

My Teacher, My Mother
By Rose Mary Ferraro

Has she really left me?

My mother was a proud woman, small in stature, yet strong in spirit. She was proud of herself, proud of her heritage and proud of her children. She had radiant, wavy, auburn-colored hair. She had a beautiful smile that she wore constantly. She had a boisterous laugh. She loved to sing and she loved to dance.

She taught me how to bake tasty, fruit pies and delicious, fantastically decorated cakes. She taught me how to sew, knit and cross stitch. Together, we created colorful sweaters and brightly colored tablecloths.

She taught me to be proud of myself and to fight hard for what I believed in.

She taught me to be proud of my Mexican heritage. She taught me the Spanish language and would often take me to Mexico so that I might become acquainted with this wonderful country and my extended family. The lullabies that she sang to me were in her native Spanish tongue, and those songs are alive today, because I now sing them to my children.

My mother taught me to appreciate the beautiful flowers and plants around us.

Best of all, she taught me how to be a mother. It was when I became a mother that I realized the full extent of her love for me.

I believed that she would live forever, but eventually, she lost so much. She lost her beautiful hair. She lost her ability to walk, let alone dance. Eventually she lost her smile. I knew that I would never again hear the music of her laughter. She lost everything, but she never lost my love for her.

Now, as I sit in my sun room, surrounded by my jungle of plants, the sun is shining through the window. I can feel its warmth on my face just as if it were the warmth of her hands. I close my eyes and I can see her face. I can hear her laughter and I can feel her love.

She has not left me. She will be with me forever.