

I don't know what's wrong with mom



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Translation by Octavio de León.

Photos of mom's weavins by Celina Izquierdo, Carlos Silva, Aurora Izquierdo and Yolanda González. Thanks so much to Arturo Núñez Alday for his precise feedback.



I will be grateful if you send your comments to: izquier1953@gmail.com

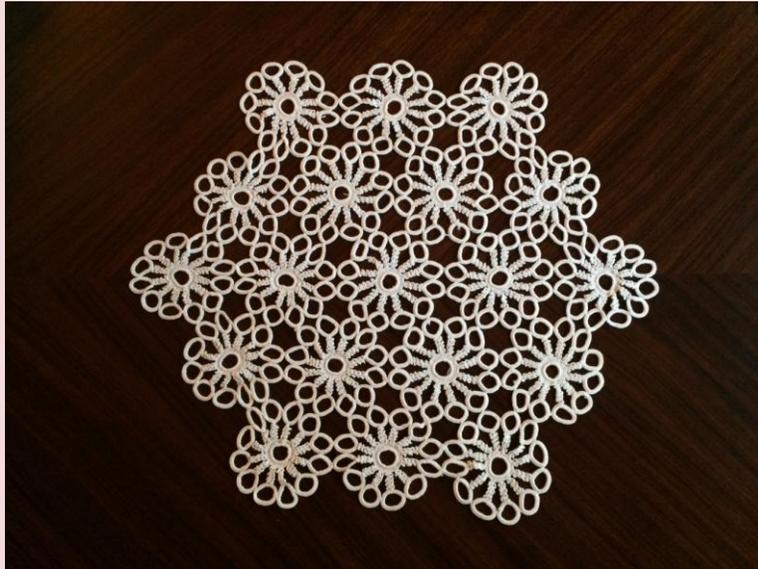
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I don't know what's wrong with mom

Three months ago or so, when we were back from school, we found our mom sitting in a chair; that had never happened before. Usually she would be cooking at that time. It was hard to believe, because she has always said that a woman would only sit to eat, sew or knit, but couldn't take a nap. Well, that's what she claims.

When we saw her, sitting there, my sisters Tere, Celi and I, greeted her but she barely answered, without kissing or smiling. She was tilted, as if she were sleeping while awake. We were really afraid. We asked her what was happening to her, but she wouldn't answer, she was out in space, we couldn't get her back to this world.



When dad arrived, it was around two o'clock, my sisters and I had already set the table and reheated something to eat from the fridge. He was very surprised to see her like that. He asked us very frightened, how did we find her when we got back, and we told him as he was scratching his head,

quite worried. He didn't know what to do, like us, when we have to solve a complex math operation at school. He only said that he would call the physician. We sat at the table and my mom was the only one who was not hungry. She seemed like a baby. We even had to feed her with the spoon. She was quite observant, only at the end she would look at us with pity, but she wouldn't talk.



During the afternoon the physician arrived and she checked mom right there, while she was sitting in the hall. She wouldn't answer. The physician cures us when we are sick, she knows her very well. She didn't know what to do, what was her illness. She asked permission to my dad to talk to her alone, and they took her to another room. My dad looked really, really nervous and he went out to the patio. I let them inside the room and I got closer to the door to listen from the outside what was happening.

The physician asked some questions to my mom, and she was raising her voice more and more, like scolding her. She would tell her that she had to eat, that she had to get tidy, that she had to take care of us and dad, and feed us

as always. But she was yelling at her, and I didn't like it. That's not the aim of physicians, to yell, I'm sure about it; I don't think that's the best way to get cured.



Then, they got out of the room and my mom was still speechless, without glancing at us, with her arms down, we had never seen that before! She wasn't like that. The physician went out looking for dad and they walked away from us to talk, I couldn't listen to them. When the physician was gone my dad was even more frightened. As he had to get back to work, he asked us to look after mom, and to do our homework. Have you ever seen your mom so sick?

Days went by and she was the same. My aunts and other kinfolk had already come to encourage her to get cured but no one could make her feel better. Some of them or my granny would send us food, as we didn't know how to cook, but we would prepare breakfast and light meals, that was easy.

One evening my dad told us that he would take mom to a physician who was in Mexico City and that he would be back in two days. What was wrong with her that no one in town could cure her? She wouldn't complain, and she wasn't injured or something. Everything was so weird and no one would explain us what was happening. I think that no one would explain anything to my dad either, because he was very hurried and afraid.



When they got back from the City my mom was still in the same situation. She was prescribed some pills that she had to take daily but not more than once, and we had to be observant of that. My dad said she was depressed. As no one of us had ever got that, we didn't know what remedies or infusions would make her feel better, not even my aunts and my granny. It was the first time that someone in the family had something like that. Yes, to be ill, and had not the will, nor the capacity to do anything about it.



My dad told us that we had to hide sharp knives because she could harm herself. That scared us a lot. So, what was wrong with her? We looked around the house for sharp knives and we hid them. He told us to watch her all the time and warn him if something weird happened to her. He would talk her with love and so we did, but she wouldn't listen. That sadden us more and more, she didn't seem like mom.

Many weeks went by and she wouldn't improve. Kin and neighbors came and go to visit her, but she wouldn't pay attention to any of them, we were embarrassed that she wouldn't answer to her friends. Everyone wanted to convince her that she had to get cured, but imagine that she wasn't listening, hardly a glance to them. We were like that until we avert them to come, they would only want to scold and ask her to comply with her duties, but she couldn't even take care of herself. Do they ignore that she is our mom and that we don't like them to scold her?

Imagine how she was that even her plants and creepers were dying despite her children were watering them. I think they missed that she talked to them, because she says that you have to talk them with love in order they can grow and flourish. Because of that her Jasmines, that smell delicious during the nights, her Bignonias, her Dahlias, Lilacs, and her red, white and yellow Roses are so beautiful.

Well, little by little the pills worked for her. She began dressing and combing by herself and then she cooked something, after that she greeted us, then she talked to us. Imagine how happy we were when she hugged us again and kissed us when we woke up in the mornings! She was our mom again, the one we used to have!



The End