Elsie Rodriguez

English 111-97

Literary Narrative

February 9, 2015

The Love of a Mother

I was the girl who would stay up past her bed time to finish a book. I would always be the first to volunteer to read during a group reading at school. My biggest and most hurtful punishment as a little girl was when my mother would take away my privilege of reading a book. She was taking an addiction that I couldn’t live without. However, had it never been my mother who taught me the beauty of reading, I would not be the book lover I am today.

My mother told me that she began to read to me when I was only a month old in her womb. I find that pretty amazing. After I was born, she would read to me every night. My favorite childhood book: *Goodnight Moon* by Margaret Wise Brown. It was the one book that made my mind jump with excitement. She would tuck me in my pink flowered bed and read me the story with her most beautiful angelical voice. I knew the words to the story so well, that I would finish most of the book phrases for her. It was our moment; a moment that sparked a passion in me to read.

It wasn’t long before I was capable of reading to myself. However, that didn’t stop my mother from maintaining to influence me to continue to grow in my reading. She would take me to the library four times a week and we would sit together, quietly, and read for hours. She wanted a smart girl. Her priority was for me to have a very educational childhood. She wanted to be involved in my learning since her mother never was for her. She knew the consequences for a person with no education, and she wanted to make sure I didn’t have to face them. She cared. Her ambition to prioritize my learning made me strive to work harder in my education. I wanted to show her that I cared too.

My mother was always there for me when I needed her. When school became tough and stressful she pushed me to continue even when I believed I couldn’t. She believed in me; she knew I was capable of great things. All my accomplishments in school from making honor roll to getting my first college letter of acceptance was because of her. She awakened my eagerness to learn. Had she not read to me as a child, taught me the alphabet before starting kindergarten, and showed me how to write to the point that I had no choice, but to love it, I would not be the intelligent woman I am today.

It’s been my goal to return the favor ever since. Although I enjoyed learning and receiving back to back A’s on my assignments, part of the reason for it was to bring a smile on my mother’s face. The same one she had when she would read to me *Goodnight Moon* every night. I wanted her to feel the same caring and loving feeling I felt every time I heard her voice when reading to me.

Those moments caused me to find comfort and pleasure in every book I read. It’s the reason I love to pick up a book, because each time I’m reminded of every good intention my mother had for me. I’m honored to share a passion so deep with the memories of my mother. She led me to a beautiful invention that I will never stop using – books.