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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

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 was 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.

Ed Smithson
February 10, 2010