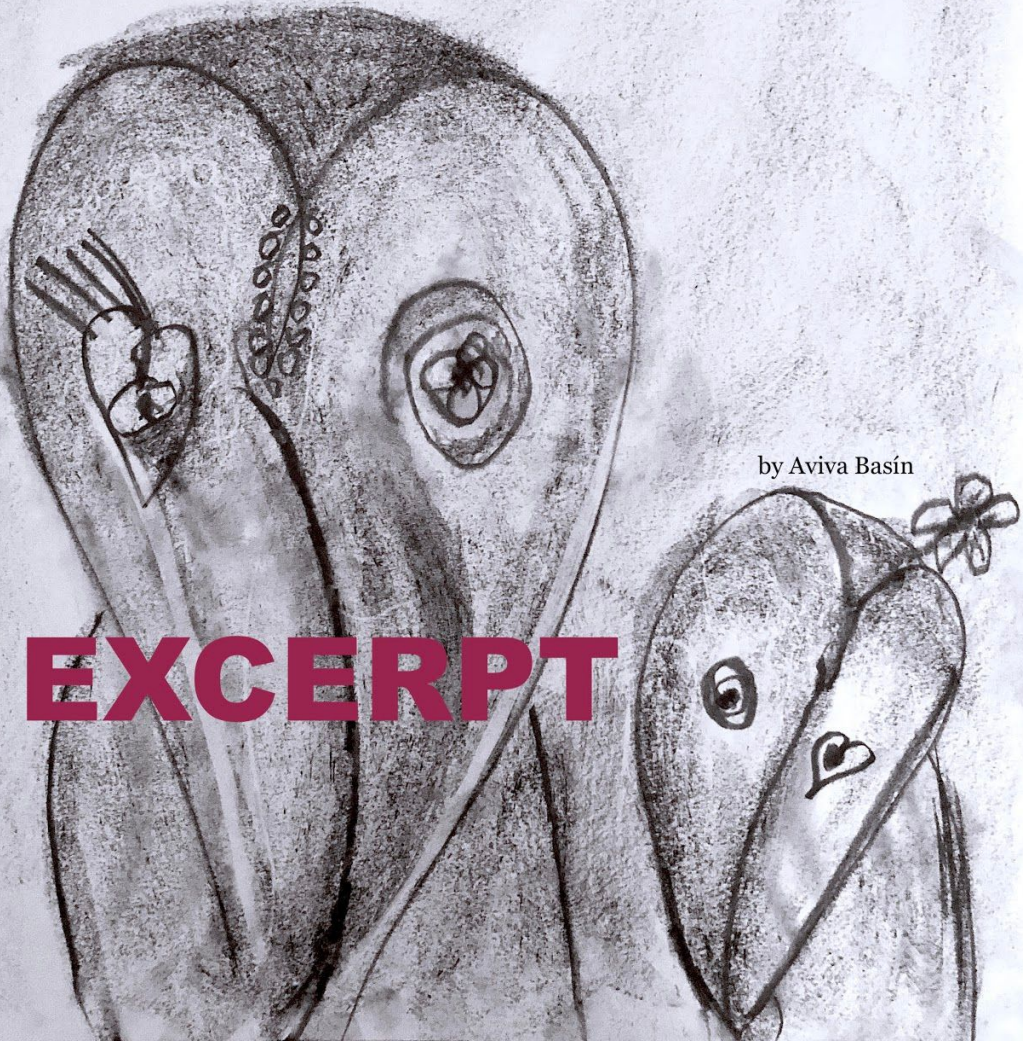


Talking to my Mother

by Aviva Basin

EXCERPT



Dedicated to my Mother who taught me to listen

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Preface

I wanted to convey the feeling behind the stories, so I added the drawings with the hope that if one didn't read the text, the story still grabbed their heart.

For those of you who are the logical type, ignore the pictures, and you will get the philosophy out of the lessons I've learned from listening to my Mother.

And you, who savor both the visual and the storytelling – enjoy the little drawings next to my Mom's wisdom. They may tell you something special.



Introduction

Yesterday my friend Nadette, who is known by her boisterous nature, said in good humor: “I love when you tell me a story, but most of all I love when the story starts with ‘as I was talking to my Mother.’” Her enthusiasm inspired me to write a book of anecdotes and vignettes. Most of them start with that phrase - ‘As I was talking to my Mother.’

Nadette sparked a solution to my Mother’s a request since I was a teenager, “Write a book, Vivi. Tell a story. People will listen.”

I kept asking myself, How can I manifest a whole book? I can write short stories, but a book?!

When Nadette spoke, the two voices unified.

The road was clear.

From then on, whenever I talked with my Mother, which was about twice a week, I prepared a pen and a draft paper to remind me later of the jewel in the conversation.

When I shared the outline of the writing with my Mom, she sighed with relief, and I echoed her since a dream came true for both of us.

I wanted the book to have ninety-nine stories because it gave me a feeling of continuation. There were more stories to tell beyond this book.

Most of the anecdotes are very short and deliver one message. Sometimes the same advice appears in various stories because I am slow and my Mom has to tell me the same thing again and again in different disguises.

The whole book delivers one message – gratitude to my mother, and to you, the reader.

I'd love to hear from you,

Aviva

or you could [email: AvivaBasin@gmail.com](mailto:AvivaBasin@gmail.com)



Strength

As I was talking to my Mother, she said, “Yesterday was Naomi’s birthday, and she invited me to celebrate with her. The room was full of friends from her meditation group, and other people that I didn’t recognize. At some point they passed around a deck of cards, they called them *Angel Cards*, and each person talked about the card they got.

When it was my turn, I spoke about my card – Strength. I said that power is not in the muscles, but in the spirit, in one’s thoughts and actions. A person can have strong arms, but because of their weak character, they may make the wrong decision. An individual with strong emotional intelligence will do well even if his physical body is not as healthy.

To my surprise, everybody got up and gave me a standing ovation. Your brother came to visit me later and told me that several people said how lucky he was to have such a wise mother.”

I smiled at my Mom, “You are indeed wise, even though it’s too late to say ‘wise beyond your years.’ We are all lucky to have you. I think it is best to have a sharp mind in a healthy body, as the idiom says.”

We nodded in front of our monitors.



Falling

As I was talking to my Mother, she said “People talk a lot about their fear of falling as if that was the main problem. It isn't. The difficulty is when people fall and don't get up. That's the problem. Parents need to let their kids fall and support them on the way up. I have fallen many times. The main ones were when your father and brother died. But I got up. I had a life. I had children to support. I had a motivation to continue and live. You see?”

I nodded, “Yes Mom. Sometimes when falling, I feel paralyzed as if life came to a stop. The pain is agonizing. But then I remember Alex, my community, I remember you, and I get up. I have a lot of reasons to keep living.”

My Mother continued, “We often can't prevent the fall. It catches us by surprise. But we can always choose to get up.”

Our eyes locked in determination – always to get up.



Diet

As I was talking to my mother, I said “I’ve been on a diet for three weeks now, and after the first drop of three pounds I keep staying in the same place. I feel very discouraged.”

My Mom said, “Don’t be. I’ve done every diet in the book, and staying at the same weight is part of the process. Keep at your diet, and eventually, you will have a drop. It’s a matter of discipline and self-love. It’s good practice. I’m sure you’ll succeed.”

Mom’s confidence oiled my joints and strengthened my muscles. I said, ‘I can do it. She trusts me. I will do it with her blessing. I will do it for her.’”

It did make it easier to focus on what food is beneficial for me, and which isn’t.



Perfection

As I was talking to my Mother, I told her of a conversation I had with a friend from my community.

“He said that next year he wanted to quit being the manager of the clothing store, and be a housecleaner. When he saw my surprise, my friend told me that as a musician he had a lot of projects to develop. Cleaning houses will free his mind to be open for his creativity.”

“What a smart man,” commented my Mom.

“Yes, and I realized that cleaning houses is what I do for a living. I clean so I can write. Suddenly, from having a job I didn’t like, I had the perfect job. All this without changing anything, but my point of view. Isn’t this amazing?”

My Mother beamed, “You have great friends, my daughter, how fortunate.”

Fortunate indeed.



Time

As I was talking to my Mother, she said: “My world is smaller now than when I was young. I can't go to the supermarket as I used to. I don't attend patients as their dentist. I've worked in my clinic for so long that often I treated one generation after another. I knew my patients from the time they were children until they had kids of their own. They all felt like family. It was wonderful.

Now, all I have is you and your brothers. I like it. I love my little world. It helps me to feel calm, have enough energy for what I need. In the past I used to have more strength to do things; to cook meals for many people, to entertain colleagues of your father. Now, the only one I please is myself. I like it. Sometimes people ask me if I want to have a partner. I laugh. I've had partners. Now I want to be my partner. My pleasure is to love myself and my family. I'm grateful for my life.”

And I'm grateful for my Mom. What a gift to have a mother who is happy and satisfied with her life. Sometimes I hear women my age who complain about their mothers. I'm appreciative, and I urge them to feel grateful. If things go according to nature, they will survive their mothers.

It's feels natural to love my Mother. After all, if it weren't for her, we wouldn't be here.



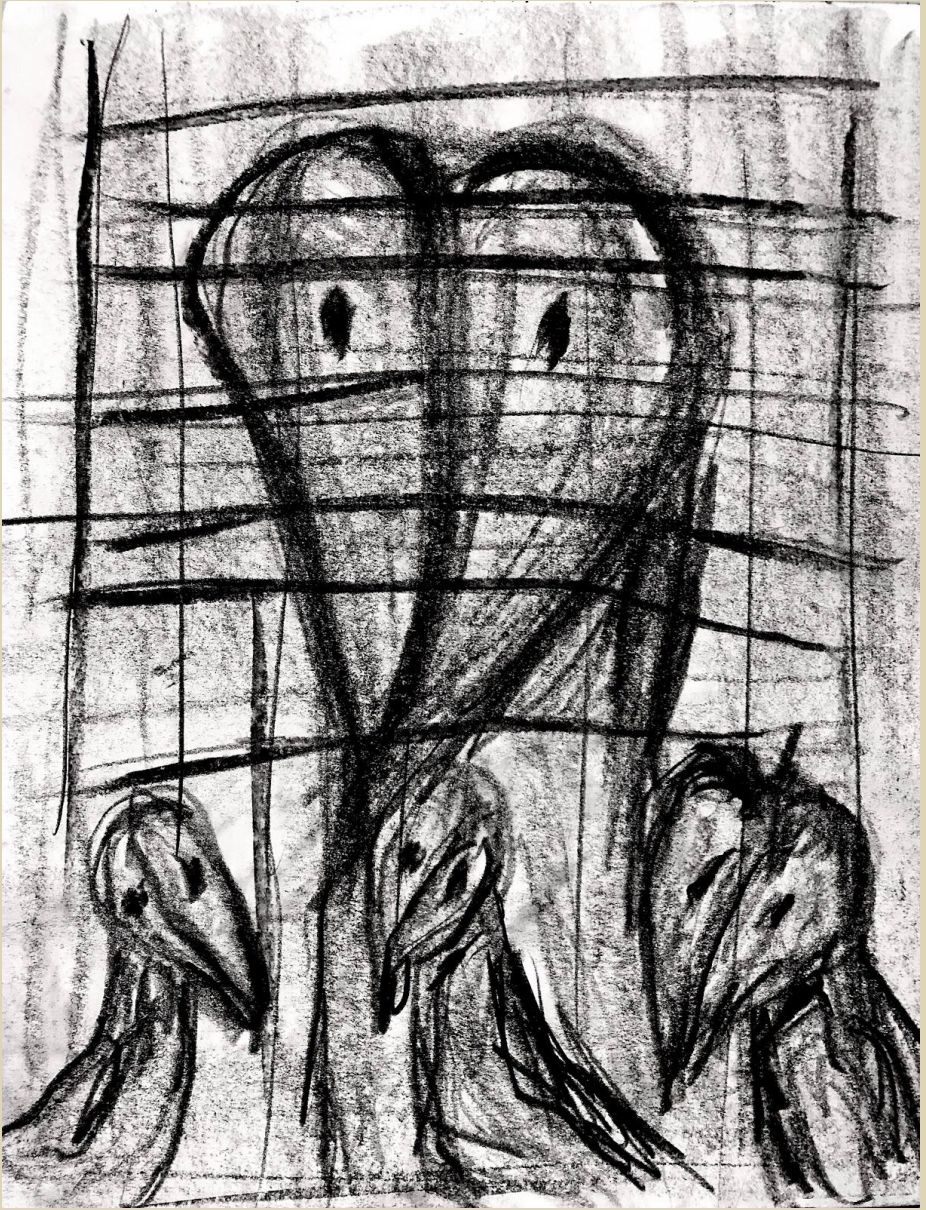
Ego

As I was talking to my Mother, I told her about a friend who always got to me. She complained about how big my ego was and in general how annoying she found me. I felt at a loss as to what to do. I saw her incredibly irritating, and HER ego could fill a dance hall.

My Mother chuckled, “Dear Vivi, what a great opportunity you have to grow and love others. You are so busy taking offense that you miss the chance to look into what she said. The flaw you see in her is the one she mentioned about you. Could it be she annoyed you because she was on the mark? You do have a healthy ego that prevents you from seeing things as they are, right? But, since you care about her, and she felt hurt by you, wouldn't it be nice to understand what she experienced?”

As usual, my Mom deflated my ballooned emotions, and I went to contemplate the past event. I got so over-reactive by my friend's comments that all I wanted was to come back at her.

Mom knows best.



Grandma

As I was talking to my mother, she apologized for not picking the Skype signal from me earlier.

She said, “I was talking to Luisito, my grandson, and every time you called, I said, ‘I have to talk to Vivi’, and he responded, ‘not yet, Grandma, not yet. I have no one to talk to, but you.’ He’s such a special young man, gentle and eager to learn. I’ve been teaching him about the meridians, and prayers to support him.” She smiled, and her eyes glowed.

“Yes,” I said, “The relationship between a grandparent and grandchild is extraordinary. I remember when I was his age and rode the bus for six hours to spend a weekend with my grandpa. When my friends on the bus heard who I was going to see, they thought I was teasing them and hiding a dark love affair. People are so funny that way.”

My Mother responded, “You are right. The energy between Luisito and I is very sweet and special, even though our relationship is no less special.” She smiled and rewarded me with her beautiful smile.

“Of course, mama,” I said, “Our special relationship is normal to me. I glow and thrive in it.”

In moments like these, I wished I could hug her. She touched my heart profoundly.

Only my Mom could reach that special place of belonging.



Fishy

As I was talking to my Mother, she reminded me of a dish I had prepared for her on one of my visits.

At that time, she noted that the fish tasted somehow different than usual.

She asked: “Did you use a different oil, Vivi?”

“No, Mom,” I said.

“Did you fry it in another pan?”

“No, Mom,” I replied.

“No problem,” she noted. She continued to eat and contemplated on the unique taste.

The next day she said to me, “You know why, I think, the fish tasted different?”

“Please, tell me.” I was also pondering.

“I think it was a bit burnt.” She said gently.

I blushed. My Mother was right.

I gave her a huge hug and a kiss.

My Mom loved me so much that it took her time to realize I’d burnt the dish. First, she tried all other options.

Mother’s love.



Ocean

As I was talking to my mother, I reflected on an event that had a significant influence on me.

“A spiritual teacher told me to dip in the ocean every day for a whole year. His request came in the spring. The water was warm, and I loved it. As the months progressed, it got hot, and dipping in the ocean was refreshing. Then the temperature started going down, people on the shore got fewer, and I still dipped into the sea every day. In January the waters had a life of their own. I didn't have to swim, the sea crawled up to me and sprayed its salty water. Slowly the months kept proceeding. It became spring again. People started showing up on the beach and in the water.

One evening as I was walking along the shore I thought, ‘Wow, it’s been a year since I started this project, the ocean kept changing, and my love for it kept growing. The sea was always perfect: cold, warm, stormy, still. I was the one adjusting my attitude and my thoughts toward it. I loved the ocean no matter what, I loved it unconditionally. I hope someday I’ll love myself that way.’”

My Mother said, “You know, Vivi, Mother’s love is the same way. No matter what you do, what you say, how you behave – I always love you. There is nothing you can say or do that will make me change my love for you. It is constant.”

My Mother is my Ocean.

Dear Reader,

I hope you enjoyed reading this excerpt. I hoped you received some of the valuable wisdom from my mother and can apply it to your life.

This is only 9 stories of the complete book
“Talking to my Mother (99 Stories).”

As a tribute, I'd like to involve your impression of the book. All you have to do is write me a response and the first 10-20 responses will get included in the final edition.

Please email to -
AvivaBasin@gmail.com and your name will be part of her story.

Thank you for participating and giving my Mother and I some of your valuable time.

Sincerely,

Aviva Basin