

5-1-2002

My Mother

Anelia Shaheed
NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Shaheed, Anelia (2002) "My Mother," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 9 , Article 75.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol9/iss1/75

This Short Story is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

My Mother

Anelia Shaheed

My mother, what can I say about her? After reading Amy Tan's powerful personal story, "My Mother," I cannot but help think about my relationship with my own mother. At times, I think she is the coolest, most elegant, refined and beautiful person I have ever known, yet at other times, I think she is the most incompetent, backward, naïve human being alive. When I truly think about my relationship with her, though, I know there is not a day that goes by that I don't love her.

Our relationship is quite perplexing. We are opposites in character and intellect. She is perhaps one of the most caring, compassionate and benevolent human beings I have ever known. My mother has sacrificed money, time, and sweat for others, simply out of the goodness of her own heart. What's more, since I was born, she has put everything she wants in life on hold for me. She didn't complete her education, she worked her (excuse my language) "butt" off for me, and what's more she continues to do whatever it takes to give me what I desire. When I sit down and truly think about it, I realize how much she really does love me, how much all her aspirations, desires, and wishes are experienced through me. Yet she has never even asked that I aspire to become more than she ever was. She has asked only that I try. Where this type of love comes from, I'm not

quite sure, but I think it must be a gift from God.

I also realize that I am blessed by this powerful bond between my mother and me. So many children around the world never understand the amazing connection that a mother has for her daughter, and so many today never experience the warmth of a mother's touch. It's when people lose something as valuable as a parent's love that they realize its worth. It is like the saying, "You don't know what you've got till it's gone." Many children today grow up to become adults, and forget the value of their parents. They forget the sacrifices their parents made to make a better life for their children. They forget the hard lessons and hours of loss that their parents gave willingly and wholeheartedly to their children. A child remembers only the arguments and fights, the battles and tears cried over worthless deeds and objects. Children often fail to remember the love. Only after the bond is broken, the love gone, does a child realize what he has lost.

I pray and hope that I do not grow up to become one of those adults who forget their parents' worth. I hope that I never cause the sight of pain in my mother's face. I know that a parent can never stop loving his or her child. I hope that more children never forget to love their parents.