

## Ina Pauley

I remember Mom. Not just today but nearly every day.

When I smell vegetable soup I remember her in the kitchen.

When I pass by a school I remember her doing what she loved.

When I see a rocking chair on a front porch I see her breaking beans after a day of work.

When I see a beautiful quilt I remember her making them by hand.

When I see a garden I remember her in her favorite place.

When I look at my children I see her face.

Mom was tough as oak when she needed to be and soft as cotton when I needed her to be.

To tell you I loved her would be an understatement.

To tell her will be by God's grace.

