

'I Love You, Mom'

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I don't know why I'm writing this. I don't like my mother. Actually, she drives me crazy. I talk to her almost every day, and a week doesn't pass that I don't see her at least twice.

I still tell her what is going on in my life. I mean, she expects it. She always listens when I tell things that bother me, and she usually has advice. Sometimes it's advice I don't want to hear. And what makes me even madder, usually it's good advice. The woman is still one of the smartest people I know.

Now she has my kids for grandchildren, and even though she has a job since daddy died, she still has time to teach them all the beautiful songs and stories she taught me as a child. I mean, what am I to do. I thought I was the one that was going to get to tell those stories and teach those songs. Now all I do is get to sing along with the kids on the way to and from Nanna's house, and tell stories about Nanna when I was a kid. The kids think it's hilarious, but I'm sure if I think about it long enough, I'll figure out a way that this isn't right.

You know what else? She still makes better chocolate chip cookies than I do. Even though I use her recipe. I think she must have left out an ingredient on purpose when she gave it to me. Of course, she raves about my shoo-fly pie and makes me make it at every family gathering. I think that's just because she doesn't like to make shoo-fly pie.

I mean, what am I supposed to do with a mother like this?

This year, my oldest daughter wanted a special Easter dress. I remembered the one my mother had made for me as a child. Sure enough, Nanna still had it hanging in the closet (the woman throws nothing out) and Easter morning, my daughter had the most heart-special dress in the entire church. All because Nanna rehemmed it, washed it with the "good detergent" and pressed it carefully. You'd think she didn't trust me to get that dress ready for her grandchild.

And just because I work one day a week, she insists that my preschooler spend that day with her — not a day care center. Now my youngest will be deprived because instead of learning all the politically correct things a four-year-old should learn, he spends his days following Nanna around the farm.

What can I say? No, Nanna, I don't like you. Like is just too mild a word. I love you, the grandkids love you, and we always will. Besides teaching me how to be a mother, thanks for the future instructions on being a perfect grandmother.

Kendy Allen
Manheim

Our mom is a housewife and also the best cook. She cooks and bakes from scratch and cans and freezes all different things. She always gets phone calls asking "Can you cater my party?" Here's



The Woodrich children write that their mom hates having her picture taken so they don't have one of her. But, they sure love her so here is one of them.

another one, "I need a couple of pies or cakes for a birthday party."

I wish that she could open up a bakery. That's her dream — also, to live in Alaska or Hawaii. She loves the beach and the snow.

My mom has four kids. She tries to make the best out of us. She takes us to lots of places like the park, fishing, and plays with us. She plays baseball with my brothers and we catch and fetch.

We always try to make her days special for her. When it's her birthday or any special day, we make her an award for being the best parent or mom that she is. And, sometimes, we make her breakfast in bed to show how much we love her. Like she does for us. My mom likes animals and nature. She also has lots of friends. Everybody says that she would do anything for you. Also she is always there for you when you need her — boy, do we kids know that! There is no other mom like ours!

Happy Mother's Day, Mommy. We love you!
Rebecca, Kyle, Linday, and
Cody Woodrich



Mary Mosemann and husband.

My mother is very special. She had the ability and talent to keep a home running smoothly, raise children with love and compassion, while being a helpmate to her husband while running a business.

Her deep and sincere love for the Lord, and a constant commitment to her husband and family epitomizes every child's desire to have a mother like her.

Her children grow up in the knowledge that they are special

I am thankful for my mother Ruth Rutt. She does many things to help people. She had many kind words of advice for me in my growing up years. She taught me love, patience, kindness, and the art of housekeeping.

She is a great mother to her 5 children and is very fond of her grandsons. She loves to work in her garden and flower beds and she also helps with the many dairy chores. Happy Mother's Day, Mom.

Linda Zimmerman
Lititz

and become unique individuals who in turn impact other lives.

I am so fortunate to have inherited this wonderful mother from my husband through marriage — Mary Mosemann.

She is too precious to me to be called "mother-in-law."

Now 82 years young, she resides at the Mennonite Home in Lancaster.

Mrs. Daniel Mosemann
Lehighton

A VERY SPECIAL PERSON... MY MOTHER

As I was growing up, Mom, I realize that I caused you a lot of hurt, frustration, pain, turmoil, and heartache. But I pray that I also brought you a little bit of joy and sunshine through the years. While I was not always there for you when you might have needed me, you were always there for me. For that I cannot begin to thank you enough. With the ordeal I have undergone over the last several years, I recognize that it has been just as hard on you as it has on me, and I want you to know that your standing by me and being there for me has made it much easier. I have not been able to get you the things I wanted to for your birthday, Christmas, and so forth, but on each and every day I think about you and I miss you when we can't be together.

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for all of the times that you've gone out of your way to do something for me, and to say what I so often think but fail to say: Mom, I love you. I have seen so very many young people who've come from broken or dysfunctional homes and who have no relationship with their parents and each time it makes me so very thankful that I have two parents whose love has been totally unself-



Dorothy Landis

My mother, Dorothy Landis, is a person who makes everyone feel comfortable. Always a caring person willing to listen, she is a Christian example of the mother I want to be.

Mom has become even more special for all her support in the last couple of months. On December 3, 1992, I delivered surprise twin boys who were seven weeks early. Mom drove two hours to stay with my 2- and 4-year-olds while we went back and forth to the hospital. She came again in

January when the twins were hospitalized again. It was great to come home to a hot meal and a clean house.

She enjoys her grandchildren, reading, sewing, gardening, and taking care of disabled people while their parents are on vacation. She's a special mother and grandmother to her six children and 19 grandchildren.

We love you, Mom, and thanks for everything.

Kaye Martin
Lewistown

Our Mother

Many times she would play with us in the snow when we were young children.

She was an exceptional cook. Many remember her good pies and scrumptious dishes that she brought to family gatherings.

She always seems to have a "magical" green thumb for plants. She would lend a helping hand and call when she knew you weren't feeling well and she would offer some homemade soup.

She also does volunteer work for the church. She has time to spend with her two granddaughters, Lori Hess and Tina Myers.

Most recently, she had the privilege of celebrating her 50th wedding anniversary.

Our most treasured memory of our mother is to know that when



Esther Ober

trials come to anyone in our family, we are certain she will lend her support emotionally and with prayers.

From daughters Lois Hess and
Linda Myers

GROWING UP

I see a small child playing there, gloriously contented
With the April breeze ruffling his hair.
Face taut and ears oh so red
Not aware it's time for bed.

To dream pleasant dreams tomorrow will bring,
When he returns to play and hear robins tenderly sing.
Each new day brings him rapturous thrills
Exploring all the nooks and nearby hills,
And like all boys who before him ran
Someday, he will become a man.

On mother's pride, God's gracious gift to man!
Guided from infancy, by loving hands.
What life's endeavor befalls you to do
Do not delay, mother's love will help you through.

Leave nothing undone, never give cause to make her blue.
Always, to thy mother's will, be steadfast and true.
No matter how painful may be your disobedience.
In your journey through life you will cherish her magnificence.
Try not her patience, too soon she will bid you adieu
Mothers are awarded but once to little ones like you.

Radnick of Bethel Park wrote this poem as a tribute to all mothers. Radnick had it printed on a photo poster of a little boy in a meadow.

ish and unconditional. While warmest and most wonderful we've had our ups and downs, never did we cease to be able to talk Mother's Day that you've ever had with each other or turn to each other. Mom, you are so very special, and I just want to wish you the

Your son,
Don K. Love

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My favorite place to take my nap
Is on my Grandma Gale's lap.

When she sings "Jesus Loves Me,"
I fall asleep.

Mom and I both agree,
My Grandma Gale sure is good to me.

Regina Fay Grover
Bernardston, MA



Regina Fay Grover
on Grandma Gale's lap.