



Symbol of 20 Years of Loyalty

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Abstract: Mother... People compare mother in different ways. In fact, mothers are the most precious gift given to us among the blessings of the world. Mother! Who is he, why is he incomparable...



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When a person defines something, he first of all looks at himself. In fact, if a child who has just stepped on the threshold of knowledge is asked what he understands by the word mother, he will say without hesitation what qualities and traits he saw in his mother. It is enough to ask us not who your mother is, but what you feel when you hear the word mother. Our mother is embodied before our eyes, and we begin to describe the word mother with her qualities. A mother is a father, loyalty, life, doctor, counselor, friend, confidant, simple-minded, well-wisher, honest, responsible. The above definitions were exactly my answer to the question: "Who is mother?" Yes, my mother is the kind of woman whose loyalty I know is epic in tongues, the one who praises my mother after seeing the paths of life. A mother is probably the only one who can still preserve the loyalty of 2 years of love, who can devote her life to the loyalty of her love and her child.

18 years ago... That terrible event, the night when the 2-year taste of love that was awaited for 24 years was lost. Death came to a family that was full of happiness and took away all their joy in the blink of an eye. He took a woman's husband, love, confidant, dreams and laughter with him. There was only one reason, which connected him with this world and gave him hope that he would have a smile on his face later. A little girl in a crib who doesn't know what's going on, can't even feel it. It was the only relic left by his confidant. Now the woman could see her soulmate only in her offspring. He gave her his life, joy, love, dreams, everything he had. He raised her, she did not even feel that her father was absent. It was so much so that even her classmates found out that the girl had no father in the 5th grade, also because of an assignment in the native language class. The woman washed her hair white and combed it, so that she wouldn't lose heart, she pretended that it was coming out of her mouth, so that others wouldn't know her weakness, she confided in him. She taught her daughter so that her life paths would not be like mine, and reawakened her dreams that had turned into mirages. A miracle of God showed itself not to be a miracle, but a miracle. Only a woman, a devoted MOTHER, can do such courage from the blessings created by God. Our mother.

It is said that a human child can endure pain until about 90 bones are broken. Only in the mother's body for 9 months, two hearts beat, and when he was born, he was born with the pain of breaking more than 300 bones. As 9 months are one whole, a woman turns her life into two bodies, holding her life in the hands of death. It's great to give your life, agree to suffer and even give your life as a pledge. That is why Heaven is under the feet of Mothers. Now the counter-respondent?! How? How are we treating them?



To those who gave their lives, put their lives in the middle, spent a piece of our meat night and night, day and night, and threw stones at our beautiful garden, throwing stones at our heels. How are we responding to this man who killed himself?! Instead of comforting him when he is upset, we are the cause of the tears coming out of his eyes. Instead of protecting the pure heart from reproaches and stones, we ourselves are throwing stones. We could not give in to the fact that our tsar missed something insignificant, and we did not even try. Did we do at least one good deed for people like him to be proud of us while they are proud and bragging about their children. Now ask yourself a question. When was the last time you said to your mother, "Mom, I love you. Thank you, you said. Do you remember when you prayed for your parents during prayer? Let's open our eyes, friends, they are God's blessing, trust, priceless to us. When you enter your home and your parents' shoes are standing on the threshold, there is no happier person in this world than you. Let's appreciate them! After all, "The last regret is your enemy."

Oh, my mother is chasing after me,

A piece of heart is worth a thousand bribes, mother.

In a bright world seeing every misfortune,

My poor mother who did not see Toshkan.

Did I miss you once as a child?

Have I become your child now?

Humanity is created to want to say the dearest and most attractive words about life, the cradle of life - mother. However, the joy of speech and life, life, and happiness begin with the mother. In the above lines, the poet has described his mother beautifully. In fact, it doesn't matter to him whether we are 7 years old or 70. He always worries and thinks about us. "Is my child okay, has he eaten, is it getting colder, please put on some warm clothes, my child is my child," he says, days are restless, and nights are filled with questions. As if this is not enough, it is necessary to put up with the whims of the spouse. Just one piece of heart breaks itself into a thousand pieces. Child, spouse, family, gossip and slander, suffering, diseases are all his responsibility. Only our innocent heart can see all the sufferings and troubles of this world in half of its life and dreams of seeing the capital once. It's no secret that Uzbek women spend the most beautiful years of their lives in labor and suffering, worrying about their family, while Western women are busy traveling the world. Our mother is excited to see Tashkent. It is enough to come to the capital once and see its beauty. He brags about his happiness to everyone. If you, as a child, do something good for once, the child's heart will beat with joy. "My child took it for me," he says and shows it to everyone. He rubs his eyes and prays for you every moment. Your small gift will bring joy to the world. In fact, there is nothing easier than making our mother happy. A small unexpected gift from you will fill you with happiness and joy. Sometimes you don't even need a gift. All you need is a kind word and good health. If you call me my mother, I will give my life for my child. Yes friends, this necklace is such a miracle. He is a child at heart, his courage is as strong as a man's strength, and his patience is stronger than the mountains, he is just a miracle, and this miracle is our paradise on earth.

In conclusion, it should be said that preserving God's miracle and making his eyes wet with tears of joy is a duty for us as well. Let's not forget that even if we are in his service for the rest of our life, we cannot repay him for the 1 night he spent awake for us. In front of the good things he has done for us, what we do is like a drop in the ocean. Let's protect our paradise, because God has entrusted mothers.



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