

Passion

*“An intense desire or **enthusiasm** for something”
“...intense and eager enjoyment, interest or **approval**”*

I believe my mother did not grow up under the most desirable circumstances. Her mother got divorced which was ill regarded, and further she was often sick and unable to take care of my mother and her brother. The kids fought a lot and hence have never been able to establish a good relationship. The rest of the family relied upon the famous Danish *Jantelov*, and so she was raised to believe she was nothing special. I would like to dedicate this essay to her – I believe she proved them wrong.

My mother took a chance when she got pregnant with me. She had not known my father for long, but time was gaining in on her, and she longed for having a baby. I must say it is the best chance she ever took! However, it was not without complications. It did not work out between my parents and soon after my birth my mother moved to an old railway house, which she rented. The condition of the house was indeed ill, but the neighbourhood was great and I have no doubt in my mind why she made that priority. She saw possibilities.

In my early years she was unemployed, but I convince myself it was important to her to be around. I remember her once saying that she could barely afford cream in her coffee. Even though this is an extreme exaggeration, I think I see the point. She valued our time together higher than the money and the materials she could have gotten from a job. Even though I am unable to remember the time, I believe it gave me something; a foundation, confidence, happiness, or what the word might be. In between the playing, she renovated the first floor of the house and made it fit for habitation. She is educated carpenter and architect, and so she provided me with my own room, which was simply amazing.

The owner of the house, the Danish company DSB decided to offer their entire old railway houses for sale. My mother made a fair but brilliant negotiation of the price, arguing that she had renovated the first floor and that the rest remained in a bad condition. After the acquiring, a total renovation was started – performed only by her to notice. For a whole year we lived at only fifteen square meters and in heavy building side conditions, but the result was worth it. Soundproof windows replaced broken panes, Italian tiles took over rotten floor, and the house was turned into a true magazine wonder.

At this time I was not prospering in school. I was in fifth grade and hated to get up in the morning. By nature I love to study and perform, but it was not motivating to be met by teachers who did not have a passion for their jobs, since it let to everybody was doing nothing. My mother took the perhaps necessary action, and placed me in a private school even though it required a considerable amount of her already

constrained funds. I can never mention all the things she has done for me, but this is without a doubt the best. I got all the possibilities to study and learn and so I did.

In the meantime my mother turned the unemployment into running her own business. To begin with an insurance company hired her and she got both a good wage and benefits. I know it was the proudest day of her life at that time. She had raised her daughter (I might add her wonderfulness), renovated the house, and perhaps even convinced herself she could be good enough. However my mother was pushed to the limit by the insurance company to perform on unreasonable conditions. After 10 years employment she took the step and quitted for the purpose of starting up her own business. Today she is in my eyes a very successful businesswoman, who has never had a non-busy day despite the financial crisis. I do not question this is due to her drive, proficiency and fairness in every matter.

When it was time for me to move out I struggled finding an affordable place. I ended up moving to an apartment that seemed reasonable to begin with. The hirer kept demanding unreasonable requirements that I had to conform with in order to stay. These turned in conflict with law and when I protested, I was as expected noticed to quit. Then I had no place to live and school was starting. Again my mother came to my rescue. She spent a huge amount of time searching for apartments, and so she found one affordable but in very bad repair. It had been the home for an alcoholic and everything was ripped apart. Together we spent the next year redoing the place. Practically everything from floor to ceiling had to be replaced, and I have never experienced anything that hard but my mother never thought of quitting. To her it was utmost important that I had a place where the conditions were set for me to feel safe and concentrate on studying.

Thanks to my mother I have always been provided with the best conditions. She gave me every opportunity she could for me to develop and learn. She was a great role model and I can only admire her drive as well as her good heart. Every day I strive for achieving what she has achieved and making her proud. Not only is she successful in business, she is also happy. I believe she proved the family wrong. My mother is indeed special.

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