I’ll always remember my mother.

Years are flying like birds in the sky. And now it’s time to say.

My mother died a year ago. But I’ll remember forever

Her face, her eyes, her lovely hands that worked from morning till night.

She was a teacher and her love to pupils I heard when I was a child.

We spoke about different things. She helped me to solve my problems.

Then the time came and I told her that I want to be a teacher.

I didn’t often tell her about my love. I was often busy then.

But always I felt her help and love. And the time for me was so easy.

I was sure that help is nearby. And when I had a difficult question.

My mother would decide the hard situation. And now when the time has passed,

I want to tell you, Mothers: “ Thank you for love!

Thank you for help! Thank you for birth, Our Dear Mothers!”

The time has gone. But I feel mother’s eyes.

I feel mother’s breath and hands. I want to tell her about my love.

And I know she feels as me!