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Rock Me to Sleep, Mother

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One night, as I lay in my bed, I wished for the days of my childhood to return. I closed my eyes and whispered to the wind, "Make me a child again, just for tonight." To my amazement, the wind carried my wish through the air, and suddenly, there was my mother, as she was in those golden days.

"Mom!" I cried, feeling her loving embrace. Her gentle hands kissed the worries from my forehead and smoothed the silver threads from my hair. She wrapped me in her arms, and I felt safe and protected, just like when I was little.

The world seemed to turn backward, and my weariness from years of toil and tears disappeared. With my mother's love, I felt renewed and filled with the joy of childhood.

"Sing to me, Mom," I begged, longing for her comforting lullabies. She smiled and began to sing, her voice soft and sweet. As she sang, her brown hair, just lighted with gold, fell over her shoulders, casting a warm glow on my face.

Her loving presence chased away all the pain and troubles of the world. I knew that no other love could compare to the love of a mother – faithful, unselfish, and patient.

As the melody of her lullaby washed over me, I felt as if the years of adulthood were only a dream. Clapsed in my mother's arms, her gentle lashes brushing my face, I knew I would never have to wake or weep again.

And so, with the love and protection of my mother, I fell into a deep, peaceful sleep, just as I had in the days of my childhood.



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