

The Hero In My Life

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The hero in my life is my mom, Becky. My mom is my hero because of the way she raised me, helped me through life when I was a teenager, and taught me right from wrong in my crazy life. My brother and I knew we were in trouble when she would say our first, middle, and last name.

My mom is my hero because she raised me and cared for me the best she could by herself. She was very strict about what I did with my friends, or who I could hang out with. I never knew why she was so strict until now. I am now an adult with two girls, eight and twelve. I know there are a lot of bad people in the world and now as an adult, I am grateful for how strict my mom was with me.

My mom also helped me through life. One thing she helped me with was the hard times I had growing up, wondering where my dad was. I also had problems in school and I didn't respect anybody or care. My mom, she always had answers for everything and solutions for my problems.

My mom also taught me right from wrong. Growing up I hung out with the wrong people doing the wrong things. She sat me down one day and explained what would happen if I continued to hang out with the wrong people. She told me that I could end up in jail or dead somewhere.

The hero in my life is my mom Becky. She is my hero for raising me the right way in a stressful world, for helping me through life, especially with all the problems I had growing up and for teaching me right from wrong. I am very grateful for the things I know now that I didn't know when I was a teenager and I can pass that down to my girls. I love you mom r.i.p.