

Realizations, Jan. 1986

The noisiest part of my household's away
And Rose-Ellen and I are busy at play.
Her plump little body is wiggling with joy
As she chases the soap round the tub like a toy.
I pull her, protesting, from the bath and we lie
Wrapped in blankets and towels looking up at the sky.
She laughs as I count little pigs on her toes
And struggles and kicks as I pull on her clothes.
And after a time playing games in the sun
She drowsily yawns, and finding her thumb
Snuggles into the blanket and drifts off to sleep.
The moment is perfect - a memory to keep!
Is this sleeping cherub the very same one
Who, during the night, before she was done
Awakened her mother, not one time - but four?
And that isn't all - I assure you, there's more!
But I needn't remind YOU about all the grief
The laughter, the tears, the honest relief
When you see some small sign that your trainings not lost
On these warm little bodies we love at all cost!
It's amazing to think all these years have gone by
When you were the Mother, the child was I.
And I'm grateful to you, as only a Mother could be
For the great kind of mothering you gave to me!

All my love,
Virginia