

MY HEART BELONGS TO YOU

By Josephine Easterling

You wrote me a letter. I put it away, maybe it's in the storage cabinet. I'm aiming to read these words, I know, I know it has to be there, just lying there. So, so much sweetness, the love my daughter gave me. Just Bit-o-Honeys. My hubby liked Bit-o-Honeys. I had to give him Bit-o-Honeys to be excused to go across town to visit my daughter with the newborn baby.

I got more chocolate malted milk balls. Yum , yum, yum, it melts in your mouth and goes right through your body. Also, bits of candy that look like wood. Yum, yum down with ice cream. So, so much sweetness - I love it!

You never want me to leave you alone. I will look for the moon, remembering you always. You would call me to look at the moon. The years have gone by. But still you bring those memories. Together with my love ones I have wishes for happiness today, and always.

Things we have done together. Memories that warm the heart. No matter what the weather is because on a rainy day, that's when I miss you more.

Spring is not here, but I will breathe with all my might for the love we have had. I've got your picture by my bedside. Remember the trip that we took with my daughter and son-in-law to Hawaii. You didn't go, but I dressed you in a favorite color blue, a pretty blue. We were dressed alike in the same color. I can see the love in your eyes for me, because my eyes stand for you.

I remember dear Mom, your Mom. She was in the hospital with pneumonia. You came and ask me to go to Mississippi, wanting to see dear Mom. I could see the look in your eyes. You didn't want to leave me behind, so you went, just to see Mom. You took a red, red rose to her bedside. I have a lovely picture of Mom, I see her every day. She passed away, right away. When you came home to me, you traveled in a rain storm to get back to me. It was sadness in your eyes. You just couldn't take another trip back home.

Later on you Father passed away, but you had a family to take care of so you couldn't go see your Father.

He laid at his home for the wake. The church was on Sunset Boulevard just across the country road. It was a little white church house. At the gravesite they will be laid to rest together.

Now you wanted be rested there, but never wanted to leave me alone. You were a veteran, proud, and handsome in your uniform. That is the picture I have of you.

I would like to share with you one of my favorite scripture: Ephesians chapter 5, verse 25.

"Husbands, continue loving your wives, just as the Christ also loved the congregation and gave himself up for it."