**“je te aime maman”**

**(Love you mom)**

**“Mothers** are [women](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Women) who inhabit or perform the role of bearing some relation to their [children](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Children), who may or may not be their biological [offspring](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Offspring).” –wikipedia

This, according to me, does not suffice defining a mother. In fact, a mother’s role in bringing up children can’t be put to words. A mother’s love doesn’t give up, doesn’t have a swelled head and doesn’t force itself on us. Her love isn’t jealous, is always forgiving and without it, we are nothing. It is a bond that connects us together, even before birth. It is stronger than any feeling of hate or fury.

Just like all, I am endowed with the gracious presence of a mother in my life. I won’t continue with the multifarious traits of her character. It’s about something which surprises me as well as makes me feel blessed each time it crosses my mind.

This is when I had been pursuing my engineering, away from home, in Kolkata. My parents were in Assam. It was the last exam of the 4th semester. I had not been home for six months then and would be leaving for home after two days. I wanted to give them a surprise and so had told them that being enrolled in a training- program, I won’t be able to meet them.

Just as the exam got over, with utter excitement I called my dad informing him about my stay at home for the next couple of months. I was shocked to hear that mom’s unwell for about a month. She was in some kind of mental-depression. Dad explained saying that he gave no hint of this to me as he, quite obviously, did’nt want me to be disturbed knowing about it and screw my papers. Me joking about not visiting home in a vacation actually had shown its manifestations.

The tale does not end here guys.

After two days, I started my journey home with a heavy heart. I went through extreme guilt-feeling those two days. But God had planned differently. I reached home to find mom perfectly alright.

The news of my coming home had actually worked like a real medicine to cure her. Our family doctor, Dr. Singh commented on this referring to a story which we all have read in our childhood days. It was about a demon who had his life trapped in a bird. He said “Dear, you are the bird”. It brought tears to my eyes to realize that I had actually become the address to her very soul. This portrayed yet another unique and phenomenal trait of a mother’s character.

Here is thereby a message for all you guys reading this. We can never love our mom enough for her unconditional love, care and affection. At least we can just take out few hours from our day-to-day hectic schedule to spend some quality time with her(not to discourage you to spend time with others ☺).For those who staying away from home(like me),please give her a call at least twice a day, asking her how she’s and telling her how’s life at your end. This would give her immense gay, making her feel a part of your life even if you are far away and busy. ☺

She deserves it and more importantly, needs it.