

MY MOTHER MENDING

By Gertrude Randolph

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.

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.

Or, as a stocking's yawning gaps  
are filled  
By drab or gaily colored twisted  
yarns,  
She weaves her vivid dreams into  
the squares.  
That make the many tiny pat-  
terned darns.

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

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.