

The following poem written by Charles W. (Bunny) Gunn was the Mother's Day message received by Mrs. C. W. Gunn of 214 East Fifth Avenue from her son on Mother's Day.

Bunny is in the Navy and is now stationed in San Francisco, California, when in port.

My Mother

The best of Mothers, your love is supreme;
The hurts I've caused, I'll someday redeem.
Untiring efforts to make me a man,
Guided by your, my Mother's helping hand.
The sacrifices you made to make me content,
You are the best of Mothers that God has sent.

The times that you sat by my bed, and wiped my
fevered brow,
I shall always thank you, my Mother, but enough
I know not how.
No one can stop my throbbing heart,
Or ease the pain when we're apart.

My life, my work, and myself I'll dedicate,
To show just how much I really appreciate
Those little things--oft seemingly small.
You did your work, yes--you did your all.
How happy it makes me, to know you'll be
A comfort to hold--always close to me.
Though thousands of miles, Mother, we're apart,
You will always be with me, within my heart.

Bunny Gunn