

MOTHERS DAY

On Mother's Day my thoughts return to childhood scenes that make me yearn
To take her withered hand in mine, and watch her forlorn features shine.
She's failed so much in recent years, she scarcely sees and hardly hears,
She struggles with life's basic tasks, Her memory's gone--she has to ask.

She's isolated by her mind; Her thoughts are vague and ill-defined.
She can't appreciate the wear of Jim and Fina's loving care.
But still a kiss upon that brow, engraved with furrowed wrinkles now,
Brings winsome joy into her soul where time has taken such a toll.

She raised me on the Word of God, and disciplined me with the rod;
Nor do I in the least resent the fact that she would not relent,
But how I wish I could recall each callous word that I let fall,
That grieved her faithful tender heart which gave my life a godly start.

May God rebuke her futile breath, and free her from this living death;
And gently wipe away her tears, her loneliness, her childish fears.
And when I see her over there, there'll be no silver in her hair;
She'll know her family once again, and welcome all her children in.

Bud Morris

5/8/08

*Mom died early on Mother's Day morning a year after this poem was written.
She had had no recollection at all of my father for several years, but the night
before she died she sat up in bed and pointed towards the heavens as she
exclaimed, "Bill, what are you doing up there in all that light?"*