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It’s the Thought That Counts

With the internationally recognized day for Mothers, May 8th 2011, fast approaching, every son and daughter in the world ponders day and night regarding what would be the very best thing they can give their mother. Maybe a rose stem? Or a simple traditional card? How about some chocolates and a few hugs? A homemade cake would do fine, too. Or perhaps I should go over the top and ask my father for some money to purchase something over a hundred bucks?

The issue still remains unresolved; how do I even go about thanking a person whom I have known longer than the birth certificate states? How do I thank a person who stayed outside the window, for the entire school day’s length, when I couldn’t bear the thought of being away from her on my first day at lower kindergarten? What gift would be appropriate for someone who got the entire neighborhood on their feet looking for me on the summer day when I decided to go hide in my friend’s house and play with the G.I. Joe action figures? What kind of a gift can summarize the gratefulness I feel for the hours she spent trying to explain why one plus one does not equal eleven? How do I thank her for restricting me from playing cricket under the one hundred and eight degree hot sun rays? How do I thank her for waking up almost two hours before school started to prepare my lunch (Which I would exchange for 3 Pokémon cards)?
What type of a gift sums up the gratefulness I felt for the hundreds of positive comments - “Wow!” “Well done!” “Oooh! That is very beautiful!” on my repetitive paintings of a big house by long river flowing from the mountains in the background. What gift would be suitable for saying, “Thank you, mamma, for waking me up every day at six because the alarm clock was never ‘loud enough’?”

. What sort of gift can thank her for nodding every time I present her with a view of my future (And maybe sometimes even throw in an assuring smile)? What gift could sum up my thankfulness for her keen attention span to all the new things I discover in history and science books? And even pay attention as I recount every event that led to the fight between Thorn and Glaedr in Christopher Paolini’s Inheritance Cycle. What gift can you give her, a person with unbelievable patience? Someone who can listen to me rant all day long about getting into Stanford or Harvard…or “Cal and UCLA aren’t bad either…Eh, Stanford is so awesome, though!”

How do I thank her for listening as I tell her about Milos Raonic and other new players on the professional tennis tour? How do I show her my gratefulness for paying attention and seeming to actually care about gradual fall of Roger Federer? And for her attentiveness when I tell her how my ground strokes and serve improved at practice?

What do you even present as a gift to thank her for being there when I needed her the most and for helping me and caring for me for the past 16 years? Ah, It just hit me.

This.