

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER

C. S. Craig

Written in loyal commemoration by my Mother's Inspiration
Edna Jeanette Craig (Hickman) October 10, 1921 – August 15, 1995

My son, now that I'm gone, I want you to know,
God has given to you, a piece of my soul.

Through the years I wrote poetry and hid them away,
I knew they would be found after I was gone some day,

I wrote of loneliness and despair during two different wars,
When your Father fought for freedom on distant shores.

I wrote of my love for you children and your Dad,
The only complete family I ever really had.

My son, you were always so kind, so thoughtful and true,
And you loved me, with the same heart, I love you.

Then, as I began dying, you began writing and I knew,
God was giving a piece of my soul to you.

As I grew weaker and weaker and nearer to pass,
Your talent grew stronger, your pen more fast.

I will speak to you often in years to come,
I'll always be with you 'till your time is done.

Listen for my whispers; you'll know my voice,
I will speak words of rhyme and wisdom's choice.

Until next time, I love you my son,
You have a piece of my soul and we are one.