

MEMORIES OF MOM

Each glimpse of Mom's dear face in photo-reverie
can launch me into dreams of childhood days gone by.
Wrapped in her crocheted spread, when down for naps I lie,
I'm snuggled, warm again in Mom's embrace of me.

When fed on bright-inked leaves with her calligraphy
of precious quotes she'd gleaned, I nightly grow thereby.
And when my hopes are dashed, I hear her singing sigh,
“*Que sera, sera . . .* whatever will be, will be.”

Mom showed me how to darn and sew my buttons back,
how not to mope at loss or pine for what I lack.
But last and best of all, she taught me how to pray
and honor Christ as Lord throughout my whole life span.
Such balanced gifts as these have shaped a grateful man
who misses her sweet presence every Mother's Day.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/12/2018*