







A Mother's Work

A mother's work is never done Each second, minute, hour, day Requires her in a different way Each week, each month, each passing year Her job is never finished here And every waking hour will find her Washing, walking, holding, rocking Feeding, teaching, reading, reaching

She tucks them into bed at night, Watches them sleep by pale moonlight Then prays for them before she rests But slumber brings her no relief As ever there's a listening ear For a whimper or a frightened cry Of children waking with need or fear She sacrifices sleep herself To rock and comfort, soothe and calm If need be, till the break of dawn

She sees them growing every day As they learn to walk, learn to talk Learn to laugh, and learn to play And then one day there comes the shock: She looks and finds that they are grown, That they can make it on their own And this change may be hard to see Since they don't need her anymore To help or show them what to do And perhaps she thinks her work is through

But a mother's work is never done Even when each child is grown She still worries, and she still cares She still holds them in her prayers And anytime they feel alone She's there to comfort or lend an ear And share the wisdom of her years

Until the day she's told to rest Surrounded by those who loved her best And when she says her last goodbyes And draws her final sighing breath And closes in peace her watchful eyes At last, this mother's work is done

And this loss may be hard to bear When she no longer lingers near But every moment of every day Remember her laugh and the things she'd say, Her joy and kindness and empathy And though this mother's work is done It carries on in you and me And her love continues on and on

In Memory of **Becky Topp**

Date of Birth November 18, 1951 Entered into Rest June 14, 2022

Funeral Service

Monday, June 20, 2022

11:00 a.m.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Slaughter Rd. Madison, AL

Interment Huntsville Memory Gardens

Services in Care of Spry Funeral Home

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