

Dear Mama,

I don't remember if our house was big or small or if we rented or owned.

I don't remember if you had a fancy car, or if we had to take the bus.

I don't remember if the house was clean and tidy or if it was covered in washing piles and scattered toys.

I don't remember if my pram was new or second hand or if I had the latest new toy or designer clothes.

I don't remember if you were dressed up or if your face was bare, it always looked perfect to me.

I don't remember if you had a lot of money or whether you lived pay check to pay check.

I don't remember if we went out every day or went on expensive holidays.

I don't remember how sometimes you got angry or cried or had to walk out of the room to take a breath.

I don't remember a schedule, a check list or any expectations other than just you.

What I do remember is feeling safe.

I remember your comfort and how you kept me warm.

I remember your face above me when I cried for you.

I remember you would feed me when I was hungry, or tired or in pain.

I remember your smell and how it would send me off to sleep, sometimes at 2:00am, then again at 4:00am.

I remember your smile, it was the first reason I smiled.

I remember how you played with me and got down on the ground with me, before I could get up.

I remember you taught me about love before anything else and how it was my constant.

I remember knowing it was the only thing I ever really needed and you gave that to me, I never had to work for it, I relaxed in it.

Thank you for teaching me that love has no limits, that it's unconditional and honest.

This is what I will remember Mama.

Thank you for giving me the best memories of all.

Written by Jess Urlichs

@lifewithharryandholly

<https://www.instagram.com/lifewithharryandholly/>