

MY MOTHER

When life is too much
When I weep inside
In my mother's arms
I retreat and hide
For she understands me
She judges me not
If I cried if I stayed
She forgave and forgot
She restored my faith
She wiped away my tears
She eased all my pain
When the path is tangled
The burden too great
Would she be
My mother and my mate

By Phil Harris
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From uniting Elisabeth Gates