

A mother's love is something that no one can explain.

It is made of deep devotion and of sacrifice and pain.

It is endless and unselfish and enduring come what may,

For nothing can destroy it or take that love away ....

It is patient and forgiving when all others are forsaking

And it never fails or falters even though its heart is breaking.

It believes beyond believing when the world around condemns.

And it glows with all the beauty of the rarest, brightest gems ....

It is far beyond defining, defies all explanation,

And it still remains a secret, like the mysteries of creation.

A very splendid miracle man cannot understand

And another wondrous evidence of God's tender, guiding hand.

Helen Steiner Rice

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