

My mother.

There is a very old tale: “ In a very hot day mother the goose took her little goslings to walk. For the first time she had shown her children a large world. This world was bright and joyful: sweet green small stalks, warm and tender sun, soft and cool grass, and there were a lot of bees, bugs, bumble-bees, butterflies. The goslings were happy. They began to run along a huge green meadow. When life is happy and there are peace and harmony in your soul mother is often forgotten. Mother the goose began to call her children, but they didn't obey. And suddenly the sky was covered with dark clouds and big drops of rain have fallen on the ground. And the goslings have understood that the world wasn't so cosy and carefree. Just at that time all of them have remembered their mother. They have lifted their small heads and run to her. And the mother goose has spread her wings and covered her children with them to hide them from rain, hail and wind. Because the wings are to cover children first, and then to fly. Under the wings there was warm and safety and very far from them they could hear thunder, wail of the wind and knock of hail. And the idea of two sides of the wing hasn't even entered their heads: it was so warm and cosy inside and there was dangerous and cold outside. As soon as the thunder storm died down the children cheeped the mother to let them go out. Mother the goose has opened her wings carefully and the goslings have run along the meadow again. But the wings of mother the goose were injured, many feathers were broken and taken out. But her children haven't noticed it; they were happy and cheerful again!”

In the life of every person there is something dear, important, remarkable for all life. Events, people, things, ideas are personal for everybody. But there are some things that will not be replaced by things or acts, either words or memorials. That is what you remember in the most light and most bitter minutes, what we like most of all even if we don't think of it sometimes. It is a mummy. Mothers are kind, gentle, strong, careful...I am sure everybody remembers mother's arms.

Certainly, we can't remember, but we all know: they are the first what we felt in our life when we came into this new, unfamiliar and wonderful world. Of course, they were mother's arms which have put you to a warm chest, protecting from all troubles and problems. Mummy! It's the first and the dearest word; she has given us the life and has made everything to make us happy. The birth of a child brings much happiness into every house, but it is impossible to describe those feelings, which mothers feel at the birth of the child. These feelings like the ocean and its depth can not be measured by usual means, and mother's love to her small “treasure” is not like all earth feelings, it is not measurable.

My mother is a doctor; she treats people and protects life on the Earth. But there is something unusual in her work. Every day she helps to appear small children, so she helps the happiness to come into every house where a child was born. My mum always says:” Our life positions and aims should be wider and higher. Life is not only money. It would be a pity if we chose wrong aims in our life. The meaning of our life is not only in our happiness. A person can buy a better car or the most

expensive telephone but it is not important. It is necessary to forget our interests for a time, to try to increase kindness in the world.” My mum spends a big part of her life at work giving much of her time and attention to her patients. She can be called to work any time, any day, either on weekdays or holidays in any weather... But she never refuses anybody to help because she knows these people need her. I have never heard from her: «I don't want and I shall not do it». She always says only one word: «It is necessary». My mum is respected and remembered during many years for kindness, attentiveness, giving the birth to kids.



When you ask me if there is the most essential, the most difficult and constantly improving career. I'll tell you that they are doctors. If unsuitable people were doctors they would be frightened, because the life of many people depends on doctors actions, especially lives of mums and babies. But life is not all beer and

skittles and he that never climbed never fell. For me life is a regular test of myself and a constant battle for survival. You can't but agree that a cat in gloves catches no mice. You can meet with disaster but you should undergo it. Remember, you can be wrong. But you must try hard because you live today and there are many things to do, so the bull must be taken by the horns, you should find time for everything. And as proverb says: 'Every dog has his day', you'll be successful. You shouldn't waste energy if you couldn't do anything. Well, analyze your experience and use it in the future. It's impossible to know and to do everything at once but I am absolutely sure that a real doctor will overcome all the difficulties and will always help his patients.



Life is not a time-table. And nobody knows when babies come... When my mum entered the institute, her girlfriend had invited her to the city of Mukhachevo. My mum went there by plane. In a half of an hour the disturbed air-hostess came into the salon and asked weather there were doctors because a woman began to give birth. My mum was born in the family of doctors so she wasn't afraid. Being a very young woman she took birth on the board of the plane. The child-birth was not simple but everything was finished well. The crew of the plane, the happy woman and all the passengers thanked mum for a good outcome.

I am very glad I have got such a courageous, clever and strong mum. Remember! Bad and unimportant things are being quickly forgotten but people who live for the sake of others are being remembered by people forever!!!



Mum is always near to her child when they want to eat, when something disturbs them, when there is nobody to play with, when they are sad and to feel sorry.

My Mum took me to school to the first class. She held my hands and worried very much about my future school life. Mummy was near me when I wrote my first letters and words. We were together when I decided tasks, when I read the first pages in the ABC book. Mummy gave me the first life lessons about making real friends. Now I know that a friend in need is a friend indeed. She taught me that business before pleasure. Also she advised me to respect grown-ups and always help the youngest. I remember my childhood. I am very proud that my mummy has explained me what kindness and evil are.

Youth is the best time. We always have a lot to do. We want to do many things. We are always in a hurry. We have just come home but we must go again. We can read books, talk over the phone and meet with friends. Surely we can watch interesting films on TV. And late in the evening we always want to sleep. We go to sleep as we have nothing to do because in the morning our clothes will

be clean and neat. Our books will be in order. While we were sleeping our mother has done everything.

It's a pity that we seldom think about our mother. She does a lot of things every day. She must take care about her family and house. Don't forget she must go to work.

Mother always worries about my future. It's difficult to find the right way to choose the right profession. Mother can help to do the choice because everybody needs advice. Mother is a real friend who will never betray me and who I can always rely on.

All good words can't tell about mother. All mothers will do everything for their children. She will always care and worry about her children. She can be strict but always fair. Our mothers always want us to be a real personality.

I do love when Sunday's mornings my mum is at home.

Imagine early Sunday morning. I get up, open the window and enjoy the sun rise. Good morning, mum! Good morning, Belgorod! From my window I can see St. Ioasaf's Cathedral. We can enjoy it every morning.

We go to a morning service. Near an entrance there is a large birch. Today is the beginning of December, but it still has yellow leaves. Mummy always says: "It is good that in our town there are a lot of trees! Every year our town becomes greener, cleaner and more beautiful. We are at the temple. The bells call the visitors to God. We light candles. Colorful beams are flown down through the windows decorated with a mosaic, saint people look at us from ancient icons. We come to relic of St. Ioasaf. In the church there are many other people. St. Ioasaf is a saint patron of Belgorod, my home-town. All my family honours St. Ioasaf. My mum and I pray him about our family.

I'm happy to spend every Sunday morning in this way.



On Sundays we can do many things because she knows how to be everywhere in time. What a beautiful hands she has! Mother's hands are magic. Her hands help when I am ill or have a headache. Her simple touch helps to become healthy and calm. She helps me to fall asleep and usually in the morning I can't remember my troublings. Isn't it a miracle?

And what a beautiful cuisine masterpieces can these arms do! I do not remember any day without tasty dishes. Every day we can feel fragrant smell. We eat tasty soups and terrific salads. What a delicious birthday cakes and biscuits! All these are done by mother's skilful arms. But her best dish is an Italian pizza. She does love Italy that's why she is interested in Italian food. Besides she studies the Italian language. Surely it is not easy but an early bird catches the worm. It is necessary to study foreign languages nowadays even if you are 35. It helps to be a part of the twentieth century, to know a lot about different countries, to travel. Surely it helps to communicate with native speakers and to know about their culture.

She studies Italian because it's a wonderful, rich and interesting country. She is dreaming about visiting this country in the near future. I think she will.

Every guest who comes to our place should try her personal dish. But her pizza is always known and everybody praise it a lot.

Many people think that interesting people have only beautiful appearance. Certainly, such people are pleasantly admired. But appearance can't grab somebody's interest. If can't speak with such people, if their strivings and feelings are superficial, if their mental developments are poor they are not interesting.

Certainly mind and beauty must be in a person to become interesting to people. But it is not all that attract us in people. I think that on the first place there must be a person's soul, his attention to people and to life. A person, who has a rich soul, always has dreams and aims. They give sense to our life.

To understand people it's necessary to understand his soul. Sometimes we can't do it. We can know a person when we talk and live near to him for a long time because deeds speak louder than words. It's better to do than to say to show your soul. It's good when a person's soul is rich and full. It gives him beauty and nobleness. So is my mum.



As all the talented people my mum has many interests. Tastes differ so there are many interests. My mum has a lot of them.

My mum makes funny figures of clay: animals, fantastic characters, people from different times and of different professionals and then she gives them to her friends. But in each toy there is something special and exiting.



Also my mum loved to do woman work from her childhood, but most of all she loves to knit. She knits brilliant sweaters, caps, mittens and many other things. They are not only warm but also beautiful.

Besides my mum swims very quickly. And sometimes not every man can overtake her. And she periodically goes to swim even in frosty winter.

Surely my mum is a very modern person. She drives the car doing all rules of road movement. It gives an argument that women are not weak.

My mum loves flowers very much. Flowers create unloaded conditions in a room. We have a lot of flowers at home and especially big flowers. My mum knows how to make flowers blossomed all year round.



But it is not yet! There is an interesting hobby. She loves photographing very much. It is her favorite activity. Her photos are brilliant.

My mum loves our family very much. Always when she photographs us together we have beautiful photos.



Mum and her children!

Everybody of us is connected with his home country.
The love to the native country is a love to a native nature, to the native language, to the people which surround us. Every person should be a real patriot.
In turn my mum loves her Native land. A plenty of photos she makes there. Look!
In the garden!



Mighty forests!



In the warm, summer morning we went to a wood to get mushrooms but we found a small strawberry field.



In a wood there are a lot of magic, but most of all my mum liked this miracle.
And she has made a photo.



Mummy believes that even the most prickly and opposite can become beautiful



and soft.

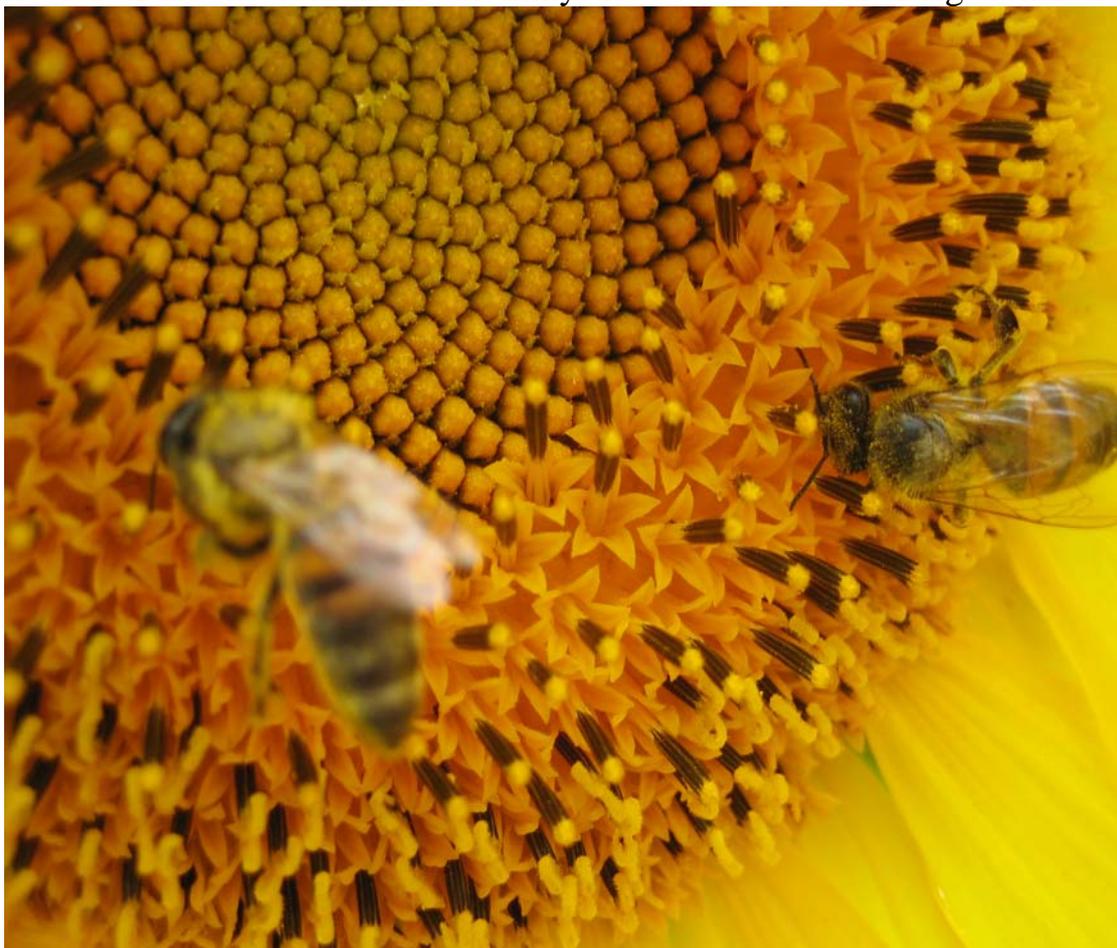
What feelings does caterpillar causes in us. Yes, not the best. But, my mum can make it nice.



My mum spends a lot of time in the garden. But her favorite flowers are sunflowers.



My mum loves bees very much, because they love work a lot. And they work not for their sake. I think that mummy and bees have something common.



The day began foggy. I went for a walk. And suddenly there was a rain. Rain was warm as in summer. The sun waved to us and spoke: “I will go again “. And the clouds closed it by their “sleeves”. All nature breathed. Each drop had the applicability: some drops gave a life and feed and some drops decorated, for example, the web



This beauty made my mum.

But when rain finished the nature lived again. And we decided to think of desires. My mum said that 1 rainbow was for happiness, but 2...Guess what?

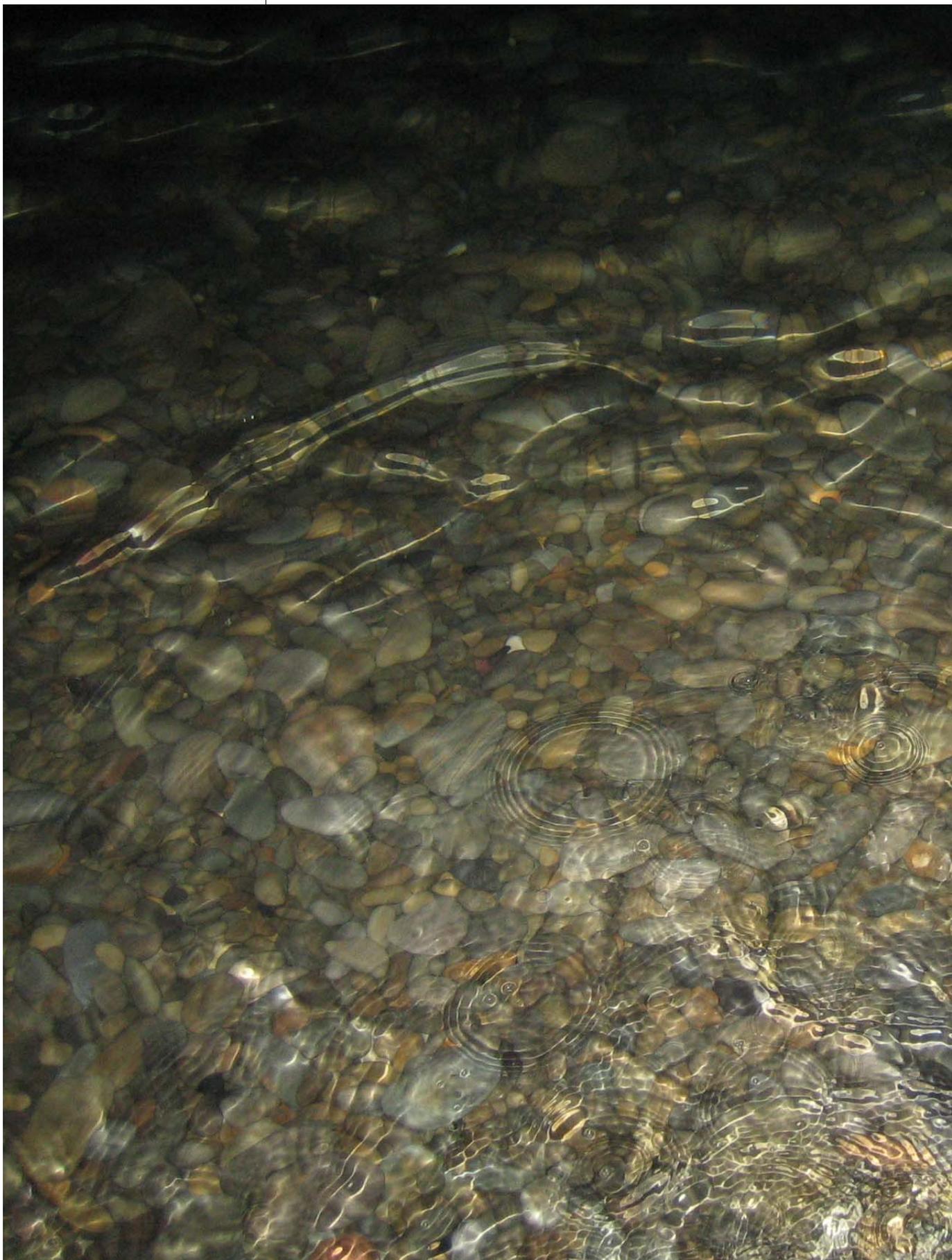


One day I have asked mum: “How do you see the beauty of nature? How do you see it?” And mum has told:

“A lot of books were written about beauty. What is beauty? And how can you feel the beauty? First of all, the beauty is a nature. The beauty of nature is an ecstasy from pleasure of life.”

When we were in Novorossiysk each day my mum found something unusual.

The sea is always clean and transparent. Looking through it people begin to smile because it is so beautiful.



Who lives in water are very similar to her. They are imperceptible and mysterious, but my mum has caught one such in the staff.

The crab in a coral!



And then we have decided to catch sea woman. We tried a lot. And there is she.



Mummy – is the most favourite, gentle, native word. It is the close person, whom owe my life.

Her lullaby leads me in my life. I remember it in misfortune and in joy. What am I without her? It's flower torn from a root, or bird without wings.

I would like our town to have a monument to Mum. I see it like this: In the park there is a figure of mummy with the smiling baby in her arms, on a high pedestal. This figure is made of white marble. Around the monument there are beautiful flower compositions and not far from it there is a children's playground. Since the childhood the kids will know there is a monument devoting to their mother. And the memory of this monument will be the most joyful. In my opinion, this idea deserves to be realized. I believe my children will gambol near this eternal image of Mum.

It would be fine if our hearts always have the place for joyful feelings to our bread-winners and advisers- to our mums. Come up to them, take them in your arms, say some warm words-and you will see eyes full of happiness.

If even we collect together all warm and kind words to describe my wonderful mum- it will not be enough.

«There are no words to express what Mummy is and what she means for us»