



Thoughts on My Mother

I contemplate the passing of the years since I was born,
A tiny little infant child on a chilly winter morn,
So very many years ago in nineteen forty-four
I made my entrance to this world, a wide and opened door.

There are so many moments that I can not recall,
When first I saw my mother's face or father standing tall,
Or when I took those first few steps, or climbed upon a chair,
But always, always mom was there, no matter what I'd dare.

I do recall days of long ago, when money was so scarce,
The day we stood, watched solemnly, the somber horse-drawn hearse,
The kitchen on Tate's Avenue, with its cupboard painted cream,
Or a gospel tent behind our flat, was something often seen.

The times we went to Cavan, exciting was the train,
Or stayed in Auntie Bella's house, and walked along the lane,
The happy days that we would spend, Aunt Bessie, Hannah Lake,
There was so little money then, what difference did it make?

When I was sad, then in your arms, I'd there find comfort, peace,
The times when I would hurt my knee, your kiss would give release,
You took me to the hospital, if not my lungs my eye,
Dear mother how you loved me, the years went swiftly by.

Then I was going with the girl, with strong advice you gave,
For you knew well the dangers, you wanted me to save,
You loved me, and you cared for me, right to the present day,
And mother's love's a blessing, that's you in every way.

The years they now have come and gone, I am a grandpa now,
The little ones they come to me, and then I stop to bow,
To kiss a tiny little hand, or wipe away a tear,
I'm only following my mom, the one I love so dear.

But now that you're getting on, your body weak, hair grey,
You're still my darling mother, you'll always be that way,
I love to have you close to me, and hold you in my arms,
You're still my dear old mother, with also many charms.

I thank you then for being mom, for now that I am grown,
I thank my God in Heaven for the seeds which you have sown,
You taught me principles of life, you taught them so so well,
I'll always love you mother, more than mere words can tell.

*Rowan Jennings
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