

## **THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER**

*By Robert Fitt In honor of Olivia May Nielsen Fitt*

The memory of my mother stands always as a ready beacon; guiding me toward the open sea of happiness and away from shoals of sin and sorrow; my tour guide to a better life, where work is crowned by worth, where indolence is chaff, and pride but dross. Where time has value only when used to bless another life; and where a loving god awaits; bidding me to take his hand.

The memory of my mother is a loving silhouette that shades me from the glare of sin, contention, fear and strife; standing as a godly symbol of the divine love that I seek.