

An ode to the Mother: Just the essence of her, is touching God

Mother – the word is itself complete in every sense of the world, and she is the world and beyond. She is the giver, nurturer, provider, protector, guru; and all that put together and beyond. She wishes, hopes, prays, dreams, builds and strives, like no other and beyond. And she does it from the time she can feel a life in her grow. And from that day on, she prays silently, alone in her lonely room, talking to God. There has been so much written for the praise of mother, but no word has been the last and no word will be. Because, she is the mother and beyond.

So let us begin from the beginning. She is selected by the cosmos as the continuator. As a true embodiment of God, she gives birth to life on Earth. And then starts her magic. Unfolding each day, she takes pride in nurturing. She strives and works without expectations. She sends you to school each day, hoping the best for you. She packs your food, washes your clothes while you play in the fields and prepare more clothes for her to clean. And when the deed is done, she tucks you in bed. Then she covers you with her protective armour to keep your bad dreams away.

Do you remember the first time she kissed you goodbye? When you got into the school van looking for excitement, she went back to kitchen with tears in her eyes.

Do you remember when she bought you a glass of milk to your study desk? You went into solving the maths puzzle, she went back praying for your success.

Do you remember when you fell down from the cycle? While you were bleeding, she was in pain looking for a band aid.

And slowly and steadily, the clock on the wall keeps ticking. And then one day she realizes you are as tall as she is. As we grow, we snub her for caring and protecting too much, for being ignorant and not knowing enough English and how to talk to our friends with those

cool vibes. She is taken for granted, overlooked, unappreciated, slighted and ignored but she takes it all in the stride and beyond. Her joy and sorrows cannot be contained by words. She endures the pain of growing her children and sees them walk away. We as sons and daughters, take a lifetime to understand her, and feel what she feels. And by the time we realize, time has passed us by. From time immemorial, 'the mother' has been giving and giving with love. She has been acknowledged at times but never given her due and in time. From a child she makes, you makes you the adult who is caring and compassionate, considerate and kind hearted, sincere and honest and all that with her vibrations alone. And when you are ready to branch out, she spread her wings and ensures you fly away to safety as entreaty helps you reach greater heights. But when you are up and high, do you look back and down below at the creature who silently started the revolution. Perhaps, no! So, its now and never too late to sit up and reflect. Give her something in return on this Mother's Day, a day marked to celebrate motherhood. Let us start but just giving her a smile, a hug and a kiss. And let us make a solemn promise to treat and respect each girl and woman keeping her quintessential presence in mind. Today, it is time we bow down and pray and give her due on this Mother's Day and every day on cause in her essence is God and beyond.

LET'S WATCH: - "An ode to the Mother"

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