



# AMMA

When the world was celebrating Mothers' Day last May, I was mourning the death of my loving mother. An immensely courageous and strong woman left her family in deep sorrow after fulfilling her role as a mother. A person who went above and beyond to care, provide and love left a big scar in the hearts of those who loved and inspired her.

From the moment of the birth of a child, mother becomes the closest personality we acquaint with. Immersed in the unconditional love of a mother a child's life journey starts and shapes. Nurturing the unborn child in her womb, a mother bears the burden of giving birth to a healthy baby. Born to an unknown world the child's only comfort is the warmth of the mother.

quite the opposite. The mother is the first teacher we would have ever had. She would be the one to encourage us to take the first step, to utter the first word or to write our first scribble. In her shelter, we grow.

My mother suffered a severe stroke before she died, and unwillingness to see her struggle through the course of pain you'd think that would make it easier to accept, as now she is comforted. One thing I have learnt is that instead, the thought of her final struggles to talk, to feel or move, to eat, to keep her eyes open or even be conscious of who is around or what is happening were tormenting. Being ill for over a year with a number of stays in the hospital and the intensive care unit gradually robbed her of her independent life reducing her to a wheel chair. Nothing was more disappointing to her than losing her mobility and the strength in her hands that worked for years holding fort the stronghold of her family.

The footsteps today take me back to those days of my young life with my mother. I learnt many a things in life by watching her; the meaning of life and where mother's role takes lead were quite evident. Being a working parent, raising up three young children while encouraging her husband in his career moves my mother



Life is a miracle, I believe, to come parceled with destiny. Born to a healthy family upbringing a child is tight to a chord of bondage. A disrupted and disturbed family offers

was always holding the helm to ensure the ship is sailing even in rough seas. Her encouragement and strength grew in me making me the kind of person and the mother I am to my children. Growing up I realised that the life is not a bed of roses but with your mother's guidance you can secure a quality in life.

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It is the nature of life that once the off springs are grown and strong they fly off the parents' nest. Desire to embrace the challenges of life they search far and wide. Agonisingly, far from home I watched amma's last few days of life. The thought, would she be missing me kept hurting inside. For my mother's sake I prayed that she had no recollection of me not being around. It was the only satisfying thought I could embrace with in a moment of dying hope.

Never give up because great things take time