

My idol

I woke up one cold winter to see my precious daughter in my arms. Will I be a good mother? Will I be able to guide her through her light and dark hours well? I thought of the time when my superwoman; my idol; my mother guided me through those hard times. She taught me to always share, to always follow my heart, and to never give up.

Growing up with a large family always required a bit of organization. Things there and other here. All the candy I got; taken away from me. My mother taught me that the more I share the more I will receive. The day I started sharing my food and toys the more things I received from others, and the less stress I had.

There have been many times I have been in situations that I was unsure of. Things that I thought were wrong because my friends thought or did something I thought it was okay. My mother always told me to follow my heart. There was a beggar in the street, and my friend offended him. I knew in my heart he didn't want to live like this, and gave him a piece of bread. My heart told me to do this.

The best thing my idol told me was to never give up. She told me to look upon a group of cooking materials on the kitchen counter. The vegetables, salt, meat, and peppers were just lying there. She said that you can do it with anything and you will have a finished product. The road can be tough, but never giving up leads to the finished product whatever it is.

There are many idols in this world. There are idols in the temples of various religions. There are idols on MTV, but the most important idol is at home; my mother. She taught me to share, to love, and to never give up. I love her.

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