

Reflection essay on my mother

[Life](#), [Love](#)



This essay is about how a perfect mother looks like to me. People say that the perfect mother does not exist, I actually don't know if that is true, but what I do know is that my mother is perfect for me. Everything in my mother is special; the way she dresses, the way she speaks, the way she behaves etc. Somehow they are a part of you, a part of your world, your heart. For me that is my mother. Her voice calms me down. When he leaves for business trips, I feel like a part of me is missing. When he calls me to say hello, he makes everything better in a second.

Just the sound of her voice is what I need from time to time. She is very good with words and almost knows what you want to hear when you are sad. The picture of my mother will ever fade away from my mind. Her curly brown hair with white strands throughout make her look younger than she is. She stands at 5'5 and weighs 145lbs. She has smoky gray eyes that glow when the sun comes up. Her eyes sparkle and change colors depending on her mood. Her eyes and her smile light up my world. Her style of clothing is a little different from other mothers, but I love that about her.

She doesn't let anyone change her mind. She never wears heels because she hates getting dressed up but her favorite shoes of all time are Nike shocks. Being a writer explains her love for book and literature in general. She loves telling stories especially about her childhood and past experiences which she is really good at. She puts her heart and soul into whatever she writes. She has a hard time showing her feelings because of past experiences, but when she writes stories she shows it. It's her way to express herself.

Writing is her way of making her feel better and a way to express herself as a person. Her voice is being heard on paper. My mother is a fantastic cook. You will always find her in the kitchen making some sort of desert. I always used to help her make monkey bread as a little girl. She would always smell like honey and maple syrup. When I was a little girl, I would always remember when she used to tuck me into bed and kiss me goodbye I could always smell maple syrup on her. I love that smell. Even twenty five years later, the smell has never disappeared.

She has the same smell that lingers off of her that brings back so many great memories for me. My mother is the kind of person that does not show her feelings a lot. She keeps her feelings to herself sometimes but when she gets the chance to show us, it's the greatest feeling in the world. She may not kiss or hug us all the time but I always know that she loves us unconditionally. When she does hug us, I feel warm and loved. She doesn't judge what we have done in the past or what we might do; she teaches us lessons that will help us make the right choices in life.

She is the one who is always there for me. If I am having a bad day or just need someone to talk too, she is the first person I run too. She isn't just my mom but she is my best friend. She knows me inside and out. I get most of my looks from my mom which isn't so bad because my mom is beautiful inside and out. I am so lucky that my son has her for a grandma because he will have a great role model to look up to when he gets older. They say you will never forget the person you first laid eyes on. Without them you feel lost

and not yourself. Somehow they are a part of you, a part of your world, your heart.