

My Mother's Prayer
By Bill Garthwaite

Each month I get a statement
From the bank so I can see;
Deposits made, the interest earned
And checks sent out by me.

Although I'm very careful
With finances I possess,
I sometimes write an over-draft
Creating quite a mess.

Our life is like a bank account
With transactions made out each day...
Not money earned or interest made
But things we do and say.

The words we speak, the deeds we do
Are transactions that we make,
And often route our way through life
The pathways that we take.

My parents tried to teach me
The safest "stock" that I should "buy."
But in my quiet "headstrong" way...
I chose to believe the lie.

Inflation and depression
Filled my life with great despair.
I'm so grateful for the solvency
Of a faithful mother's prayer.

When I was in my high school years
Running wild and "having fun,"
My mother stayed before the Lord
For God to save her son.

I remember waking up at night
With mother on her knees;
Beside my bed, crying out to God,
"Please save my son...God, please!"

Though I made some bad investments,
And my "market" took a loss;
The faithfulness of my parents
Brought me kneeling to the Cross.

Now when my books are audited
By the accountant up above...
I will be grateful throughout Eternity
For my mother's prayers and love.

Written July 1995
To My Mother With Thanksgiving and Love

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