

God made you my mother
I was the babe you carried and nursed
Whose first words were the sweetest sounds you would ever hear
Whose first unsure steps made you both laugh and cry,
Whose baby pictures cluttered all the special places in your home and in your heart
Whose nightmares caused a thousand sleepless nights
Remember the little green man who danced on the foot of my bed
In the wee small hours of the mornings?

God made you my mother
You worked with me for endless hours on those school projects
Clapped till your hands hurt at school speech nights
Recited poetry with me, and read my favourite stories until you knew them by heart
Mine were the trophies that you displayed with such pride in your little china cabinet
Mine was the voice you heard ring out above all the rest when the church choir sang
And for you, I was the star in every school play, no matter how minor my part

God made you my mother
To care for my pets when I didn't
Remember Scrap – the Pommy/FoxTerrier cross who grew to be a cattle dog?
The rabbit that ate wooden cage in preference to carrots, and ate its way out
The canary, the budgie, the goldfish... and the ant farm
The hamsters you chased under tables and beds in the wee small hours of the morning,
While I danced the night away on my first real date

God made you my mother
You sewed a pink satin gown for my first ball...
Empire line with a hot pink satin and lace top and a grand hot pink bow
And oh that hairdo...all teased and coiffured!
You stitched me into that red chiffon creation you made for my high school graduation dance
How often did you check the clock before I came to you to help remove the gown?
You laughed over my first loves and dried my tears after my first heartbreak
Remember Danny, Jerry, Jim, and Mick? Do you ever wonder where they are today?

God made you my mother
You held back tears as you proudly helped me don my bridal finery
I laughed at you hobbling across the tarmac to bid a tearful farewell to a daughter departing to live in a distant foreign land
You stopped an aeroplane taxiing for takeoff that day
But you could not remember your daughter's newly acquired last name
You looked such a mess that morning, and I held that image in my heart for two long years away

God made you my mother
To suffer untold anguish when your child announced her pregnancy in a letter from afar
To read and re-read letters until you knew them by heart

To scan between the lines searching endlessly for little clues to health and happiness
Do you remember the day you were told your first grandchild had arrived?
I can only imagine the torment of fourteen long months of knowing your grand-daughter only through
letters and pictures
And the indescribable joy of the night we returned home, and you finally held my baby girl in your
arms

God made you my mother
To make and decorate a score of birthday cakes
Remember that maypole cake?
And what **was** atop that cake that crossed the world when I turned 21
It arrived at its destination months late, little more than a pile of crumbs
But we lovingly shaped it into a mound and made a ceremony of cutting it
And I sat recalling all the cakes you decorated for cousins and friends
And trying to imagine what you might have made for me

God made you my mother
To bear all my pains and sicknesses and sorrows
To triumph at my successes, and laugh with me in times of joy
To live forever as an irritating little voice inside my head
And a thousand treasured memories in my heart
To be always on call when my children needed care and I could not be there
To search anxiously on every visit
For any tiny sign that your daughter might be in trouble or need
And might not tell

And then, at some point along life's journey, we both realised in surprise
That the roles occasionally reversed awhile
I sometimes became the carer, and you the cared for
And it was then that we both knew
God made you my mother
But love.... love made us forever
The very best of friends

HAPPY 80TH BIRTHDAY