

I wish – college essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

August 2013 I wish... Looking back on my childhood and at all of the dreams I had, I have to realize that my life today is far from what I had dreamed of. Growing up without a mother and raised by an absentee father, I had to learn at an early age to take care of myself and to depend on myself for my basic needs. I spent most of my days daydreaming about the mother I did not have. In my dream world, she was well and alive: a beautiful, loving and caring woman who loved me unconditionally.

I grew up, graduated from college, married a man with three children of his own, and realized that I still, more than ever, live in a dream world where my mother is well and alive. In my forties, I am a grown woman with unrealistic dreams and wishes, all linked to my mother's absence: wishes that I had known her and that she was still alive, that I had met my husband at a younger age, and wishes that I had a child of my own. My mother met my father when she was in a catholic boarding school and, if I should believe what my father said, on the verge of becoming a nun.

So she had me when she was still in high school, and the first eighteen months of my life, I spent with her. When my father refused to marry her, she gave me away, and my father took me to his mother. I stayed with my grandparent's until the age of eight and went to live with my father when he got married to my step-mother. Every single day of my childhood, I felt my mother's absence and still today, I feel that emptiness, that void. I never knew what it meant to be held by the loving arms of a mother and to be loved and protected by a mother. From what I have heard and read, there is nothing like a mother's unconditional love for her child.

I only wish that I had lived and experienced it for myself. I wish I had known her, spent time with her, held her in my arms. I wish I had her in my life so I could talk to her about my dreams, my hopes, and my fears. I wish she were here so I could run to her whenever I hit one of those rough patches in my life. I read somewhere that a “mother is the bank where we deposit all our hurts and worries”. Well, I did not have access to that bank. I had to keep all my hurts and worries to myself. I only wish that she were here to teach me about compassion, love, and forgiveness.

I had to learn all these things and more by myself. I miss her; I miss the woman I think she was. The hole that her absence created in my heart will never be filled, and I will have to live with it for the rest of my life. Not only did my mother’s absence leave me with a hole in my heart, but it also had an impact on my relations with the opposite sex. Growing up without her and with a womanizer as a father taught me to be very precautions in my relations with others. I really think that parents play a big role in their children’s relations with the opposite sex.

Had I a other with whom I could share my impressions, feelings, and doubts, I think my interactions with the opposite sex would have been much better. Looking at my father interacting with women has taught me to mistrust men and their intentions toward me. Years went by, and I had dated some men, but nothing that lasted. Then I met my husband, Prince; he is a kind, soft spoken gentleman with a genuine interest in people. He cares for my well being and, with him, I feel whole; he makes me feel that I am able to do anything on which I set my mind. He stands by me and encourages me in everything I do.

He works on my dreams and my plans as if they were his own. One quality I really admire in him is his love for his children. There is no word to describe the way he loves them. I have never seen a man loving and taking care of his children the way Prince does. I imagine that I appreciate that particular quality in him because I did not get that from my father who was not really concerned about his own children. When I sit down and consider the kind of a man Prince is, I just wish that I had met him before. In my dreamland, I think he would have made a greater impact in my life and helped me achieve some of my dearest dreams.

Although my married and family life is more than I could have asked for, my life is still missing something, and it is a big piece. I have three step-children, and they are very good children. I would do anything for them, and I do everything for them. They are always on my mind. Did they eat? Are they safe at school? Do we have enough money for their college funds? I am always planning for their future. Sometimes I drive my husband crazy always talking about the children and their future. Reading these lines, one might think my life is full and complete, but it is not; I miss having my own child.

I wish I had a child of my own. To feel a living thing growing inside of me, to have him or her born of me, to see that baby growing up, to recognize some of my physical, emotional traits and characteristics in this child; Oh, my God, I only wish I had that wonderful experience! I love my step-children and I think that they like and tolerate me, but the fact is that I am not their mother, and they do remind me of it almost every day. To be loved unconditionally by our child: to be everything for him or her, to know that no

matter what happens, he or she would always run back to us, is I just cannot find words to explain it.

I know it must be wonderful and miraculous. That mother and child bond is divine, and I only wish that I could have experienced and lived it for myself. Every day I wake up longing to experience that unconditional love: if not with my mother, at least with my child. Life is made up of dreams and wishes; if we work hard enough, some of them will become reality. Some of them will always be a dream no matter what we do; and to keep on wishing on them is to let life pass us by. I wish I knew my mother. I wish I had met my husband sooner. I wish I had a child of my own. I wish... I wish... I will always have dreams and wishes, for we, as human beings, need to have aspirations to give meaning to our struggles in life. Yes, I will always have dreams, but wishing for my mother's presence, for having met my husband sooner, and wishing I had a child of my own are unrealistic and idealistic dreams. I will try to enjoy the life that God gave me and make something great out of it. My wish now will be to live in the "here and now" with my husband and my step-children, giving them that unconditional love I wish I had from my mother and the children I did not have.