A Lonely Mother with the Blues

It strange what people do and say whin the bad times come. I can remember whin my mother would get depress about no money, not much food, and my dad would not come home till late. She would start reading a while, walking the floor, cleaning up where she had all ready clean, humming a song.

Then she would go out on the porch and gaze out across the western horizon, and start singing, “Nobody Know the Trouble I See,” and “In the Even Whin the Sun Goes Down, I Hate to See That Even Sun Go Down.” She would just stand there looking at the sun. I guess us kid sense some thing was not right and no better than to bother her.

Soon she would feel better. If Dad had not come home, we would eat, and sit out on the porch until Dad come home or bed time. Then we had our Bible study, say our prayers and to bed.

Whin my mother would get depress she would start cleaning up where she had already clean.