

Growing Up Loved

Judge Rembert Rembert

She sits on her porch...

She drinks her coffee and...

And she thinks of her life...

She thinks of the people who...

Who helped her...

Helped her be who she is today...

Did you ever think back...

Back to the family who...

Who did things for you...

You as a child...

Things that molded your life...

Molded your personality...

Thinking back about the gifts...

About the time spent with you...

About the caring and sharing...

Stories they shared...

Stories about your family...

Stories about who you are...

Sometimes we have to mature...

Grow up and think...

Experience life on our own...

Then one day we have the time...

The time to think about our lives...

When we are young we are busy...

Busy living our lives...

Then one day we retire...

We have time to remember...

Remember all those wonderful...

Wonderful people...

Sadly they are gone...

Life just seems to work...

Work that way...

They knew...

They knew you loved them...

They were happy to see you...

See you grow and mature...

Remember when you help...

Help a youth...

They too will remember...

Remember you and your help...

You will be gone...

They will think of you and know...

Know how much you loved them...

They will hope you knew...

Knew how much they loved you...

She sits on her porch...

Drinking her coffee...

She is never alone...

She feels these people's spirits...

They have been with her...

With her all her life...

---More About Judge Rembert: *WWII made Judge an only child when her half-brother was killed in the war. She lived in a tiny town in South Carolina until she was eight and her Mother went to work. She was sent to a boarding school in Belmont, N.C. From that time on she has lived back and forth in the two Carolinas. They are both home. She was born dyslexic and did not know what the problem was or that it had a name until she was about 45. She was unable to spell so she never put words on paper until she was 65 and had a computer with spell check. She comes from a long line of story tellers and a Mother that taught her much by telling stories. Stories about people and how they faced life and how they dealt with problems. If you read what she writes you may hear her Mother and her Grandmother talking to her. She is thrilled to know that anyone reads her words and finds them interesting. Oh, she is 82 now and makes her home in Aiken, S.C.*