I was complicated (custody schedules)
- I was high-maintenance (bedtime routines)
- I was used goods (been married before)

The mindset shift that changed everything was this: **What if everything I thought was wrong with me was actually what made me extraordinary?**

New mindset:

- I had bonus love to give (Emma taught me about unconditional love)
- I was organized and reliable (managing a household made me efficient)
- I had clear priorities (I knew what mattered most)
- I was experienced in commitment (I knew how to build a life with someone)

The "Catch List" Exercise

I made a list of everything that made me a catch, specifically because I was a mom:

1. **I know how to love unconditionally** - Emma taught me that love isn't just a feeling, it's a daily choice and action.
2. **I'm incredibly patient** - Try reasoning with a 7-year-old about why she can't wear a tutu to school in December. I can handle anything.
3. **I'm creative and fun** - I've mastered the art of making ordinary moments magical.
4. **I'm financially responsible** - I've been supporting two people on one income. I know how to budget and prioritize.
5. **I'm emotionally mature** - I've worked through my own issues in therapy because I wanted to be the best mom possible.
6. **I don't play games** - I don't have time for drama or mixed signals. I communicate directly and honestly.
7. **I know what I want** - I'm not dating out of boredom or desperation. I know exactly what kind of partnership I want to build.
8. **I'm nurturing but not needy** - I know how to take care of people without losing myself.

The "Emma Advantage"

Instead of seeing Emma as a limitation, I started seeing her as my secret weapon in finding the right person:

Emma was my character test. Any man who met her could reveal his true nature within minutes. Was he kind to children? Patient with questions? Comfortable with noise and energy? Did he light up around kids or seem annoyed?

Emma was my authenticity meter. Kids have amazing intuition about people. If Emma felt comfortable with someone, it was usually because they were genuinely good people.

Emma was my priority filter. Anyone who couldn't understand that she came first wasn't someone I wanted to build a life with anyway.

Emma was my joy amplifier. The right person wouldn't just tolerate our morning dance parties and bedtime stories—they'd want to join in.

Reframing the "Baggage" Narrative

Every single person has a history. Some people have ex-girlfriends, demanding careers, elderly parents, financial stress, emotional wounds, or geographical limitations. I had Emma.

The difference was that my "baggage" was actually the best part of my life.

Other people's baggage: Things they wish they could change or leave behind **My "baggage":** The most beautiful relationship I'd ever built, the source of my greatest growth, the reason I became the woman I was proud to be

When I started thinking about Emma this way, I stopped apologizing for her existence and started celebrating what she brought to my life—and what she could bring to the right person's life too.

The Abundance Mindset

I had been dating from a place of scarcity: "Who will want me with all my complications?"

I shifted to abundance: "The right person is going to feel so lucky to find us."

This wasn't about becoming arrogant or unrealistic. It was about recognizing that I had a lot to offer and that the right person would see that immediately.

Scarcity thinking: "I should be grateful anyone wants to date me." **Abundance thinking:** "I'm choosing to share my amazing life with someone worthy of it."

Scarcity thinking: "I need to convince him I'm worth the complications." **Abundance thinking:** "If he can't see my worth, he's not my person."

Scarcity thinking: "Maybe I'm asking for too much." **Abundance thinking:** "I know what I deserve, and I'm not settling for less."

The Permission to Be Selective

Being a single mom actually gave me permission to be incredibly selective in ways I never was when I was single and childless.

I couldn't afford to waste time on:

- Men who weren't serious about building a life together

- People who were still figuring out what they wanted
- Anyone who saw children as anything less than a blessing
- Men who couldn't communicate clearly and honestly
- People who didn't share my values about family and commitment

This selectiveness wasn't limiting—it was liberating. It meant every date I went on was with someone who had real potential to be part of our beautiful life.

Meeting Him: When Everything Finally Clicked {#meeting-him}

His name is David, and he wasn't at all what I thought I was looking for.

I had this image in my head of my perfect match: tall, outdoorsy, probably divorced with kids of his own so he'd "get it." Someone who looked like he belonged in a camping gear catalog and spent weekends coaching little league.

David is 5'8", works in accounting, has never been married, and his idea of outdoor adventure is reading on a park bench. He's quiet, thoughtful, and gets excited about obscure documentaries.

On paper, we made no sense. In real life, we were perfect.

The First Message

His first message to me was three sentences long, but it told me everything I needed to know:

"Hi Sarah, I loved the pancake tradition you mentioned in your profile. My mom and I had Saturday morning waffles when I was growing up, and those are still some of my best childhood memories. What's Emma's favorite kind of pancake?"

He didn't ignore Emma or try to redirect the conversation to "adult" topics. He connected with our tradition and asked about her specifically. He saw her as a person worth knowing, not an obstacle to navigate.

The First Phone Call

We texted for three days before he asked if he could call me. Not many guys do that anymore, but David was old-fashioned in the best ways.

"I hope this doesn't sound weird," he said after we'd been talking for twenty minutes, "but I keep thinking about what you said about Emma making you a more patient person. I work with kids sometimes through my church, and I've noticed that parents often become the best versions of themselves through loving their children. It sounds like that's what happened with you."

I had never heard anyone articulate it that way before. He saw Emma's impact on me as something beautiful, not burdensome.

The First Date

We met at a coffee shop on a Tuesday at 5 PM—right in my sweet spot. I was nervous but excited, which was different from the anxious dread I usually felt before dates.

David was already there when I arrived, reading a book about urban planning. He looked up when I walked in, and his whole face lit up. Not just polite recognition—genuine happiness to see me.

"You look exactly like your photos," he said, standing to greet me. "I mean, you look beautiful. I just meant... some people don't, and you do. Look like your photos, I mean."

He was nervously rambling, and it was adorable.

We talked for two hours straight. About everything. His job, my job, our families, our childhoods, our dreams. And yes, about Emma. But naturally, woven throughout the conversation, not as a separate topic that needed to be "handled."

When I mentioned that I needed to get home for bedtime stories, he didn't look disappointed. He looked thoughtful.

"What's her favorite book right now?" he asked.

"She's obsessed with this series about a girl detective. Very advanced for her age, but she loves mysteries."

"Smart kid," he said. "I loved Encyclopedia Brown when I was her age. Same concept—kid solving mysteries."

He wasn't just being polite. He was genuinely interested.

The Text That Night

At 10:30 PM, after Emma was asleep, my phone buzzed:

"Thank you for such a wonderful evening. I haven't enjoyed talking to someone that much in... maybe ever. I hope Emma liked tonight's story. Sleep well, both of you."

Both of us. He was already thinking of us as a unit, and it felt natural, not forced.

Meeting Emma

We dated for six weeks before I introduced them. I wanted to be sure David was going to stick around, and I wanted Emma to understand that he was important to me.

I was terrified. Emma had only met one other guy I'd dated, and she'd been politely indifferent to him. What if she didn't like David? What if he was awkward with her? What if the magic we had as adults disappeared when we became a trio?

We planned something low-pressure: Saturday morning at the farmer's market, followed by the playground if things went well.

David showed up with a small bag of roasted nuts from his favorite vendor. "I thought Emma might like to try these," he said. "But no pressure if she doesn't want to."

Emma was shy at first, hiding behind my legs while David and I looked at produce. But then she noticed he was wearing a t-shirt with a constellation map on it.

"Do you know about stars?" she asked.

"A little bit," David said, crouching down to her level. "Do you?"

"I know the Big Dipper and Orion. Mommy showed me."

"Those are two of the best ones to start with. Your mom is a good teacher."

And just like that, they were talking. Not David trying too hard to win her over, not Emma performing for attention. Just two people getting to know each other.

At the playground, David pushed Emma on the swings while I organized our farmer's market purchases. I watched them together—Emma chattering about school, David listening intently and asking follow-up questions—and something inside my chest just... opened up.

This was what I had been looking for without knowing how to name it. Not someone who tolerated my daughter, but someone who appreciated her. Someone who saw her as I did: funny, smart, worth knowing and loving.

The Moment I Knew

Three months into dating, David got food poisoning. He was supposed to come over for dinner, but he called that morning to cancel, obviously miserable.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I know we don't get that many evenings together, and I hate to waste one."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "Do you need anything? Soup? Ginger ale?"

"I'll be fine. Tell Emma I'm sorry I'll miss her math homework exhibition."

The week before, Emma had been excited to show David a particularly challenging word problem she'd solved. It was such a small thing, but he remembered.

That evening, Emma asked where David was. When I explained he was sick, she made him a get-well card with a drawing of the three of us at the farmer's market.

"Can we bring it to him?" she asked.

So we did. We left the card at his door with some homemade soup, not wanting to risk getting him more germy.

The next morning, I found a text: *"Thank you for the soup and the card. Emma's drawing is on my refrigerator. I can't wait to feel better so I can see my girls again."*

My girls. Not "you and Emma" or "you guys." My girls.

That's when I knew we were going to be okay. More than okay. We were going to be a family.

Your Turn: How to Start Dating Like the Catch You Are {#your-turn}

If you've read this far, I'm guessing something in my story resonated with you. Maybe you're where I was three years ago—hiding your kids, apologizing for your beautiful life, wondering if you'll ever find someone who sees you as more than just a mom with "baggage."

Here's what I want you to know: You don't have to choose between being a devoted mother and finding deep, lasting love. You can have both. You deserve both.

But you have to be willing to change how you're approaching dating. You have to be willing to show up as your whole self, kids included.

Step 1: Do the Inner Work

Before you change a single photo or rewrite your bio, you need to change how you think about yourself.

Make your own "Catch List." Write down everything that makes you amazing specifically because you're a mom. Include the skills, the emotional growth, the priorities, the love you have to give.

Identify your non-negotiables. What kind of partner do you want? What values must they share? What kind of relationship with your children are you looking for?

Practice the abundance mindset. Instead of "Who will want me?", ask "Who deserves me?"

Step 2: Rewrite Your Story

Look at your dating profile like it's a story about your life. What story are you telling? Are you the star of your own story, or are you hiding in the background?

Show your whole life. Include photos and descriptions that show you're a mom AND show your individual personality.

Be specific. Instead of generic statements, include details that help the right person picture themselves in your life.

Lead with joy. Focus on what you love about your life, not what's complicated about it.

Step 3: Date Strategically

You don't have unlimited time or emotional energy. Use both wisely.

Create systems for childcare that don't depend on one person or one arrangement.

Be selective about who gets your time. If someone can't communicate clearly or show genuine interest in your whole life, they don't make the cut.

Plan dates that work for your life. Short weeknight dates can be more meaningful than long weekend adventures.

Step 4: Handle the Haters with Grace

Not everyone will be right for your life. That's not rejection—that's efficient filtering.

Practice your responses to common single mom comments before you need them.

Stay confident in your worth. Anyone who sees your children as anything less than a blessing isn't your person.

Don't try to convince people who aren't interested. Save your energy for those who are excited about you.

Step 5: Trust the Process

It might take longer to find your person when you're dating authentically. That's okay. Quality over quantity, remember?

Celebrate the small wins. Every genuine conversation, every person who responds positively to your kids, every date where you feel like yourself—these are victories.

Stay patient. The right person is looking for you too. When you're both showing up authentically, you'll find each other.

Keep your standards high. You're not looking for someone who will settle for your life. You're looking for someone who will celebrate it.

A Final Thought

Three years ago, I thought being a single mom made me less desirable. Today, I know it made me more discerning. I couldn't waste time on casual relationships or people who weren't serious about building a life together. I had to find someone who was ready for real love, real commitment, real partnership.

Emma didn't make me harder to love. She helped me find someone worthy of the love I had to give.

David tells me all the time that Emma is part of what made him fall for me. "I loved seeing how you were with her," he says. "I loved seeing the kind of person you became around her. I knew if you could love her that way, you could love me that way too."

Last month, Emma asked if David was going to be her stepdad. "I don't know, sweetheart," I said. "Would you like that?"

"Yeah," she said simply. "He's good at bedtime stories too. And he always remembers to ask about my math homework."

From the mouths of babes.

Your story isn't over, mama. Your greatest love might still be coming. But this time, when love finds you, it's going to love all of you—kids, chaos, beautiful complications and all.

You don't have to hide anymore. You're ready to be found.

Thank you for reading my story. If it helped you even a little bit, please share it with another single mom who might need to hear it. We're all in this together.

With love and solidarity, Sarah

Resources and Next Steps

Ready to dive deeper? Check out my other guides:

- "You're Not Damaged Goods: Rebuilding Your Self-Worth After Divorce"
- "Red Flags for Single Moms: How to Spot the Wrong Guys Fast"
- Emergency Response Scripts for Single Mom Dating

Questions? Email me at sarah@hidingmykids.com. I read every message personally.

Connect with other single moms who are dating authentically in our private Facebook group: [Link]

Remember: You're not broken. You're not too much. You're not asking for too much. You're a catch, and the right person is going to feel so lucky to find you.