

My Mother
by Karen Stear

Dear Mother, how I miss you
And wish that you were here.
That you could hug me close
And chase away my fear.
I wish that you could show me,
Or tell me what is true,
That we could do the fun things
We always used to do
When we were sharing good times,
Or even feeling blue.
I want you to be proud of me
Like I am proud of you.
So I will try to do things
The way you taught me to.
I know how much you loved me
Right from the very start.
So, even though you went away
You live inside my heart.

Inspiration for Poem—*My Mother*
by Karen Stear

A new student came to our school [Kuna, Idaho] and was assigned to my 4th grade class the end of April [2008]. Ten days before his mother had died suddenly of a heart attack, in her sleep. He never got a chance to say goodbye, and this ten-year-old boy was left alone in his world, until he was sent to live with his father in another community. The parents had been divorced a few years.

I lost my mother* last July 29, 2007. She died from heart failure as the result of a massive blood clot. I had talked on the phone with her during the week prior, and we had a lunch together with a couple of her friends on the 23rd of July.

Still, I felt like I had not gotten a chance to say goodbye. I was shocked and grieved the time we would have spent in future years developing a closer mother and daughter relationship.

I prayed for guidance, too, as this is a difficult time of year for any one to move into or out of a school setting. Our class was writing poems in preparation for Mother's Day. I took this student aside and let him know that I empathized with him and that I had a few questions about how he came to be at our school.

The class project was an accordion fold book that contains poems written by the students, to their mothers, as well as poems about themselves. An idea came to me. I quickly wrote a note to MY Mother. This note to My mother began to flow as a poem.

I offered it as part of my talk with the student. “We have some things in common,” I told him. Maybe that is why God arranged for him to be in my class.

Some of you no longer have the face to face visits with your mother. Maybe, you have felt this way too. I read this poem to God and to My Mother, and I have decided to share it with you.

* Joan M. Jencks-Rowe *Blaisdell Papers*, vol. 15, no. 4, Dec 2007, p. 346

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