

Mother

Mother: How I Will Miss You

From the moment I was conceived,
she prayed for me.
When I was born, she welcomed me.
Through my childhood years
she trained me.
With each success, she applauded me,
In the midst of my failures,
she believed in me.
I have known her love,
Benefited from her sacrifices,
Received her forgiveness,
How I will miss her!

Our Departed Mother

She always leaned to watch for us
Anxious if we were late
In winter, by the window,
In summer by the gate,
And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home
would seem more safe,
Because she waited there.
Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget,
And so I think that where she is,
She must be waiting yet.
Waiting, till we come to her,
Anxious if we are late,
Watching from heaven's window
Leaning from heaven's gate.

A Tribute To Mom...

We couldn't begin
To count the times
She tolerated our moods,
Consoled our heartbreaks
And disappointments,
Endured our ups and downs,
Listened to words confused by tears
And just simply understood
For no other reason
Than because she loved us.

The years hold precious memories,
But most of all they hold growth.
In a way, we grew up together...

Mom is our definition
Of a special person...
Fantastic...
Exceptional...
Unique...
Enduring!

She filled our lives with happiness
And sweet feelings that we will
Carry in our hearts forever.

Her Love

Bring comfort to my heart I pray,
I've lost a dear, dear friend.
She understood and loved me,
With a love that will not end.
I'll carry it within me,
And give it all away.
To each of my own children,
As I live with them each day.
And when my years have been fulfilled,
My time on earth is gone,
The love she richly gave to me,
Will still be living on.

Mama

Her heartbeat was my very first sound,
Her kiss my first affection,
Her loving arms brought security,
Her instruction, clear direction.
I owe the person I've become
to her unselfish love.
There's comfort knowing she's not gone.
She lives with God above.

We Will Share Eternity

My mother is a treasure
that I carry in my heart,
Her memory is safely kept within.
All the love she spent on me
is held in sweet reserve;
Every kiss and every touch
and every precious grin.
I'll miss the many things she was,
the special things she did.
Each one will be remembered gratefully.
Though I will miss her through the years,
I'm comforted to know.
She's with her Lord.
We'll meet again and share eternity.

She Knew Me

My mother always knew
the me that others didn't know.
The deeper part of me that thought and felt.
She knew where my belongings were,
the ones I couldn't find;
My socks, my keys, my wallet,
my favorite missing belt.
She knew just what I loved to eat
and when to make each dish.
The way she knew remains a mystery.
How did she sense my troubled times
and help with every hurt?
I truly had a mom who loved
and gave herself for me.
I'm grateful for the precious years
I've had and known her love.
Her memory will live
within my heart. But God has called her to
His side to live forevermore.
I cannot hold her back.
I know my mother must depart.

The Love of a Mother

The giving of life
To another is not the end,
But the beginning of being a Mother.

The living of life
For another is not a chore,
But the delight of being a Mother.

The receiving of life
From another is not the reason,
But the reward of being a Mother.

The giving, the living,
the receiving of life
is but the love of a Mother.

-Pastor Lawrence C. Raftery