

# **Yes, I Remember Momma**

## **A Tribute to My Mother, by Rick McKinney**

I remember growing up feeling secure and cared for even while nestling on half the back floor area of a large Buick driving what seemed like many hours.

I remember never feeling anxious about money, being content with hand-me-downs and gifts of small change in which to buy bubble gum baseball cards or comic books.

I remember during illness of a gentle hand on my brow, a thermometer in my mouth, drinks brought to my bed, and soothing words in my ear.

I remember the firm rule of “no ramming around the living room” and somehow always getting caught when that rule was broken by an all seeing but disappointed Mom.

I remember decorating the Christmas tree each winter and looking forward to the possibility of playing with a set of new toy soldiers on Christmas morning.

I remember living with someone who maintained a well-ordered house and expected me to keep my stuff that way too, and yet, that someone allowed toys to be spread out from one room into another as long as when we were finished (sometimes days later) everything was cleaned up and put away.

I remember being bundled up by loving hands to go sledding down the hill on the side of the old church where my Dad preached.

I remember learning to love singing under the careful direction of the church choir mistress, my Mom.

I remember racing to find Zechariah 4 verse 6 or Deuteronomy 30 verse 19, knowing that if I read it out loud first my Sunday school teacher mom would give me another sticker in my Bible representing points for small prizes at the end of the semester.

I remember that throughout my school days and into college someone lovingly made me a bag lunch or sometimes I would walk home for a lunch of a hot bowl of soup with crackers while watching my mom’s soap opera “Search For Tomorrow”.

I remember, every evening expecting to gather with the family for supper and miraculously something warm and tasty would always be there.

I remember laundry that was mysteriously washed each week and was carefully put away in drawers leaving only clean sheets in which to help my mother make my bed.

I remember taking my turn drying the dishes as my mother washed and we might talk about my favorite school subjects of history or geography.

I remember never hearing any cursing in the house and never learning any until quite late in my young life.

I remember learning the value of giving one's time to others, as our mother would take us to volunteer with her in the nearby state hospital for the mentally disabled.

I remember never having to argue about being treated unfairly, for no one seemed to be the favorite child and all seemed equally valued.

I remember growing up in a home where a there was woman who always cared for her family but had enough love to share with countless neighbors, friends, relatives, elderly shut-ins, those in hospitals, those in nursing homes, and even some stray cats and foster children.

I remember many things growing up, but most of all I remember a mother's love and a home that really was a home because she was there.

Thank you, Mother.

Love,

Your son, Ricky

Mother's Day, May 14, 2000