

Dearest Mother

I didn't know at first,
Mother, dear,
But God knew best
In sending me
Into your home
To spend my tender forming years
Beside your knee.

Of all the mothers in the world
You were the finest -
The one who best
Could teach me of His plan.
Whose love & understanding
Brought me thru
Each childhood grief
Triumphantly.

A home where love,
Was everywhere
A baby brother
As my sacred trust,
To guard and share my simple joys
These are what He
Had planned
For me to know
To best prepare me
For my greater (work) 'life'
With Him.

So, mother dear,
I hope you feel as favored
As I know
I am today
In having had your love
To guide me
Sure along my brief earth
stay.

Please keep right on
And do for every quivering child
what you
Have done for me
Brethren and sisters ~~all~~
all, they are
And I would be so proud
To have them know
As I have known
Your love & sympathy.

Remember
That my love
Will bear you thru
(even greater)
To reach new heights
Of satisfied attainment
(than ^{now} I dare)
(You don't now dream)
Are yet in store
for you.

Dorothy S Clark.

Written for Elva Swenson June 30, 1944 in memory
of Mary Anna's Parting March 11, 1944
(Her first child only daughter, 64-odd)

Poem to Elva

Svensson

June 30/44

'Dearest Mother'

The world could applaud
her, but we can but wait