

Lonely Mother's Day

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377th SPS, 1968-1969

I think so lovingly when Mother's Day is here.
Wishing some way we could be near.
Remembering this special day each year.
And knowing you are with the Lord Mother dear.
Just that thought a son could wish for no more.
Because it's with angels of pure you now soar.
You made my life so rich though we were poor.
Again we will meet when God opens his door.
I shall again see your face, hold your hand.
In God's high and wonderful heavenly land.

Edwin J. Smith
The Old Cowboy Poet