

Most precious childhood memory essay

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**ASSIGN
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Mothers are always the best gifts we could ever ask for. Their love is of a higher value, as a bond with them begins at conception. A mother is the one person who understands the things we say and do, who always overlooks ones faults and sees the best in us; she is one whose remarkable love inspires us daily, who fills ones heart with gladness in a warm and thoughtful way. A Mother is all these things and the greatest treasure ever known.

My mother was no different from many other mothers around the world, only that she was special because she was mine. Watching her coffin from my sitting position left me crying and asking myself why she had to die so soon. She died trying to save me from that fire that reduced the family house to ashes. Where then would I ever find a mother as courageous, loving and caring? I could not pull my thoughts together as the pain from the reality of the situation clicked in my mind.

I would never see my mother again, yet I was barely ten years old and so used to her presence, protection and assurance. Family members were here to pay their last respects and some tried to stay strong for my sake, but that was not easy. They would cry whenever I took a look, and this would make my tears flow too. The truth was that death had come knocking, and my mother was the victim. The best I could do was study her face immensely when the time to view the body came. This I did for a long time as getting another opportunity of seeing her lovely face was impossible.

Memories from the past kept rushing back to my mind. I thought of the days we would play together, walk to school and read bedtime stories. I had learnt so much from her; cleaning, watering the flowers, washing the dishes and so

much more. I also had thoughts of the fire incident that claimed her life. She came to my room to save me despite the choking smoke and used the only blanket I had, to cover my face from the smoke. The last I saw of her was when we got outside then she fell down and collapsed while I fainted. These thoughts made me cry and cry a lot more. I felt like running to her but then she was not there anymore and her coffin is all I could see.

This day will always remain significant because even though my mother is no longer alive, I got a chance to give her one last look. A chance to give her my final goodbye, she still looked beautiful and at peace while she was put to rest. This memory gives me a reason to hold on and look forward to each new day. I learnt about courage, fighting till the end and sacrifice like my mother did. Most of all is that this childhood memory is significant because it is the only thing about my mother that can never be taken away. Whenever I think of that last glimpse, it feels like am home with her.