

For Mum

If my memory's a little hazy, and my body aches like crazy,
I still look back on the life that's mine, and feel what is, is rather fine.
I've travelled outback to Uluru, to the beach and desert and Humpty Do,
I've ridden horses, camels and cable cars, I've been to the reef and the odd strange bar.
I've been across many oceans, to strange lands in constant motion.
I've borne five loved children, and when deserted raised them.
When my little newborn Gabrielle died, I never saw her, what was there to hide?
I overcame grief & loss, pushing Judy's pram uphill, to church in frost.
I loved my children greatly and gave my life for them.
Alone I worried, scrimped and saved, and all my life I gladly gave.
Although at times it was a trial, through it all we laughed and smiled.
I cared for my own mother, when her memory failed her.
As I brought in her meals day by day, She'd ask "Why haven't I seen you for days?"
I was a fast court typist, and ran a nursery school. I worked in libraries and Vinnies stores.
I washed and cleaned and scrubbed many floors. Now I'm leaving you all behind, and I think you will be fine.
But it's hard to say good-bye to this full life, and all that was once mine,
I've painted houses and pictures, tatted sewed and knitted. I milked cows and goats, and spun wool to knit a coat.
It seems such a contradiction, such a paradox,
That as my life reached its summit I had to deal with such great loss.
My mind and body failed me; I felt I was only dross.
Yet my children and grandchildren loved me and God blesses all he sees.
When they came running calling Ninny! Gran! I knew that there's more love in the world than when I first began.
It's like the underside of a tapestry; it all looks such a mess,
And what the Lord is up to, we can only guess. But when you scratch beneath the surface, every ordinary life is
great.
So we can all say to each other: **"Well done! Good on you mate."**