

## My Mother

By Shelli Abel

Words can't begin to describe my mom  
But I will make, an attempt, to try  
She is a very gifted woman  
She can do anything, and that's no lie.

I'll start by sharing some memories  
Of my mom and me through the years  
I wouldn't be what I am today  
Without her love, her prayers, her tears.

When I was five and I entered school  
My mom became a room mother  
She helped at school with parties and stuff  
Caring for me, my sister, and brother.

In third grade mom was my *Blue Bird* leader  
She was the best the girls ever knew  
We made awesome crafts and even baked cakes  
My mom is smart and creative too!

When my brother was a little lad  
And he attended school all day  
Mom went back to work full time  
More money, we thought, hooray!

Mom's money along with dad's  
Was spent with their children in mind  
They put 3 children through Huntington  
Weekly money in my mailbox I'd find.

It was when I became a mother  
That my mom's sacrifices were clear  
She'd worked all day, but still took us swimming  
Her exhaustion would not interfere.

My mom has had many roles in life  
She's a wife, grandma, and friend  
A sister, a daughter, a worker,  
And to all a helping hand she'll lend.

As I said she's a woman with many gifts  
She's elegant and as stylish as can be  
But she's always there for her family's needs  
She's God's servant, she's a giver you see.

How could I have been so blessed  
To have the mom I do  
She is a special gift from God  
My mom is the best, it's true!

Happy Mother's Day to all Mothers!

This poem was written in honor of my mother on her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. I wanted to share it for Mother's Day to celebrate and honor our Mothers. We wouldn't be who we are today if it were not for the loving sacrifices, tireless work, and love of our mothers. Thank you, God for my mother!