

I am the pearl in my parents' eyes

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I was grinning. I was wailing. I was dull. I was intimidated by this suffocating place...

Can you guess where I was at that moment? Yes, you get it. I was in my mother's womb. I had developed from a dot into a ball. I had taken in nutrition from my mother. I could hear my parents talking every night. I could no longer resist the greed to yearn for more. I kicked and I bounced out. I was welcomed with the jubilation shown in their countenance and I recognized I would be the pearl in their eyes.

The scene of my enrolment in kindergarten was vividly printed in my mind. The weather was serene and the sky azure. Yet, my mood had not yet prepared for that grand day. I had opposed to go to the interview. My parents still insisted that I had no way to go but to start school. I made a nuisance of myself in front of every interviewer. I was asked when we should cross the road. My answer was: Red light. I should confess that I was mischievous but not completely disobedient.

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We were heading back home and I could sense the tension among us. In a split second, a 'beep' and flashlight alerted me. Not until I was standing in the middle of the road, did I

realize I was in my father's arms. Could you see my father's cool act? He had nearly sacrificed his life for me!

I am now at the phase of adolescence. I have a lot of assignments and classwork. I become sulky easily and I make my parents mad whenever things are not at my will. I had a dream: I would explore the galaxy. Never did my parents take me down a peg. When I arrived home one day and declared that the dream was too much for me, they didn't taunt me. They gave me hope and encouraged me to pursue what I desired. They always make me a top priority.

I can prophesy that I will still be the pearl in my parents' eyes, even when I have my own family. When I have a quarrel with my husband, my parents will offer me shelter. They will be the ultimate resort from where I can seek comfort. If they can't see well, they will listen to me. If they can't listen well, they will give gestures. You see how I always remain the invaluable pearl in my parents' hearts.

This pearl is my innate gift. I should be grateful but not take it for granted. But what can I do to return this boon? I would like this pearl to remain intact and well-preserved at the bottom of my parents' hearts.