

Dear Tori,

There is an older woman, a widow, who is in great pain, right now. She has recently lost her husband, and now, she has lost her daughter and grandchildren. She rambles around in her big house, alone and lonely without them. Her husband, who died a few years ago, will never return to her. Her daughter has turned her back on her, and prevents her from having a connection to her grandchildren.

If you had the power to help this woman, wouldn't you do it, in a heartbeat.

Of course, you do have this power, because as you know, this woman is your own mother, Candy.

Tori, we have never met, and forgive my presumptuousness in reaching out to you. Perhaps you will feel that this is none of my business. But I have watched your family feud play out in public, and it breaks my heart. Like you, I have a high profile celebrity mother. Like you, I make a living on television. Like you, I have two children, and I've had arguments with my mother. I know how painful that can be.

You are young, beautiful, wealthy and famous. You have the blessings of a husband and two adorable kids. You're now a successful author too. Your life is filled with the many blessings you have created for yourself. Open your heart to your mom. She's not perfect. She's made mistakes. Let go of the anger and the old hurts. They are dragging you down, weighing heavily on your soul. Worst of all, they are depriving your kids of the love of their grandmother. I know you want the best for your children, which surely must include Candy's love for them.

As celebrities, we have a special obligation. As Spiderman says, with great power comes great responsibility. Rightly or wrongly, we who live in the public eye are closely watched by millions of people, who emulate us. This is more than just a private dispute. Young women look up to you and think, if Tori Spelling can reject her own mother, so can I. Is that the example you want to set?

President Obama, in his inaugural speech, quoted this Bible passage:

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

Mother's Day is just around the corner. Instead of flowers, extend

your mother an olive branch. Invite her over for a simple brunch with your husband and kids. Raise a glass, have a bite, give her a hug. No cameras, no drama, just you rising above.

Tori, you have the power to heal the hurt. Call your mama.

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