

ALONE WITH GOD

Tonight I sit and think of my son who is gone. How happy we were when we knew we could have him. I always knew it would be a boy. I wanted him to be just like his Dad.

The whole time we were awaiting his arrival. The world was bright. Those nine months were the happiest of all. It turned out to be eleven months. Then when they finally told me and showed me, it was the most beautiful baby in the world. I was so happy I almost burst.

The happiest time of a person's life is when their children are small. All the years of joy and happiness he gave me was my reward. I just wanted him to not grow up too fast and never do anything to make me ashamed of him.

When he was five he told me not to bathe him any more, he was a man, so his Daddy took over.

At eight he started to school. I could not stand to let him be away from me four hours. He went to a private school for small boys and girls. One day he came home and said, "I am not going to school any more. That is a sissy school. Girls go there." From there, several years later he went to a boarding school and that almost killed me, but each night I would call over long distance and ask the Professor if he was all right. Finally the Professor asked me not to call any more.

He used to tell me, "When I finish school, I am never going to leave you, Mother." He also would say, "Mother, don't worry about me. I will never do anything to hurt you or Dad." He never did.

The war came on, then he married. Had two sweet little children. They always lived with me. I took him in business with me. He was a success.