

The following poem was written by Louise Hall after losing her 83 year old mother in a heinous rape and tragic murder December 19, 1994 near Eldorado, OK at the hands of an illegal immigrant who is now incarcerated in an Oklahoma prison.

## ***“In Memory of a Mother”***

*The Christmas tree lights are burning as I sit quietly in my chair,  
I notice outside the gray chill of winter, a hint of snow in the air.  
And sometimes, no matter how hard I try,  
The bad memories come back and I have to cry.  
Cry over a loved one who is no longer here,  
In all the Christmas glitter I seem to find no cheer.  
Christmas time is here again and I know I should rejoice,  
But memories come flooding back and seem to give me no choice.  
And as the calendar relentlessly rolls around once again to that date,  
With it comes the memories and the temptation to feel hate.  
But I know that only for a fleeting moment on these memories I can dwell,  
Because in my heart, the love of Jesus has healed and made me well.  
His love within me gives me the strength to forgive,  
He gave His life in a tragic way, too, so we might live.  
Some have been executed for their crimes but it gives me no joy,  
For there is great pain in that family’s heart over their lost boy.  
Who knows the reason that men do such wicked deeds,  
But I do know a Savior who forgives and meets all needs.  
So as I take pen in hand to honor our Mother,  
You, too, who have suffered loss can know there is no other,  
That can take away the hurt and bring back the peace,  
As we forgive others, our likeness to our Savior will increase.  
Now as Christmas time once again rolls around,  
In thinking about others our happiness will be found.  
Many others are missing their loved ones, too, at this time of year,  
So comfort each other and be good to all those you hold dear.*

*By Louise Hall*