Four Spiritual Laws

 Out of the four spiritual laws the one that I struggled with was honoring my mother. When I was younger, I never struggled with this law. I honored my mother to the tee. I never gave her problems; I always did as she said with no question asked, with no talking back. I loved my mom with all my heart. I never was disrespectful to my mother, I never cursed in front of her. My mom was everything to me no matter how much hurt she would cause me I always let that go and never acted up from that. But as I got older and started my own family, I would always say I am not going to treat my kids like my mom treated me. Just because I obeyed my mother does not mean that our relationship was so good. I always just kept it to myself. So, when I did get older and started thinking about all the things I had to deal with and the way my mom treated me I started to open my eyes about things. I started to see things clearer on why this was happening. No matter how much she would hurt me I would always be the one to tell her I’m sorry even though sometimes I didn’t know why she would be like that way with me. When things started to change for me, for our relationship is when she met this guy when my brother passed away. She would cause problems. Me and her new boyfriend did not get along. That caused tension between my mother and me. I started to just stay away. I would also be the one to try to work things out for us, but it always ended up the same way. I started to curse in front of her. I would drink in front of her. Even though it was awkward I started to not care anymore. I just started to just act like she was acting just show her how she would treat me and act with me. I had realized that no matter how much I would do to please my mom nothing was good enough. Our relationship started to become worse and started going downhill. The last straw for me is when she left my kids alone because of her boyfriend while I was in another state. My kids were young and were left alone. That is what broke my relationship with my mom. This action was so hurtful for me. I could not believe that she did that and to not even call me and tell me what was going on. I had to cancel my plans and rush home. A four-hour trip took me a two-hour trip just to try to get home to my kids. After this incident I stopped talking to her. I had this feeling that is unexplainable. I also felt betrayed. I could not believe that she would leave my kids to go with her boyfriend. I always told my self that what pain she has caused me is ok because I can take it but the first time she ever hurts my kids I would never forgive her and I would never have contact with her again. So, when this happen that’s exactly what I did. I stopped all contact with her I changed our cell numbers including my kids. I told my grandparents that I do not want to know anything about her or ever want to be invited to a family function is she will be attending. It caused so much pain to see that she can treat my kids this way. It hurt me so much to see that my kids were not going to be around there only grandmother because of her actions. After a while I let it go but I didn’t forget what she did. I would see her here and there and I wouldn’t be rude and not say hi or give her a hug but deep down inside in was hurting. I knew that I couldn’t talk to her about it because it would just end up being the same routine. So, I just had to act like it wasn’t bothering me. As the years went on, I did not realize that the same pain she caused me I was causing her until the day she passed away and was resuscitated. I prayed to God that I could be given a chance to tell her that I love her so much and to forgive me for all the wrong and pain I have caused her. But I wasn’t given that chance. She didn’t want me to go see her or have nothing to do with her. The same way, and the same things I told her she was acting towards me and that’s how I knew I caused her so much pain. After this happen, she still didn’t want to talk to me and after al while she passed away. I struggle with the fact that I hurt so much inside and that I couldn’t tell my mom no matter how much pain and anger I had I loved her with all my heart. How could I be so disrespectful and not honor my mother as we are told to.