



I spell it E-V-E-R-Y-T-H-I-N-G!

by:

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Every time that someone asked me to spell the word **MOM**, I spell it **E-V-E-R-Y-T-H-I-N-G**. Others marked it wrong, others made fun of it that I don't know how to spell it correctly, others thought that I am dumb. But some of them took it to a deeper meaning. Yes, my mom is everything. My favorite human being and I can't afford to lose her in my life.

I am Geennu Cyan, an only child of Ms. Carlalita Tsaavez. My mom is a solo parent, a full-time mother, and a public-school elementary teacher. At home, early in the morning before we go to school, she prepares everything from food up to the things that we need to bring to school. She will see to it that we must eat a healthy breakfast and packed our "**baon**" for recess and lunch. This is her everyday routine, and she never gets tired of doing it. She spends six hours working in school, teaching kids and doing some clerical work. If we get home in the afternoon, she sits on the table and does some schoolwork again like lesson plans and recording scores. At exactly 5 o'clock, she will be preparing our food for dinner. After our dinner, she will go back again to her worktable and start to do her visual aids and power point presentation for the next day. She then sleeps until midnight. That's why she works 24/7.

At my young age, I can see her sacrifices over me. She exerts a lot of effort and time just to make sure that I am okay. She has been a responsible mother-father to me. Anything and everything I need to be is always ready on hand. She is always there for me whenever I need her most, especially in my academic, co-curricular and extra-curricular activities. She is my number one supporter and avid fan. She always got my back. Of course, I can see her smiling, laughing but never see her upset, stressed or tired. I never heard her complain about anything about work and life. My mom always turned negative vibes into positive ones. She never utters a single problem about financial matters. Everything to her is easy, relaxed and chill out.

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Nothing to worry about, just leave it into prayers and everything will be put in place. Sometimes, I can't help myself to ask if my mom is a robot or something?

One Friday evening, as she puts me in bed and begins to read a bedtime story, I purposely asked.

"Mom, can I ask questions?" in a gentle manner with my sweetest smile.

"Sure, darling! What is it?"

"Are you not tired of your daily routine? Are you not stressed in your work? Don't we have financial problems? Or are you just hiding something from me?" I asked curiously and seriously. I've noticed that she raised her eyebrows up and sighed deeply.

"Cyan darling, you're too young to be observed all these things but for you to be reassured of, then I will answer your questions one by one. First, honestly, I never get tired of being a mother to you because I love you so dearly. Second, I never get tired of my job as a teacher because this is my calling, I love kids, and I love teaching. Sometimes, I felt stressed and upset but I always keep in mind that this too shall pass. Third, although I'm a solo parent but we are financially stable. Your dad leaves a big amount of money in your bank account before he passes away. You are loved by us, that's why we don't want to see you get hungry or beg for something. We want the best for you, son. We love you so dearly." said mom in a low voice and tears started to fall from her eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry mom. I love you and dad. It's just that I am sick of seeing you working so hard in school and at home. I don't want you to abuse yourself just to attend to my needs. I just want a simple and contented life with you, mom. That's all."

From that moment, my mom hugged me tightly and kissed me dearly. "I love you, son. I love you."

"I love you so much, mom!"

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After that night, I found out that my mom has other emotions other than happiness. I realized that my mom has emotions so therefore, she is not as a robot as I've thought before. She is not a programmed robot, but she is a human, getting tired, upset and stressed.

As years passed by, my mom got sick and became bedridden. She gets forced to retire early at the age of 50. This was the hardest part of her life, being sick and leaving her teaching profession.

"Do I need to do this, son? Can you just allow me to work?" mom begged.

"Sorry mom, but this is for your own good. I want you to get cured, regain yourself and be strong. I want you to live longer so that I can repay all your hard work and sacrifices for me during my childhood days. I can't afford to lose you, mom. So please, listen to what your son says and your personal doctor as well."

"Thank you, doctor, Thank you son. Thank you for the love and patience," mom replied as she started to sob and hold my two hands tightly.

"You are always welcome, mom. Oh wait! Can you still remember what you've taught me as my introduction whenever I am going to a **bulilit** pageantry?"

"Uhhmm...Yes, and it's still fresh in my mind, Dr. Geennu Cyan Tsaavez. Can you recite it one more time for me, please? Of course, with proper diction and action." mom said with the sweetest smile on her lips.

"For your satisfaction and for you to get feel better, I will recite it, mom. Your wish is my command.

I stand straight in front of her and recite her favorite introduction of mine during my **bulilit** pageantry days.

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"Good morning, everyone. My name is Geenu Cyan Tsaavez. When I grow up, I want to become a doctor. I want to do medical missions in far-flung municipalities and to cure and treat sick teachers, free of charge. Why? Because my mom is a teacher, that's why I love teachers. And I thank you."

"Still the best introduction, my dear. I am always a proud mother from the day that you were born until now that you are already a successful doctor. Thank you, son, for not disappointing me and your dad. We are and we will always be proud of you and your achievements as well." mom uttered and give his last round of applause. At that moment, I couldn't help but cry. Mom passed away just in front of me. It's hard but I need to accept the fact that she is now with our Creator. I am humbled that her legacy and teachings will remain in my heart and to all the people who loved her genuinely, especially in the hearts of many children.

"I love you, mom. I love you so much! Please tell dad, be my guardian angels."

As I laid my mom to rest, I flew oversea with a heavy heart. I know I've lost half of my life, but I need to rebuild it again. I don't want to drown in sadness, that's why I need to make myself busy. I juggled work and school. I worked as a doctor in a government hospital and at the same time, I enrolled in my doctorate. Now, I am back in my beloved country. I am happy serving people in remote communities, having medical missions. I am happy serving sick teachers free of charge. And that's a promise forever!

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