

Motherhood essay

[Life](#), [Friendship](#)



Motherhood There are a lot of things I remember from my childhood. Some of them were fond, and others were disheartening. But I am sure that these memories are definitely worth keeping. More importantly, the memories I intend to keep are those involving my mother. During my youth, I consider my mother as one of the most important persons in my life. I grew up in a family where you could not be assured that you're going to have enough food on the table. After a day's worth of school and play, my siblings and I would be hungry.

During those times, I would see my mother just sit with us while we ate. Back then, I did not think that mother was not eating at all. Every time I imagine how she could have curled with hunger in the night made me feel guilty of not sharing my food with her. However, I somehow know that even if I offered mother something to eat, from my share, she would not take it. She would insist that I would be the one to eat it.

I believe, if I persisted, she would make an excuse so that in the end, her children would be satisfied with their needs. However, it wasn't all that bad. When I think about it, there was a time when my father was able to get two jobs. Those were the days when we could eat better, and with mother to share our meals with. Those seemed better days. Also, when I think of my mother, I remember her always disciplining me. She never spoiled me or my siblings. She did not give us everything we wanted.

My heart as a child was partly sad about it. I felt constrained because I could not get my desires. Pressured by friends, I kind of despised her for not trying harder to give me what we wanted. As an adult, I am quite glad that she

didn't because believe I turned out to be a good person. I also remember the time when my brother and I went to a store. He bought a yoyo without telling her. Eventually, she found out that same day. She caught him playing with it.

When she did, she scolded and spanked my brother. He was embarrassed of the situation, and so was I. I believe I felt quite frightened of my mother that day. But that was when I did not think about her reasons. As children we were selfish, especially when we don't get what we want. When we dont get our desires, we would want more. Our stubborn natures will not allow reason of common sense.

As I grew up, I always remember that day. It allowed me to think about how my mother would reprimand me if I did anything wrong. I believe that it was quite a good thing that I was able to gain some fear of my mother.

I realized that if I continue to cling to that moment in my childhood, I try not to do anything that would test her anger, or for her to do what she did to my younger brother. More importantly, even though I knew that my mother would not intentionally hurt me, if I by any way displease her, I would get a rather similar disciplinary action. It was not punishment I fear, but I would rather not get scolded and spanked by my mother. I knew my mother has a short temper, but she was a good influence to my youth. Although my childhood seemed distant, some pictures remained to be clear in my head. Many of those experiences that I still remember up to this day taught me to be a good person. These taught me to never raise my voice or to be mean and hurtful to others.

I realized that my mother was correct. Even though I almost scorned her for limiting my childhood and for not allowing me to do as I pleased, it taught me greater lessons than what I expected. My mind remained closed, until the day I realized I was also going to be a mother. Through my pregnancy, and the birth of my children, she was there. When one of my children died, she was able to give me the comfort I needed. When I suffered a miscarriage, she was there to hold my hand as shivers and pain coursed through my body like heart palpitations.

It hurt, but the pain was relatively because my mother was always at my side. I believe that was when I truly realized how my mother really loved us. Although I suffered harshly through two of my pregnancies, I did not lose hope. In return, I was able to have two girls. These blessings challenged me as a person, and in becoming a good mother to them. However, I knew I should not doubt that I would succeed with this endeavor. I just have to remind myself of my youth when my mother stayed by my side to hold my hand through the hardships.

This is only part of my relationship with my mother. There are still a lot of instances where I know my mother was always there for me. My mother is my greatest influence. I may not fully remember the details of our relationship, only the gentle smile and genuine tears.

But I also know that I should not think too hard about the little or almost unimportant things in my life. What matters is how these things, even the pettiest ones, have moulded me into who I am today. Although these memories seem like a dream, I know that I am not a bad person. Plus, I have

my mother to thank for. I believe my mother was definitely the biggest influence in my life and I wish my little girls would see me the same way when they grow up to be mothers as well.