

## Mom

*She lived a simple life  
A woman of no guile  
A soft and gentle soul  
Her lips spoke no denial  
Of her God, her Master  
Nor her time nor life  
Nor her full-kept promise  
As daughter, mother, wife*

*Fortune was not kind to her  
Time unfolded sorrow  
Yearning ever for the peace  
She could not beg nor borrow*

*Husbands, sons and others  
Walked through her tender heart  
Rending with their passages  
Its hopes and dreams apart*

*Tragedies and heartbreak  
Came and sometimes left  
Taking toll from an aching soul  
But for bitter tears bereft  
Of any way to go but on  
To the next day and the morrows  
And hope and pray for God to stay  
Life's ever present sorrows*

*Love and laughter came as well  
But with edges clouded  
For life's delight is rarely bright  
Once pain has it enshrouded*

Started this in 1982, whereafter it lurked mostly untouched, though often looked at, in my "unfinished" file. Stumbling across it recently, it jogged my heart and memories and some new words came, although I am not certain it is yet complete.

..... 2011