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All my life I used to believe I'd have everything that was given to me forever. It never crossed my mind that something could disappear and never return. When I was nine, my mother got into a terrible motorcycle accident on the interstate ramp. I didn't understand what had happened and assumed she'd be alright as long as she was in a hospital. It didn't occur to me that she almost died, even in the good hands of doctors. It was then that I learned from my mother the lesson of never taking things for granted.

To take for granted is to forget and to forget is to lose. I had forgotten about my mom, about all the things she did for me and how important she really was to me. I had taken for granted her very existence. I had so many questions about what happened and if she was alright but I knew better not to ask, feeling the stress and tension there was all around. When I first saw her, I didn't recognize the woman in the bed, with a swollen eye, skin with horrible road rash, raw and bruised. I became afraid and ran into my dad's arms. My mother started crying.

I felt bad for my mom throughout her whole healing process. She was in so much pain and dreaded looking in the mirror at her complexion. The only thought that ran through her head was how ugly she looked, how ugly she felt. I could tell she was ashamed she took her beauty she had before for granted but then again, she didn't know she would be in an accident. I told her what I thought. She replied this: "I still took it for granted, with everyone's compliments and every day I looked in the mirror. I always said I wasn't pretty. Now I'm really not."

My mom received surgery for her right eye due to not enough skin to hold it up properly. She had special lotion to put on her fresh scars all over her hands and arms. She even used tweezers to pick out small rocks from the pavement that were still buried in her skin. She hated the scars that were given to her and the way her right eye was different from her left. She hated the way her motorcycle looked, all broken and smashed, never to be ridden again. She hated taking for granted everything she had before the accident and now having to see what it left her with.

Things change all the time and sometimes they're for good, others for bad. But no matter what happens, I choose to never take the precious things in life for granted. After almost losing my mom, I realized that I could lose anything and I could never have it again. I'm thankful for having learned a valuable lesson and for not losing my mother; still beautiful in every way and still mine. I take every day as a gift and every thing to come in that day an even greater gift.

