

Hearthaches Of A Mother

Today son, I seem to be constantly thinking of you.

It isn't your birthday or any special day, just a day that my mind keeps wondering back to the day you were born. What an ugly little bundle you were and how proud your Mom and Dad were and how we loved you, watched over you and prayed for guidance for you in those first growing years.

But then you grew to be six. The first real heartache of your Mom was the first day you went to school alone. Anxiously, I waited for your return home in the afternoon and listened as you told me all that had happened.

But then you grew to high school age. Another heartache as I watched you graduate from your elementary school days into high school.

In high school you loved to play football. You were pretty good too. Your mom didn't miss a game that you played in even though I didn't know the first thing about what was going on.

More heartaches when you would get wounded in a game and I would have to just sit on the sidelines while the Dr.'s and coach took care of you.

Then came graduation night from high school. I remember you telling me you were not going to cry at leaving your school and classmates, but then maybe that wasn't tears I saw on your checks. You probably had just gotten something in your eye.

Then came your leaving home for Uncle Sam's Air Force.

How lonely and completely lost

we felt that October day when we returned home after putting you on the bus to begin your first journey away from home and friends. This so far had been the greatest heartache of all.

And then came Christmas of that year and your return home for the holidays.

Another heartache was seeing you so handsome and young in your uniform. That was the heartache of realization that now you were now a young man and no more would you be my little boy.

But God had his plans for you too. Came the day of June 4, 1961 and no greater heartache will ever come to your mom because God took you home to be with Him.

This earth is so gloomy since you are no longer here, where the infinite eye can see you, but how bright heaven must be, because you are there, walk slowly son, because soon your mom, dad and sisters will follow.

To Diane, Janice and Gray,

Should I be the next one to go please do not grieve for me. I can hardly wait to see Jimmy again. And I will too.

Mom

adv. 4.c.

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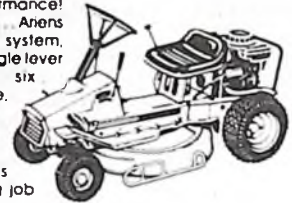
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