

## My Mother's Mornings

Most mornings, my mother wakes up before the sun. She will quietly move through the kitchen, boiling water for coffee, packing lunches, and ironing clothes we left wrinkled the night before. There is nothing spectacular or bold about her routine, but it just has always been there.

For years, I did not notice these things. I was too focused on my own mornings, schoolwork, exams, rushing out the door. I assumed the world just worked the way it did, that food appeared and clothes were ready and the lights were always on.

It was not until I started high school that I began to see it. I noticed the way my mother sat with my younger brother to tie his shoes slowly, even when she was running late. I saw how she memorized everyone's schedules, how she worked all day, and still asked if we had enough to eat. I realized that nothing she did for us was automatic. She was choosing, every single day, to care.

I think about that now when I am tired. When I have a lot to do and would rather not do any of it. I remember that care does not always look like a big gesture. Sometimes it looks like showing up, again and again, without needing recognition.

My mother never gave speeches about responsibility or kindness. She just lived it. And without trying to, she taught me how to live it too.

I have started to see my own habits shift. I hold the door open. I check in with people. I pay attention to details. Not because anyone told me to, but because I have learned that quiet care matters.

I used to think influence had to come from someone famous or accomplished. But now I think the real impact comes from the people who live with intention, even when no one is watching.

I am still figuring out who I want to be. However, I do know this: if I can walk through the world with half the quiet strength that my mother does, I will be doing alright.