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PRESENTS

## Frankly Speaking Notes . . .

Published as time and opportunity permit, usually a few times a week.

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Ed Smithson, Editor

*(Editor's Note: I wrote the following poem about my mother four months ago. Since then several have suggested I publish it again near Mother's Day. I have loved three women completely and without reservation in my lifetime. My mother was one of them. She was always encouraging me. She wanted the best for all her children that was possible and I did a little writing as a child and she encouraged that. I never thought of writing poetry until about 25 years ago. Since then I have written over 300 poems and quit counting. Mama would be proud and this is dedicated to her.*

*This week, all over the country, mothers will be getting gifts and flowers from their children. My mother was a plain woman that did not, because of the circumstances, receive much in life. I don't think she ever had a "store bought" dress. If she had a new dress, in all probability it was made from flour or feed sacks. I doubt she ever received flowers on Mother's Day. To me, and I think to all her children, she was beautiful. She was certainly a caring and loving mother until her early death at age 54.)*

### AN ANGEL?

She was born in humble circumstance,  
And her carriage was pure country for sure,  
Her life had not been an easy one,  
But her heart was sweet and pure.

She looked older than the years she'd lived,  
Hard work and worry probably brought it on,  
Her stamina was greater than most,  
Her only work was at her home.

Her dresses were flour sack or hand-me-downs,  
She never had visited a beauty salon,  
But she was straight and true for all,  
And her devotion was always “right on.”

Although her designation was housewife,  
She worked just as hard in the field,  
But she kept her house as neat as a pin,  
And a strong arm she always did wield.

Her health was not very good,  
Two strokes she had in her life,  
But from the first one she recovered,  
She continued her work without strife.

She raised a very large family,  
Three girls and six boys were born,  
And she brought each to adulthood,  
And there was one more stillborn.

Her countenance was always pleasant,  
Until her children disobeyed,  
I can hear her still in my memory,  
“You’ll remember this after I am dead.”

She wore herself out very early in life,  
She died at the young age of fifty-four,  
We did not have her nearly long enough,  
But resting she is forevermore.

I don’t know much about how angels work,  
But in my imagination I could see,  
The Lord had a special mother to send,  
To care for my siblings and me.

I shall ever be thankful for the example she set,  
Her sweet disposition and kind heart,  
I can only hope that I will be good enough,  
To be with her forever, never to part.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Ed Smithson". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline.

Ed Smithson

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