

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 80th 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!