

# That's My Mom



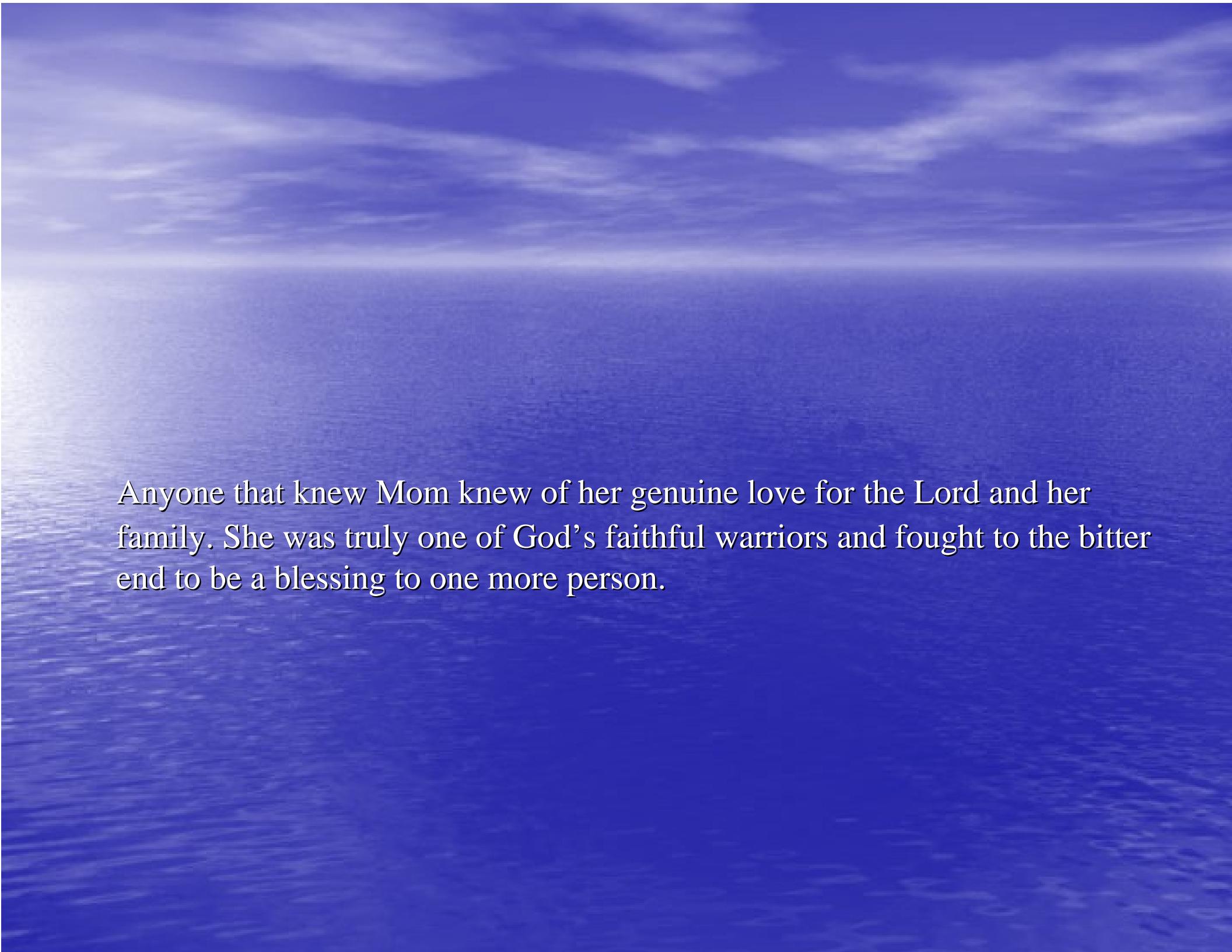
Dedication to My Mother  
Faye Louise Webber (3/10/2000)  
By Stan Webber

She's a diamond that sparkled at night and turned my darkest hours  
into light – that's my Mom.

She's a rose that caught my tears and used her pedals to comfort my  
fears – that's my Mom.

She's a morning dove that sang me to sleep and sang praise to God  
when times seemed bleak – that's my Mom.

She gave and never took, could make you smile with just her look,  
trusted God with all her heart, and left me with the assurance that we'll  
never be apart – that's my Mom.

The background of the image is a wide, calm ocean with a clear blue sky above. The water is a deep, vibrant blue, and the sky is a lighter shade of blue with a few wispy white clouds near the horizon.

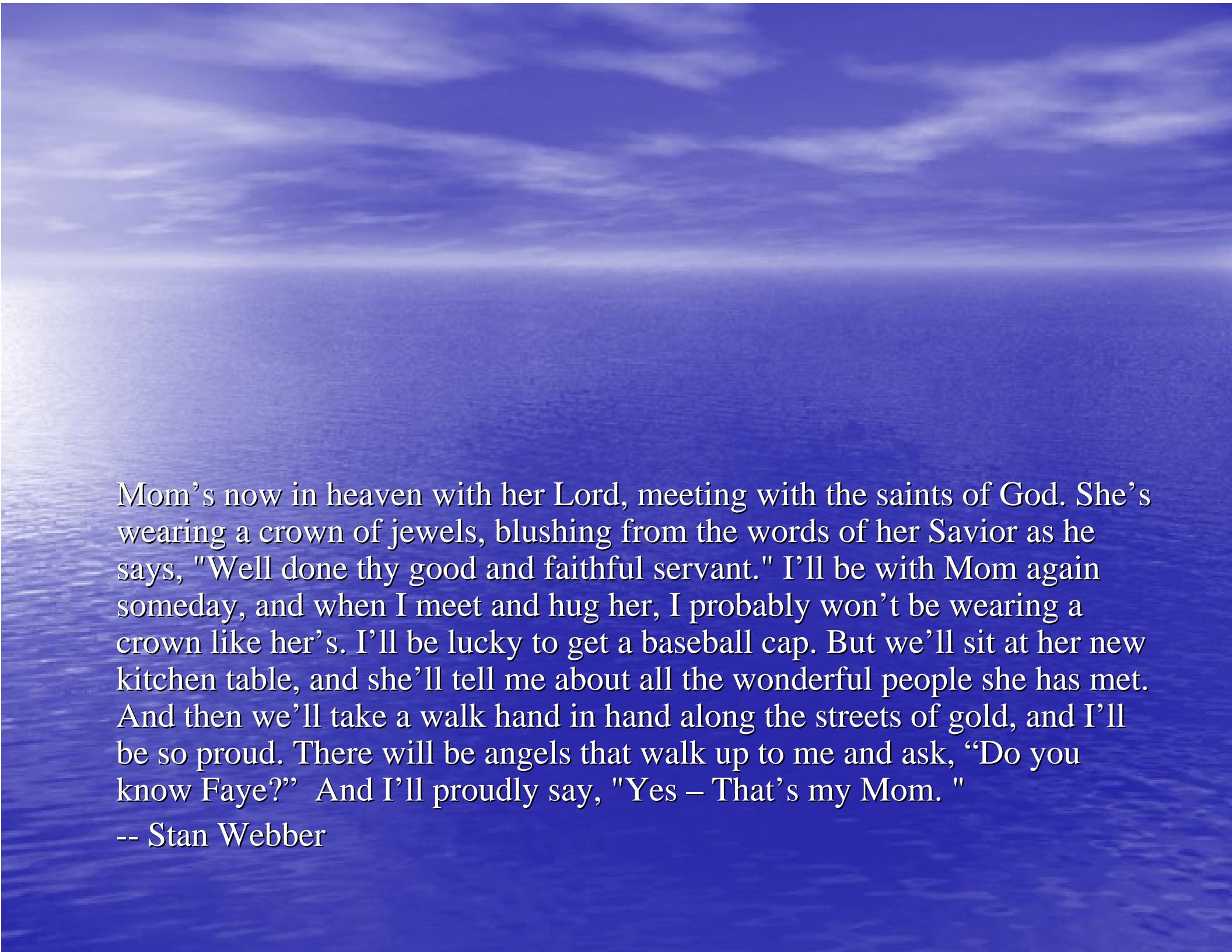
Anyone that knew Mom knew of her genuine love for the Lord and her family. She was truly one of God's faithful warriors and fought to the bitter end to be a blessing to one more person.

When I left the hospital Tuesday after Mom was ushered up to heaven, Vik and I went over to the house to be with Dad. We sat at the kitchen table, and I reflected on how Mom would sit here day after day reading her Bible and listening to gospel music. When she wasn't in church, this was her place of worship. Vik pointed to a plaque on the wall with scripture on it. We looked around and there were more plaques with more scripture. Her kitchen was her sanctuary, and the walls began to speak. And here's what the walls had to say.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in."

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever believeth in me shall never die."

And on one plaque, it read in big bold letters..."Give thanks unto the Lord."



Mom's now in heaven with her Lord, meeting with the saints of God. She's wearing a crown of jewels, blushing from the words of her Savior as he says, "Well done thy good and faithful servant." I'll be with Mom again someday, and when I meet and hug her, I probably won't be wearing a crown like her's. I'll be lucky to get a baseball cap. But we'll sit at her new kitchen table, and she'll tell me about all the wonderful people she has met. And then we'll take a walk hand in hand along the streets of gold, and I'll be so proud. There will be angels that walk up to me and ask, "Do you know Faye?" And I'll proudly say, "Yes – That's my Mom. "

-- Stan Webber