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My Grandmother and her Son
They were loved by everyone
My grandmother and her son
She with deepest hair of gray
And he more valiant every day.

She was sweet and full of fun
He was a kind and loving son
She loved him, and he loved her
And when he went her death occurred.

When from this world he did part
She also died of a broken heart
He died fighting in World War two
When the Japs into Pearl Harboe flew.

Twas only a year and five months after
In the beautiful month of joy and laughter
She was stricken from head to toer
And the doctor said that she would go.

My grandmother and her son
God bless these two beloved ones
May their souls rest in peace
In God's great judgment seat.

PHYLLIS SARAF

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