

# Familia Living



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## My Mother's Daughter By Alexandra Román

A knock on the door interrupted our conversation suddenly. Mother walked to the entrance of her apartment to answer.

I was expecting one of her neighbors with whom she was very close to now days. But instead an insurance woman, who had the wrong apartment number, stood smiling at the door. Mami lives on an apartment complex composed of thirty small buildings in which she lives in building number nine.

The woman asked for someone, a lady who my mom didn't know. So my Mami decided to call her friend, who is the administrator of the complex, to get the information on the lady the insurance woman was looking for. Once she got it she gave it to the insurance lady, who, giving her thanks went on her way.

Mom abruptly started talking to the administrator of things that were happening with members of the ornament committee, from which she was the president of, and comments she had heard and actions that were taken. She went on and on. I remembered when one of the neighbors invited her to be part of it because of her, somewhat, knowledge on plants and decoration. That day we were exercising in the gym of the complex and as the neighbor extended the invitation an aroma impregnated the ambience. This aroma, very peculiar, appears when you least expected or when you know things might happen. Is the perfume of trouble! When you know someone so well, as I do my mother, you immediately notice this aroma emanating from the skin of the person like a warning from future events.

As I heard her keep talking effusively on the phone, I was wondering what others were or might be thinking of her strong character, which can only be measured by her lovingness. Her character defines her in so many ways especially since she is a natural born leader who stays her grounds and ways of thinking when ever she has the chance. Yes, my dear mother is one of those people that you and I called stubborn. At the same time she can unexpectedly surprise you with a sudden change of heart or thinking.

As I explore these two strong traits that are very different from each other, I wonder, how much am I my mother's daughter?

Or better yet, how much I want to be like her? An odd thought from one who is already a mother, a wife and will soon, in two years, be thirty.

I pondered upon this while I still listen in silence to her conversation. I stood up from the seat and pour a cup of fresh made coffee telling myself that I would have save her the time and the trouble if I had only told her about the aroma. Then a notion

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came to mind, she would have not listen to me. You see for her joining this committee was a way of acceptance in a new place that was recently made and where people were still trying to know each other. Most of all this was a means of making new friends that she had long for and that suited her well for she felt more alive. Is not that she has no friends but they are scattered and have been living their lives in the distance.

Looking at my mom I don't see much of myself in her only those physical traits like my small body and cute button nose. I can think of no characteristic from which I could say "I'm just like my mother." Suddenly, like stroked by lightning, while I pondered in many of my mother's characteristics that were rejected by my way of being, it came clearly to me. I realize the answer was always there staring at me in awe, astonished that I haven't recognized it all these years of searching.

One of my strongest characteristics that I'm very proud of is that, like my mother, I'm a natural leader and have demonstrated and nurture it since I can remember. I lack some essentials that will make me a stronger leader but I have been able to hold on to it enabling myself to survive amongst others. Then and there I finally recognize a common trait between us!

I looked at my matriarch's eyes while she sipped on her "posillo" telling me how she longs to see me wearing a white robe; explaining me the diverse careers I can study that have something to with my abandon desire of becoming a doctor- another trait that we share. I slightly smiled, trying to change the subject for I am interested in pursuing other careers in my life like writing. But what she said touched me as a sweet caress for I still love the thought of seeing myself working on a lab wrapped by the white buttoned robe.

Her deep black eyes were full of passion and love as she stared at me. I looked at her in the same manner finally realizing that I was my mother's daughter and that I do have something of her more than a nose and a body.