

## MY MEMORIES WITH MY MOTHER



*In her eyes he placed bright shining stars,  
In her cheeks, fair roses you see; God made a wonderful mother,  
And he gave that dear mother to me.*

One of my happiest memories with my mother is walking on a breezy morning in July. The air felt refreshing as we talked about my day at school. She listened to me and just all of a sudden, everything felt so better.

Another special memory is when I was traveling to Gurugram for my entrance exam. I felt nervous, but my mother told me I could do it, always being out there for me. All because of her continuous support, I cleared up the exam for Amity - my new school!

One night, my mother was sick and had to sleep in another room. I couldn't sleep without her, so my father called her. She sang my favorite lullaby over the phone, even though she herself was unwell, and soon, I fell asleep peacefully.

Truly, my mother is the best gift God gave me!

