

2:48 AM

Dear Mom,

It has been 8 years since you passed and not one day passes your not a thought. Usually all day. I miss you so very much and still find life so hard with out you. I can still see evry feature of your face, your smile, the shape of your nose and the twinkle in your eyes that shined with such beauty. I remember the sound of your voice, life in your laughter and yet the shyness when uncertain. You had strong convictions and always held close to your beliefs. I often wonder how I made it this long with out you.

You were my strength, my comfort, my teacher, my rock but most of all, you were my everything and never did you turn from me no matter how hard I fell.

I close my eyes and see you in my dreams. I smell your aroma and feel your touch, assuring me every thing is all right. You always did put me before your own fears and for that mother, you shall always live in my heart.

I really miss you Mom.

Music:

I remember the day we buried you. The same day we buried your Mother. Side by side with you next to Estelle as you always told me you would be. One of the most hardest days in my life.

I dreamed about you that night. Or so I think it was a dream. Everyone was at your grave site but were walking away in silence back to the life awaiting them. The sky darkened and the wind blew. A storm was comming.

I saw you standing alone in a semi wooded area next to your coffin, still above ground. It was just you and I left. You looked at me in the eyes and told me you were scared. You couldnt understand why everyone was leaving and you did not want to be alone. I felt your fear and felt my pain. I cried for you. Suddenly my heart was heavy for you were gone and I just knew, you were alone.

Music: