

Memories of Mother
Susan Pennington - 2001

It's 2001, Mom.
Hard to imagine, isn't it?
Tell me,
can you see it from where you sit?
High above me,
By my side -
In God's world, where you now reside.
I feel your presence;
I know you are here.
Having this comfort alleviates my fears.
You have gone before,
leaving some behind,
To gather with relatives from another time.

Life never ends for those who lived before,
Their legacy lives on in the children they adored.
In one, you see the coloring,
another shares the eyes;
In one, you see the temperament,
though carefully disguised.

God paints the perfect picture
on the day that you are born,
Then, stores it for safekeeping,
till that very special morn,
When He takes it out,
and shakes it out,
Releasing it in the air ---
Little tiny bits of you for all your babes to share.

So, here's to that special lady -
I love with all my heart -
Who somehow keeps in touch with me
although we're far apart.
Someday, I'll feel her once again, embrace me with a hug.
Until that day, I'll find comfort ---

In the memory of her love.