A CELEBRATION OF LOVE

The Wealth You Gave Us

For Mother, on her 96th birthday

By Stephen Martin

The flowers still grow beneath your care,
Your songs of faith still fill the air.
At ninety-six, your life still shows
How love takes root and goodness grows.

You raised us seven, now all grown,
And made each one feel seen and known.
With creativity and loving care,
You showed us all how much we mattered there.

Though money was a constant care,
You made the most of what was there.
Dad worked so hard to see us through;
We saw his love, and yours, shine through.

You taught us how to think and choose,
To work with purpose, our gifts to use,
To be our best in all we do,
And share our blessings freely, too.

In you and Dad, we came to see
What love between two hearts could be:
A love that labors, hopes and stays,
Through trying times and brighter days.

When Proverbs speaks of strength and grace,
We see those virtues in your face.
A woman of faith, steadfast and true,
Those words come beautifully alive in you.

Through years of singing in the choir,
Your voice has lifted spirits higher.
Still beautiful as angels' song,
It rings out clear, it rings out strong.

Your flowers flourish in your care,
Your apple pies are beyond compare.
You still create and cook and tend,
With loving gifts that never end.

Your grandchildren and theirs can see
The gift of your great legacy.
Great-great-grandchildren know it, too:
The love that always shines from you.

We love you more than words can say,
And thank the Lord for you today.
You're treasured more than you could know.
Happy birthday, Mother. We love you so.

With love, always