

MAY

Mother dear,

In childhood days, when I began
To know the pressure of your hand,
Clasping firmly 'round my own,
When cares first came to frighten,
I know you stood so stolidly
Between a world of hurts and me.
You rounded off each jagged stone,
My tiny load to lighten.

In youth my life seems much involved:
So many problems yet unsolved;
The wrong desire; the weakened will,
And then the steps I must retrace.
But you, the saint of motherhood,
Did not condemn, but understood,
And subtly, with unerring skill,
With me transgressions would erase.

And since I've come to man's estate,
I realize 'tis not too late
To tell you, with humble heart,
How bright you've made the paths I trod.
For though I've known heartache and tears,
Have traveled valleys dark with fears,
So perfectly you played your part,
You prove the verity of God.

For "God is love," and every act
Of yours proclaims this thought a fact
And so there isn't anyone
More proud than I, to be

Your Son.

Poem from May, 1959 issue
"What's New in Home Economics"

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