

- A Mother's Love

Flowing like a river hushed
Where circling eagles reach.
Six children know that we are blessed:
Our mother's love is deep.

For sixty summers since her youth
She's been my father's dream.
Through hurricanes and floods she was
A rock on which he leaned.

He knew her Irish heritage,
Lace curtains on the sill,
Would lend a grace and courage that
Far echoes ever still.

In schools for thirty years she taught
Three thousand students called.
And learned that nature is a gift
Of creatures great and small.

The beauty of her homes reflect
The fullness of her life.
Her backyard's a menagerie,
A gardener's delight.

These days her favorite times are spent
On lake place decks and lawn.
In winter months she'll take to skis
With nature she will bond.

We signify these passing years
With virtues we have reaped.
So thankful to our God above:
Our mother's love is deep.