

# Family Heroes

I once asked my mother who her hero was. My mum is a nurse, so I was expecting her to say someone famous, or inspiring, like Florence Nightingale. To my surprise, without a moment's thought she softly replied, "My father."

I never met my mother's father, my grandfather, as he had passed away before I was born. When I asked mum why she saw my grandfather as a hero this was her reply.

*"My dad was my first friend in life. One of my earliest memories was holding on to his finger as I was first learning to walk, I fondly remember him holding onto my bike as I first learnt to ride, and I chuckle every time I picture him tightly grasping his seat belt as he first taught me to drive.*

*I always enjoyed spending time with him. During the week Dad would help me with my homework, and on weekends he was never too busy to play games in the backyard. I could discuss everything with Dad without any hesitation. He taught me to be grateful for the little things, and to see mistakes and failures as part of the journey to success.*

*My father gave me the greatest gift anyone could give another person, he believed in me. He was, and still is my role model, and I love, and miss, my dad very much."*



Later that evening, after a busy day playing at the beach, baking muffins for my brother's birthday party, and dancing in the kitchen, my mother tucked me into bed. As she kissed me goodnight I realised how good a teacher my grandfather had been, and why my mother was my hero.