

Our Mother

Seven of us gathering round her
casket, sharing in our grief;

Knew our mother wasn't there, she
was in Heaven - was our belief!!

Each one gazing down at the care
worn face,

Was thinking of things they wished
they could erase,

Wishing we could tell her how
sorry we were,

For all of our tears can never cure
The pain in our heart, that I am sure

A more wonderful "mother" there
will never be,

Tender, compassionate, full of
sympathy.

I am sure in her heart, she forgave
us all

The hurts we inflicted didn't penetrate
her faith, for her faith was very tall.

It reached up to God, for to Him
she would pray,

To be with each of us, in every way;
She prayed for our sins to be taken away.

God, she would pray, "they don't mean what they do or say".

For she was always seeking the lamb that would stray.

Not only a loving mother, but an understanding friend, she could be, There was a glow of godness about her, that was showered on all to see. A smile she could give, a joke she could tell.

She could quote from the Bible, for she lived it well.

Forgiveness was her motto, so I know she forgave me.

The little house by the side of the road, will always be open, you see; For she instilled in our hearts the love of God, in our hearts there is always the key.