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The Sound of a Mother Calling Your Name

By **Keith Parsons, CWNE #3** · 2026-05-10 · originally on LinkedIn

There is a sound I think each of us carries inside us, the sound of our mother speaking our name. Not urgent, not angry. Just the soft, ordinary calling of someone who wanted to know you are alright. Most of us heard it a thousand times and never thought to memorize it. And yet, somehow, we did.

That is the magic of mothers. They love us in a language so constant we mistake it for the air, the cool hand on a hot forehead, the worry held quietly so we wouldn't have to carry it ourselves.

Today I am thinking of the women who shaped us. The ones still here to hug, and the ones we can only hold in memory now. If your mother is near you today, please tell her something true. Not just thank you, tell her you remember. The song she used to hum. The way she believed in you long before you believed in yourself.

And if your mother is no longer here, know that she is not gone. She is in the way you laugh. The way you worry. The way you love these messy, beautiful families we have.

We came from extraordinary women. Today, let's try to be worthy of them.

By Keith Parsons, CWNE #3, Wireless LAN Professionals. Free to read and share. Facts