

My mother

by José María Jiménez Jiménez

2º Nivel Básico - A

To start, this writing is about my mother.

For me, the most wonderful woman in the world is my mother. Her name is Dolores. She died six years ago and for me it was a heavy stroke, but I asked God for help and He helped me.

My mother was a really generous, kind and friendly woman with me, with my brothers and with everyone. She was a hard-working person in her house. She did all the housework for example: made food, cleaned the house, did the shopping in the supermarket, did the washing, did the ironing with much love because she liked her job, so she taught me all I know.

In fact, I've always lived with her. For this reason, I have always got her in my memory although I'm a happy person because God helps me every day and I have a lot faith in Him. Furthermore, every day I pray for her and for my father too.

Finally, at present I'm unemployed but I'm studying English at the Languages School of Macael to have got an occupation.