

Mother's Day Hurts

I met Rosa Maria, in Piedras Negras, Mexico, in a bank where she worked. Sparks flew, and we married in 1995. I brought Rosie to the United States to live with me. It was hard for her. A new country, a new language, and a new way of life was something difficult for her. Rosie married late in life. She was thirty-seven and I was forty when we got married. She lived with her parents for thirty-seven years. Rosie and her mom were very close, they were best friends. They called each other every day and sometimes twice a day. There were no secrets between them.

We visited her family often but Mother's Day was special. In Mexico, Mother's Day is celebrated May the 10th regardless of which day it falls on. Every year Rosie went back home and spent the week of Mother's Day with her mom. She did this for the first nine years of our marriage until her mother passed away.

It started with the phone call from my brother-in-law. Rosie's mom fell ill and was taken to the hospital. Rosie drove to Mexico to be with her mother. She spent many days by her side in the hospital. My mother in-law suffered from an aneurysm. She could barely speak. Several days later she no longer was able to speak, her condition worsened. Rosie talked to her mom trying to make her feel better and to let her know she was not alone.

One day Rosie felt her mother move. She turned to see her and reached for her hand. Rosie heard her mother release the last breath of life from her lungs and died. It was May the 10th, Mother's Day.

For my sweet wife, Mother's Day will forever weigh heavy in her heart.

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