Mother

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As I sat by my mother on the couch I began realizing that time was taking my mother away from me. There were so many changes with her and I felt so helpless. As I looked at her, she was a frail woman who had lost a lot of her hair and became weak and dependent on me.

As I was growing up, my mother was always protecting me and took care of me and my turn had come to take care of her. She was the sweetest mother and yet she could be so hateful and then I began to realize that it was because her health had deteriorated so badly in just only a few months. My mother hated whenever I would want to bath and feed her and I always had to remind her of how she took care of me even until I grew older and was my own. My mother was my rock. She kept our family together.

As months went by my mother had gotten worse and was bedfast and then I had to stay with her just about all the time because she wanted me with her. Sure, I could have kept a nurse there, but that is not what she wanted. I would sit up with her till late hours of the night and we would laugh and she would always tell her jokes or tell me just how mean I was when I was a small child.

My mother was always a strong woman who never had to depend on anyone and for her to have gotten to this stage of her life was a heartbreaking change for me. I cried so many nights and would just sit and watch her as she slept. Never letting her know how much I was hurting. I didn’t want my mother to worry about me or worry about anything. But that was like talking to a wall. She still worried about me as if I was a little child. And I guess in her eyes, I still was.

The day came when my mother had to be transported to the hospital and I will never forget that day. It was a scary feeling for me because I knew in my heart, my mother was not coming home this time. I walked into the ICU unit and she was asleep and sleeping soundly. A few hours went by and she woke up for a few minutes and knew I was there. She went back to sleep for another 6 or 8 hours and had a stroke in her sleep and then I knew I was going to lose my mother. After a few tests were done and the doctors came in the room to talk to me they told me that it wouldn’t be long for her now and to call the family in. Well, that is not what I wanted to hear. It was the worst day of my life. I sit patiently and became so angry with myself because I was sitting there waiting for my precious mother to die. To me it should not be that way. I should have been sitting there waiting for my mother to get better so I can take her home and take care of her.

Seeing my mother Passover is something I never imagined I would see. After my mother was gone, I have sat and thought about my life growing up and what a wonderful life I had.