

In memory of Mrs. Lena R. Hicks, wife of James A. Hicks, who died at her ^{home} Lawrenceville, Ky., on the 30th day of March, 1904. She leaves behind her a host of relatives and friends who deeply feel her loss. She was a true christian, a sweet mother and wife, and her memory will be held by us forever.

In the hills of old Kentucky
There was once a happy home
Till the monster death, it entered
And refused from thence to roam.

Only a few short months ago
My sweet, my darling mother
Was called from this life's camping ground
To the golden shores of the other.

Only a few short months ago
Death with his reaping knife
Opened the door of our humble home
And cut the thread of Life.

My darling mother was stricken down
With an awful, dread disease
And never again from her sick bed
Was she ever to arise.

She clung like a modern Hercules
To the Golden Thread of Life,
But death seemed heedless of the wish
Of this faithful, mother, wife.

Day after day moved slowly by,
Each day she weaker grew,
As though death sought upon our home,
His vengeance to wreak anew.

She seemed to know she was wanted
By the good God up above,
But life on earth was dear to her,
Great heart's maternal love.

For she was leaving behind her here
To pursue their course through life
Three children and a husband dear
To whom she was mother and wife.

At last the fatal moment came
The cord was wrent asunder,
And mamma was happily greeted
By loved ones over yonder.

And as I now sit thinking here,
Trying my anguish To smother,
Her voice comes floating back to me
"You'll never have but one mother."

But there is this consoling thought,
Tho' her body is under the sod,
Her soul is with the angels bright,
That surround the throne of God.

And when that reaper calls again
And plucks from us another,
May he find us ready to depart,
To meet our long lost mother.

Her son,

Roxie C. Hicks

March, 1905

Typed by her Granddaughter July, 1945.

Lena J. Spears.