

I will always LOVE You, MUM!

A daughter

My former classmate left Macau and moved to the States after she had got married 10 years ago. She hadn't seen her mother in years. They had had little contact until about a year ago, when her mother sent her a birthday card with a note saying she would like to see her and her children.

After consulting her busy schedule at her office, she decided to visit her mother with her husband and children a month later. She dropped a note in the mail. She heard from her mother not long after.

Her daughter is a primary student. It just so happened that her daughter had to attend cheerleading training classes during the time of the trip. So she postponed the trip to Macau. Her understandable mother understood, but she didn't hear from her mother again for some time, just a note here or there.

A month later, she got a call from her mother's neighbor. Her mother had been sent to the hospital with liver problems. She spoke to the doctor in charge who assured that her mother could go home in a few days. After that, she called her mother every few days. They had long chats.

During Christmas, she received presents from her mother: story books for the children, a golden photo frame for her and a fountain pen for her husband. The whole family was so happy and they returned with warm Christmas greetings.

One day after Christmas, while the whole family was having dinner, her husband suggested that they should invite their mother to the States. However, he concluded that the mother would not like the weather there. This was an excuse for not having done the invitation.

At the end of January, she decided to visit her mother. As luck would have it, however, her workmate had to have an operation, so she had to work for more hours a day. Then she told her mother that she could probably get to Macau in March.

Yesterday, while I was buying something for Mother's Day, I met her in the Central of Macau. She was here to bury her mother. I put my arms around her shoulder and she cried. She was so sorry that she should have come to Macau sooner and her mother shouldn't have had to die alone. I attended her mother's funeral that evening. To my surprise, no one came to honor the life of her mother, not even the neighbor she spoke of.

That night, I looked at all my photos, mainly the ones taken with my mother. And before I went to bed, I had gone into her bedroom. I gave her a hug and said, 'I will always love you, Mum!'

