

**Why my Dad/Mom is a Hero**

My father served in the United States Air Force for over twenty years, spending several years as a squadron commander, months in the desert, and a year on remote. Most would call him a hero for his loyal and unfaltering service to our country, and while I would never disagree, my father is not MY hero. My hero is my mother, who was with my father every day of those twenty plus years. She spent years as a squadron commander's wife and plenty of time being a single mother while my father was away. Through countless moves and hardships my mother stayed strong, kept the family together, and provided my father with a home to come back to.

It takes a strong woman to raise a family and run a home, and it takes an even stronger woman to raise a family and run a home when the location of the home changes every two years. The hardest working member of a military family is quite often the wife and mother. The size of our homes varied, but the skill in which my mother could make any house a home never failed or weakened. It is not easy to make every house a home, but my mother never made it seem that way. She taught me that a home is more than just a place to eat and sleep, it is a place filled with laughter and love, caring and comfort. Individually those traits are easy to create, but to bring those things together takes skill, an iron will, and the strength of a true military wife.

My mother taught me that no matter what country you live in or how small of a house, as long as you have your family, you can make a home. This teaching proved true time and time again, as we moved into new cities and new towns. At first when everything is strange and almost foreign, you learn that your family never changes. It is something that you turn to in time of need, and it will always be there to support you no matter what you do. As I have grown I have continued to watch my mom be the true rock and pillar of our family. The more I understood that everyone can see the mark of a hero in my father, not everyone looks behind my father to see the woman that has been with him through it all; the woman who was my father's hero in his times of need, my mother. While I might meet famous or influential people in my life time, no one can replace my mother as my hero. She may only be five feet two inches tall, but her strength is immeasurable, her love boundless, and her courage is endless.