

This is not a story about me.

It's a story about my Mom.

My sister and I grew up in a poor household. Dad was a civil servant who worked for the then "Receiver of Revenue". When we were accepted to go to university, funds were simply not available. At the age of 52, Mom went back to nursing in which she was trained in the UK. We lived in Bloemfontein and Mom spoke no Afrikaans. She had no choice but to learn the language. She sat down with my Grade 1 (in those days Standard 1) Afrikaans "Sus en Daan" books and went to do what she had to. Sure. There were interesting times.

Dad was always the cook in the house. When he passed away just before his 70th birthday, Mom didn't know how to work a microwave. She had never written a cheque and had no idea how an ATM worked. Years later, my sister and I convinced her to move to a retirement complex, but not without drama. We had to convince her to get rid of many unnecessary things that reminded her of Dad. She had to euthanize her only remaining dog and get used to smaller confines.



Here she is today. She turns 89 in August. Still drives her 27-year old car. Rides a static bike after a knee replacement. Talks pretty good Afrikaans to her neighbours.

Mom has a few messages for us all.

**Never give up
You can always learn something new
There will always be someone there to support you
Sometimes, we need to let go of what seems precious
Watch me go, world !**