

# A Letter to my Mother

- Cynthia Ann Sroh

Words cannot express the sorrow I feel today. With everything in my heart, I wish I could turn back the clock and change things, say I love you more often, spend more time with you, play more games and sing more Christmas songs.

I wish I could have all the years back when I thought there would be time to do those things. Time runs out so quick, you don't realize how fast it's passing until you have no time left.

When I look back on my life I see those things you did that changed and shaped the person I am. There were hard times but you never gave up on me. I will always remember the softball games, the travel teams, all the times we went on long trips and that you were always there cheering us on.

There were choir concerts, band concerts, volleyball and basketball games. You were there coaching teams, keeping score, encouraging all to do their best. I'll remember how you encouraged me through nursing school and the Disney World trip we took after graduation.

I hold dear the memory of you being there when Jennifer was born, the bruise I left on your hand that you never complained about, the love and advice you gave me in those first couple of days when I was overwhelmed.

She has always said you are the grandmother who just loved her for being her. I remember you telling me you knew she would be born on the 15th because almost everything in the family is on the 15th. She didn't disappoint.

I'm not sure I ever thanked you for bringing David into our lives. I could not have asked for a more loving caring father. The love you two shared for the last four decades helped me learn how to foster a loving relationship with Tom.

We weren't a family with dramatic displays of affection but I could always see the love you had for each other. I could not have made it through the last 6 months without you two. You gave me something to focus on, something to hold onto, the time I needed to feel safe and not alone. I will do my best to repay that love, to look.

I could talk on for hours about the good and the bad, the happy and the sad, the way life seems so unfair at times, but I will try to focus on the good.

I will always remember Christmas and the traditions you passed on: the holiday sweater you would wear every Christmas eve, the ornaments beautifully wrapped and used for the dinner place cards, the meal that never failed to have at least one surprise.

The birthdays you always tried to make special even though Chris and I would celebrate together. The individual cakes and the different wrapping paper. You once asked me if I was bothered by sharing those gatherings but it was the little extra things you did that made those times so special.

Jennifer reminded me the other day of the fun she would have when she stayed with you. She carries fond memories of those times. I remember when I came to pick her up after the first time she stayed.

You told me about going for ice cream and how shocked she was and how big her eyes got when she watched you bite into the cone. She had never had an ice cream cone before and was so excited to be able to eat one. She told me all about it when she got home.

I'm thankful you got to see the Braves win the World Series this year. As diehard fans we waited so long to see them hoist that trophy and I'm glad it happened while you were still here.

I remember after the big loss to the Dodgers you called me, asked me if I saw the game. I said yes and that I was not feeling very confident they would make the series this year and all you said was "Don't worry, the boys will do it this year." I was skeptical but you were right.

I will miss being able to talk baseball with you, all those years we would text throughout the game, all the things you taught me about the baby Braves, the love for the game you instilled in me from a young age. Baseball season will never be the same.

I'll cherish the 10 years I commuted from Klamath and invaded your weekends. The Taco Bell Fridays, the Thursdays watching Big Bang Theory, the conversations and time just spent together.

I learned a lot over those years, secrets to recipes, history of the family, tidbits of information that is probably useless to others but was important to us.

Secrets I will pass on, traditions that will always remain close to my heart, stories that will remind me of the time we had together.

I don't know where we go after we die but I hope someday we will all be together. I will always love and miss you. I promise to keep your memory alive and teach Elliot all the Christmas traditions you started. We will be making gingerbread houses tomorrow to keep that tradition going.

It won't be the same without you but you will be close to our hearts.

All my love,

Cindy