

When Mother Smiles

Maybe I first noticed on a no-name day.

It might have been when we went out to play.
Or, perhaps it was just her affectionate display
as she watched Donnie and me go on our way.

I would turn around to glance back at her.
She sweetly would wave, even if it only were
for an instant before we were caught up in play.
Perhaps she wished little boys we'd always stay.
Her gift of gentleness comes from above.
She amply offers it to those she loves

...when Mother smiles.

On to Lawnwood, perhaps some days afraid.

But we knew her encouragement always made
us feel assured that all would be fine.
And our young hearts would be peaceful one more time.
Challenged with family illnesses, she always faced
those stressful times with patience and grace.
She selflessly puts aside her own cares.
I wish you, too, might once be there

...when Mother smiles.

Many seasons passed as seasons do

not caring if we wished them to.
We try to hold on to those special times
that dance then dissipate within our minds.
So far away for most of my life:
I went off to college; I took a wife.
Twelve grandchildren from us three God gave to her.
Now the decades have passed; infrequent visits a blur.
Someday it will be distant, but now it's still clear:
my childlike memory holds it dear.
That tender face she gave away
to each of us children, all going our own way.
One day I will look for what cannot be sought:
she has taken it with her, but forget I will not...

...when Mother smiled.

July 31, 1999