

HEROES

Short stories:

I have a lot of memories of people that I recognise as my heroes, from the mother of my grandmother to my mother. You are a kid but you do not know who really are those relatives and people for others. They gave you their time, and love, till you have become an adult, and on your own space at some point in your life think about those persons in how they lived, and what they did and what they became while the time has passed in their lives, and I realise that they made so much effects in my life.

The first time I met my grandmother from part of my mother I was 2 years old, since then I recognised her as my mother. She fed me, dressed and the most important loved me than anything else. I was educated by the familiar roof of her, hard times for me from the base of my knowledge. She sent me to the school when I was 4 years old, and if I did something bad in the class, I was punished by putting me on my knees with corn seeds and repeating the bad things I did that day, and she made me regret about that, and encouraged me to make the good thing in the next time, a punishment for a reason of bad behavior, and she never ever punished me without a reason. I remember till today she always saying "when you grow up and become an adult, you will fight for justice of people, be fair and speak the truth to bend the injustice" My grandmother had 12 children, and I was considered the last one. I have good memories of her taking care, and providing all the necessary when my mother was not there.

My aunt, my mother's sister, she was impressive in how to deal with my maturity while I grew up. She was part of my daily life, and supported me in preparing to be more responsible, organised and obedient. She was so strict with me, so after the punishment of my grandmother she was second in the line of talking and teaching me about things of life, helping all times with my homework and challenging other tasks had been sent by the teacher. She had 7 daughters, and all of them have grown up, and she has had a good life.

The mother of my grandmother with more than 100 years old, was a loving person and she always used to make some cakes or desserts, and she used to call us to the dinner table while relatives around were chatting, laughing and telling old memories and experiences on life as advice for our future. She was Catholic, and anybody used to pay a visit her, had to pray in front of her saints niche.

My mother, I met her when I was 4 or 5 years old, but in that time I did not know she was my mother, because I left my hometown when I was 2 years old, and my grandmother was taking care of me that time. She was lovely, kindness and helpful person. I have never seen such person like her to take care much about others. While my father used to do farming work at our farm, she used to manage and prepare food for 20 workers and took care my other 6 brothers, apart from that she taught the children of the community. I learned from her sharing with others thing when they really needed. She was always so protective and lovely as her priority in dressing, feeding and educating us.

Well, I remember this 4 great women on any woman that fights for the future of children, to whom are fed, dressed, educated and give all mother's love in order to be not punished to the men. They will always go with me wherever I go from the deepest of my heart. They were my support, from my childhood till my maturity, and were the pillars that keep me stronger nowadays. My destiny is attached by their love and some kind of protection and wisdom from them, so my heroes are these unknown people for others.

Written by Jimmy Mendez