

## *What Mom Took*

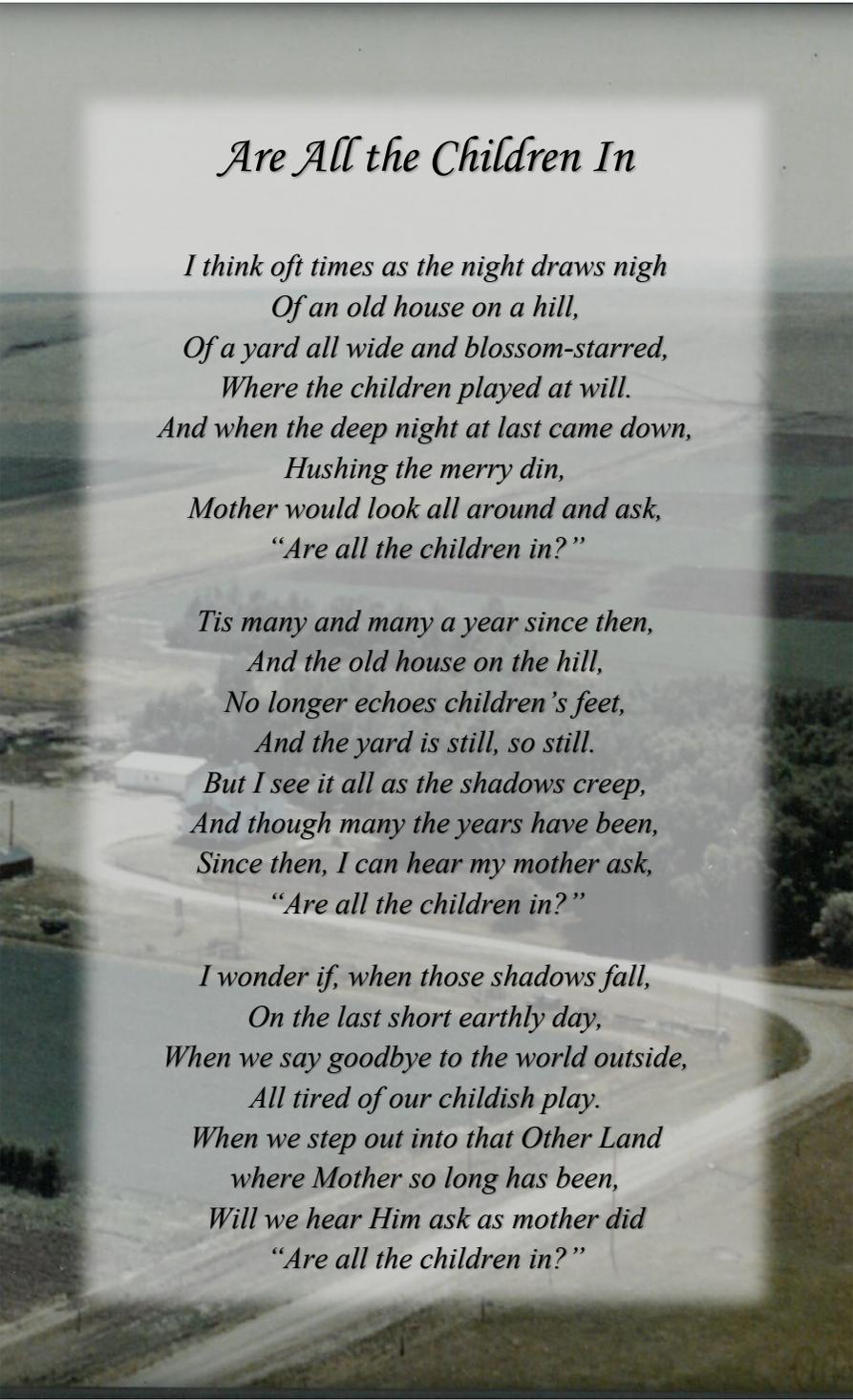
*Most often when we think of Mom,  
we think of what she's given  
The softness of a loving touch,  
a gentle guide for living,  
a nightly tip toe in a room,  
an understanding look  
But sometimes when I think of Mom.....  
I think of what she took;  
She took a child and taught it  
how to live this life with pride.  
She took those kindergarten tears  
and kept them all inside.  
She took the hands  
that longed to hold her child  
and not let go,  
and used them to push her child  
along the way, to thrive and grow.  
She took time to do some other things,  
like sew and clean and cook,  
And never thought to ask for thanks.  
For all the things she took.*

*With Love & Thanks,  
Gary, Duane, Vernon, Virginia, Brenda,  
Greg, Mike, Mark, Marie, Rita, and Becky*

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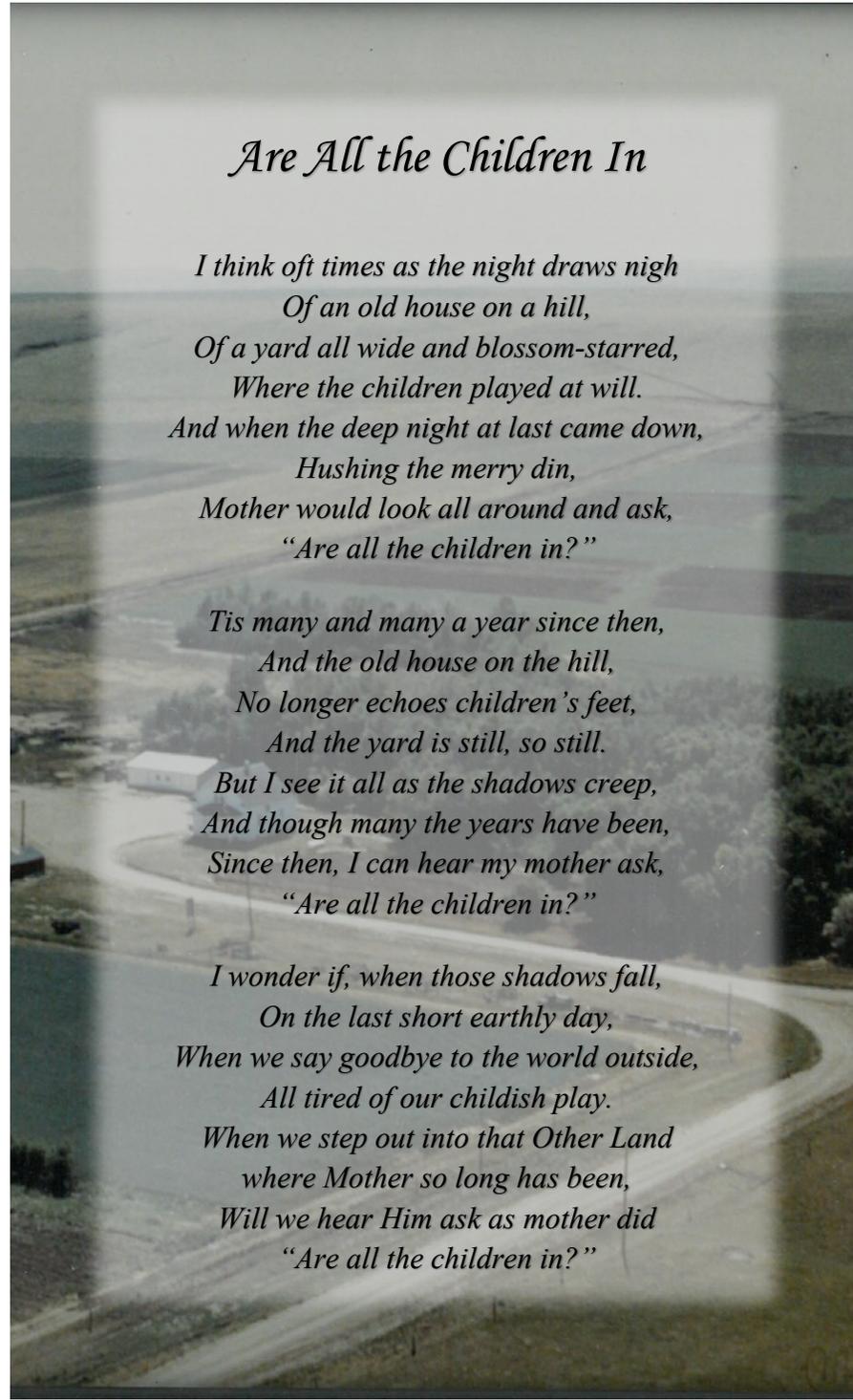


*Are All the Children In*

*I think oft times as the night draws nigh  
Of an old house on a hill,  
Of a yard all wide and blossom-starred,  
Where the children played at will.  
And when the deep night at last came down,  
Hushing the merry din,  
Mother would look all around and ask,  
“Are all the children in?”*

*Tis many and many a year since then,  
And the old house on the hill,  
No longer echoes children’s feet,  
And the yard is still, so still.  
But I see it all as the shadows creep,  
And though many the years have been,  
Since then, I can hear my mother ask,  
“Are all the children in?”*

*I wonder if, when those shadows fall,  
On the last short earthly day,  
When we say goodbye to the world outside,  
All tired of our childish play.  
When we step out into that Other Land  
where Mother so long has been,  
Will we hear Him ask as mother did  
“Are all the children in?”*



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