

## **MY MOTHER'S PRAYER**

Among the treasured pictures that I've hung on memory's wall, there's one that's clearer than the rest, and sweeter far than all. 'Tis a picture of my mother. When I, a little chap, was folded in her loving arms, to slumber in her lap. I felt her hands caress my head, I heard her softly say, "Dear Jesus, that this little life, and use it every day."

There must have been a mighty weight behind that simple prayer, since through the seasons, hot and cold, the picture lingers there. And whether I'm on or plain or on the deep blue sea, the memory of that sacred scene forever comforts me. Among the treasured pictures that I've hung on memory's wall, my mother's supplication is the sweetest of them all.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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