**The Wisdom Of My Mother**

**I felt helpless as I heard my child’s**

**story, which was difficult to share.**

**Not knowing what I would**

**say, or would I even care.**

**My child didn’t dare cry, for fear**

**she wouldn’t be able to stop.**

**As she fumbled to find the right**

**words, I felt my eyes swelling up.**

**My heart was heavy, as I heard**

**all that she had be through.**

**I didn’t know exactly**

**what to say or what to do.**

**My own tears were**

**difficult to contain.**

**As she shared every detail**

**of her inner pain.**

**As I listened, I saw my**

**mother right in front of me.**

**When I came to her, with my own**

**mistakes, clearly I could see.**

**God’s forgiveness for our mistake,**

**is all she wanted me to know.**

**Not once, did my mother**

**say, “I told you so.”**

**My mother didn’t**

**pass judgment on me,**

**and neither would I.**

**As my daughter shared the errors**

**of her ways, I didn’t ask her why?**

**The forgiveness of God’s love,**

**not just for me, but for all others,**

**To her, I passed along the**

**wisdom of my mother.**

**Written By Frances Berumen 3/4/99 <><**

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