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Title: **1944: Dearest Mother by Dorothy Smith Clark**

Provenance:

Category: **Document**

Person: **Dorothy Smith**

Date: **05/11/1944**

Dearest Mother

I didn't know at first,

Mother, dear,

But God knew best

In sending me

Into your home

To spend my tender, Forming years

Beside your knee.

Of all the mothers in the world

You were the finest—

The one who best

Could teach me of His plan.

Whose love and understanding

Brought me thru

Each childhood grief

Triumphantly.

A home where love,

Was everywhere.

A baby brother As my sacred trust,

To guard and share my simple joys.

These are what He

Had planned

For me to know

To best prepare me

For my greater work

With Him.

So, Mother dear,

I hope you feel as favored

As I know

I am today

In having had your love

To guide me

Sure along my brief earth stay.

Please keep right on

And do for every questing child

What you

Have done for me.

Brothers and sisters,

All, they are

And I would be so proud
To have them know
As I have known
Your love and sympathy.
Remember
That my love
Will bear you thru
To even greater heights
Of satisfied attainment
Than you now dare dream.
Are yet in store for you.

Dorothy S Clark

To Elva Swenson, in memory of Mary Anne's part-
ing May 11

1944, her first child and only daughter six year old.

Poem to Elva Swenson

June 20/44

"Dearest Mother"

The world could applaud her, but we can but wait