

It was a chilly, windy night and the rain was pattering against the window. Located in the silent hospital with my father in the Intensive Care Unit, I was recalling the day that my mother died.

It was a grey, cloudy day and the window was rattling. However, it was a big day for me and my company. As a Chief Executive Officer of one of the most prestigious shoe-making brands, I decided to join the international shoe-making contest.

My teammates and I spent over a year to prepare for this competition. Every day, we were as busy as bees in choosing the best materials for manufacturing the shoes, including leather, glue and a lot more. I was occupied by my work and had no time to sleep or had dinner with my family.

I had totally immersed myself in the preparatory work for the race. To my surprise, my mother came to my office and carried lunch and dinner for me. I was so embarrassed that a CEO had to be taken care by his mother. Every time when my mother came to my office, my face was just as red as an apple. 'Oh dear, can you go home? I'm very busy! Don't come here again!' I shouted impolitely. 'I know it. Don't work too hard! Take a rest!' My mother reminded me softly and left.

During the meeting on that day, we were discussing the final details of the design and manufacturing process for the next day. No sooner had I entered the meeting room than I received a phone call from my father. I had no choice but to neglect the call since the contest was so crucial that if we had won the champion, the profit of our company would have been boosted.

After the meeting, I found that there were over 10 calls and a message. The message stated, 'Chris, your mother has just passed away. The body will be

delivered to the mortuary in two hours. Come to see your mother!' After I had read the message, my mind was totally blank. I did not know what to do. My phone fell on the ground. I was trembling with fear.

I rushed to the hospital immediately. I told myself what I had seen was not real. I could not believe that my mother had died. I held my mother's hands which were as cold as ice. 'We haven't seen each other for a long time, mum. I should have come and seen you more often. You should tell me you have been suffering from cancer. Why didn't you tell me? Sorry, mum. I'm very sorry!' I cried and sobbed immensely. Tears had gone down my cheeks.

As the old saying goes 'There is no use to cry over spilt milk.' Admittedly, not everything could be remedied, especially the time being with family. 'Time never waits for anyone. Whether it is working more important than accompanying with family or vice versa is determined by ourselves. If I had spent more time with my mother, I would not have been so guilty and remorseful,' I thought.

From that day on, I promised myself to spend more time with my father so as to compensate for what I had not done enough for my mother before and to prevent the same remorseful case that had happened to my mother and me.

Such an experience teaches me two important things in life – to cherish the time being with your family and be grateful for everything that your family has done for you.

'Is your body okay, dad? What did the doctor say?' I asked patiently. 'I'm very healthy! Don't worry! My lovable son!' replied my father with a big smile. Hearing the good news, I was as happy as a lark! 'Let's go home, dad!' I smiled.

The wind stopped roaring, the sky stopped sobbing and the moon and stars smiled at me brightly! What an enthralling view it was!