It is an interesting dichotomy, superhero and supervillain. In the comic books it comes down to a matter of choice, perhaps more accurately, choices. There is usually a traumatic event, a big moment. A character could then go one way or the other. A life of crime or a life dedicated to others. Spiderman is a classic example of this. Faced with two paths, he started down one, only to change to the other.  Super heroism is a choice, even in the tragedy that life is, we choose to do good or not...

Trauma. It certainly seemed to find her. A sister’s death at the tender age of twenty-one from an aneurysm. A brother’s life cut short due to a car accident. A miscarriage that was never spoken of until her final moments. Any of the events as a single entity could have caused her to embrace anger. All three? Surely, enough to send her down a path of perpetual bitterness. But it didn’t.

Rather, she chose love. As she and her husband left the warm climes and family support they had grown up in to travel across the world to a cold and wintery tundra, she chose love. When faced with racial abuse from strangers and smug condescension from ‘friends’, she chose love. When she lost him, the man who meant more to her than anyone else, she chose love. Her superpower was love, which she chose every single day of her life.

Now to look at her, you’d never say she was the hero of the story. In a crowded room it would be easy to overlook her. For she would want to be overlooked. Quiet and demure, she would have happily disappeared into the shadows. You would walk past her gazing upon the more glamorous, listening to the more melodious. And in doing so, it would have been your loss. For the time needed to gain an understanding of this woman’s heroism could be lost to the garish, the obnoxious, the verbose.

You see, the thing about heroes is that they never really crave the limelight. They are thrust into it but they don’t want to be the story. For every Tony Stark, there are countless Batmen or Supermen who don’t want to be known. And this was her. Superhuman in every sense of the word but happy not to be in the spotlight.

I know some will suggest that she should not be considered superhuman. She was an accountant. She was not a singer. She was not a dancer. She was not a writer. But never mind what she wasn’t. For she was a daughter. She was a sister. She was a wife. She was a mother. My mother. Without her, I would have never had the opportunity to be the best thing that I am today…a father. Heroes make the world a better place. They inspire us to be better, to do better. She was a hero. She still is. She will be forever.