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A Mother's Lessons

“You never know a good thing ‘till it’s gone.” Moving from California to New York has made a drastic challenge in my life. It wasn’t because of the new city or the new culture that I had to adapt to, it was letting go of everything I have ever known behind to possibly never see or feel again. I had to leave behind the beautiful and tragic memories I have made, the friends I have grown up with, my tennis reputation, and most importantly, my mother.

My mother raised herself up to her own morals hoping her children would have a better life than she did. As children, we’re so fragile and too optimistic that we will listen to anything and mimic the people around us. She was the strongest fighter I’ve never appreciated and always took for granted growing up.

Around the time my parents split up, I made a decision to live with my mom because it was closer to my school. As a stubborn child, I would constantly fight with my mother about the smallest things like why she couldn’t come home early enough to make dinner for me or why she made me take the bus to school instead of driving me. It came to a point where I got too frustrated that she could not take care of my sisters. At the age of 13, I started to pack my bags and called my eldest sister to pick me up. That night, my mom and I exchanged the most harsh words to express out feelings. The last thing I remember from that night was throwing my bags outside my door and yelling “I hope you have a good life without me!” while slamming the door behind me.

After a couple of court hearings my father gained custody of all of my sisters while she was left with restraining order. I started to slowly drift away from her and when she would try to contact me, I told my father I did not want to see her nor did I want to receive help from her.

Three years have passed and I get notified that my father wants to move to New York City to start over and build a new life there. After finally saying my goodbyes to everyone, the one goodbye I never got to say was to my own mother. The woman who has sacrificed so much for her kids only for them to end up across the country. The woman who dropped out of college and gave up on her dreams to raise her children properly. The woman who has done nothing but push me towards excellence and believed in me when I fell. I kept thinking to myself what could I have done differently to make her love me again or how I could have been a better daughter to someone who has unconditionally loved me. The feeling of regret and knowing there would be no other way of telling her how much I appreciated her took a great toll on me. I beat myself up for it and slowly declined in school as well as ignoring friends and family. I was not sure what I was waiting for but it felt like I was seeking someone to help me through this time of my life. Finally, I soon grew to realize the only person to help me was myself. I had a choice to dwell on the past or accept it and learn from it. In addition I learned to take chances and opportunities when present so I know that I at least tried and done everything I could. Learning that is what made all the difference to my future decisions

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