

Remembrance

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Elizabeth Fregia Ms. Mello English 1301-80 11-02-2009 Word count 583 I

Love You in Spite 3 My mother has been gone now for almost seven years, yet the memories of her can bring back extreme joy and sometimes make me lugubrious. I vowed I would never be like her when I was a children. With that said there are many aspects of my life I owe too her. My mother was a highly intelligent woman, and extremely gifted pianist, who developed wanderlust late in life. With all her accomplishments in life, she failed miserably when it came to being a good mother.

5My mother had the privilege of attending privet catholic schools all her academic life. She was extremely intelligent and graduated at age sixteen, much before the other children in her class. I, on the contrary, was forced to attend seventeen schools from the fifth grade through twelfth; always playing catch up in school. I never establish a foundation of good educational skills. In spite of the pit, falls I found myself somehow graduating on time.

7The love of music I inherited from my mother. My mother an accomplished pianist, taking lesson from age four, played Carnegie hall at a very early age. I remember her telling stories of practicing two to three hours a day and attending the Julliard School of music in New York City. As an adult, she continued to play and even taught my older siblings to play the piano. However, when her mother died she stopped playing and never played again. Therefore, she never taught me to play the piano. I am assuming that her mother was the driving force behind her piano accomplishments.

Although I never learned to play the piano, I love music, especially classical music.

12Traveling became a large part of my adolescents. By the time, I reached age twelve my mother had remarried, and we began to travel up and down

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the East coast. I spent the first twelve years of my life in Stamford Ct., and then we moved to Florida, back to Connecticut, then to New Hampshire, and Virginia and landed in Biglerville Pa. During these six years, we took numerous trips to historical towns throughout the East coast. As a result I developed a love of History. I can still remember the directions to the flea market in Historical Williamsburg, and the Dobbin house in Gettysburg PA, safe houses along the Underground Railroad. Our trips either over night or day trips, but never planned, consequently I am a planner. I hate to leave things for the last minute; I like to know when, where, and how. Planning, not part of my parent's vocabulary. Even when we moved, they had no plans. We would just pack a U-haul truck behind the car get in and stop in a state or town they like, and that's where we would live for a time.

6When reminiscing, my mother will continue to remind me of both good as well as bad things that she did for me. She instilled a very good quality in me, I learnt from all her flaws and I am a very successful mother today. I thank her for this, I take care of every minute detail when it comes to attending my child and she is responsible for this. The one regret I have, I never learned to play the piano. It would have been interesting to see if I had her talent as well. I love you Mom in spite of the way you were.

Word Count 596