

# Memoir of mom

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A mother can be both a mentor and a best friend to her little girl. A mom is a person who her daughter can have trust and faith in, someone who one can create a deep mutual bond with. I see my mother as role model. She is inspirational to me because she is an outgoing, funny and enthusiastic person. My Mother is the person who I go to for advice, she is the right person and I know to go to her right away. I'm the only girl in my family and having three brothers can at times be very difficult.

Thinking back through all the struggles and obstacles that have temporarily stood in the way of my happiness, there was always one person who helped me get through whatever hardship I may have been going through at the time; that person was my Mother. My mom always told me " Don't let others affect you deeply, because if they do, you're the one who is going to lose". What she was trying to let me know there was that I should not let gossip hurt me, because if I, or anyone else, pay attention to others then trouble will be knocking at your front door.

I specifically remember one time, when I was in high school as a sophomore and I had a group of friends who just loved talking nonsense about others. If my group of friends saw a girl " not matching" and wearing a foolish outfit, they would criticize that poor student and laugh at them when they'd pass by. I would be embarrassed of their absurdity, so I would just tell them I had to go to my next class. I'll admit it I would also laugh at other people but the only reason I did such a thing was because I wanted to be cool and be part of a group in high school.

My mother always gave me this advice, don't make fun of any other person that crosses your way because if you do then you're not showing respect and

respect is what you want in return. I was that type of student who didn't really have true friends, only fake ignorant drama queens that I had made a space for in my life. Until I decided one day that enough was enough, after what had happened between me and my friends, I blocked them out completely from my life and never said a word to them or even made the slightest hesitation to step into their lives again.

A few months before that, I would be bullied by this girl on my bus, and I didn't have the slightest clue as to why she did that. Afterschool as I walked to my bus, she would yell names at me every day. I would turn around to see who that was and I knew that it was her. Never in my life did I talk to this girl, so I didn't know why she was calling me such rude names. Had I done something to this girl that affected her without me knowing? But then I remembered what my mom said and didn't pay attention to her.

I kept telling my mother that this girl kept calling me names; she asked me "Want me to go and talk to the principal, so the principal can talk to her?" I told my mom "No please, that girl and her friend will think I'm being a snitch." My mom was pretty upset that I told her not to go and talk to the principal. I would repeatedly nag at my mom that they kept bothering me and she would again tell me "Mija, I'll go talk to the principal, so they can stop" and I would reply back no. While this was happening, my so called friends found out that this girl was bothering me.

I thought they would tell her to stop bothering me because that's what friends do right? Well I was wrong, instead of doing that, I found out by my best friends were also talking behind my back. I was enraged by the idea of my friends talking behind my back and I didn't want it to continue. So I told

my mom and dad I was tired of their childish behavior and that I had to take this into my own hands. I told my mom I was going to fight her so she can stop. My mom said that that wasn't a very well thought out idea.

Well eventually I got the chance to fight her, and I took advantage of it. I didn't listen to what my mom had said the previous day and I paid the consequences for my actions. Those consequences were that I got suspended for an entire week, preventing me to go to my Six Flags Great America trip. Looking back I regret not listening to my mother's advice, because that same week I would of been having fun at Great America and not at home making up labs for the roller coasters and timing them in a YouTube video.

Since that day, I have always listened to my mother's guidance and intelligence. The best part that I love about my mother is that I can talk to her like she's my sister, because she acts like one of us my brothers and I; very cool, calm and optimistic. Also what's funny about us is that we are always told if we're sisters and my mother would start laughing and say yes to that person and I would get mad. I don't know why, but I think about it and I shouldn't be getting mad.

That's my mother and they're telling her that she's a young beautiful woman and it makes me happy when I see her laugh. I love my mother; I can say she is a one of a kind that I would never want to lose. We have this kind of emotional connection, because if one of us is sad and feels like crying, we feel the sadness in us and we're there crying next to each other like mother and daughter should be; taking care of each other, making sure we're okay.