

# Mom's 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday

by Steve Manick

Mom, I recall all the great times we spent,  
It's so hard to tell you just what they all meant.

You dressed me in outfits just a mother could crave,  
So neat and so proper, with a pompadour wave.

After school you'd have cookies and milk at the ready,  
As a cook no one else could beat your Spaghetti.

My friends would all tell me I've the prettiest mother,  
I think that they came to see you and no other.

You'd nurse me to health every time I was ill,  
Chicken soup was always a powerful pill.

You were my den mother, helped me be a good Scout,  
And taught me of trust, and what life's all about.

You taught me compassion, for stray cats we'd take,  
But you did draw the line when I brought home that snake.

We used to make fun that our mother would worry,  
But it made us more conscious, we'd be back in a hurry.

A stranger to freeways, afraid you would crash,  
I remember your first time, I hid under the dash.

You made Halloween costumes, gave me Valentine hearts,  
You helped with my homework, and rehearsed my parts.

With Nana and Papa we'd walk 'long the streets,  
Farmer's Market and Fairfax were my own favorite treats.

You made holidays special, decorating the house,  
And your turkey and latkes stuffed your kids and your spouse.

In you I'd find comfort when my world would cave-in,  
My mom and my home were my own special haven.

One thing I could count on in my world so in motion,  
Is that you've always been there with love and devotion.

You sacrificed dreams, or delayed them a while,  
But you made us a family, and you did so with style.

Your grandkids adore you and long to be near,  
When grandma comes over there's always a cheer.

And Passover cooking is certainly rough,  
With brisket and chicken, and pink fluffy stuff.

The best way to thank you for all the above,

Is to pass to my children, your legacy of love.

If life could be judged by the knowing and wise,  
At eighty years young you would merit the prize.