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Small Miracles

She always smelled like fresh baked cookies and
sunshine to me

And she always had Band-Aids and Kleenexes for
those little emergencies

She was never without a song or a story or
two

And there were hugs and kisses for everyday
as I grew

She had more wisdom than there were stars
in the night

And plenty of patience to make everything
right

She was my first love and the start of many
beautiful memories

And she is honoured today and eternally for
the Mother she will always be