

# My Mother Mending

By Gertrude Randolph

1) My mother mending is a pleasant sight  
That will remain my sweetest memory;  
How often have I sat and watched her brave  
And willing fingers curve our destiny.

2) She cannot sew a fancy seam, or make  
A tailored gown, but give her something worn  
And see how skillfully she'll mend or patch  
Renewing garments that are old or torn.

3) Or, as a stocking's yawning gaps are filled  
By dark or gaily twisted yarns,  
She weaves her vivid dreams into the squares,  
That make the many tiny patterned dars.

11  
But as she works she always thinks and learns  
With maps upon the wall, a book propped near.  
She stores her mind with bits of rhyme and song,  
And as she sings her voice is sweet to hear.

And now her children's own, she mends for them  
And teaches them too, as she once taught us  
The meaning of those words "I shall not want"  
Or "Now I lay me down to sleep," and thus

6)  
Great wisdom came to her, for time unfolds  
The pattern of a mind, but left to me  
The treasured picture of a useful life,  
My own dear mother mending patiently.