



## The Helping Hand

by Sue Thomson

I feel your hand on my arm, a tender gentle touch..... such love,  
you have been there for me when I needed you most

You held my hand through the rough times  
I never said thank you, I never knew it was you who sat beside me

Are you calling me now? Are you here at my side?  
I feel your hand on my arm a tender gentle touch .....such love

We travelled together, you and I  
a long journey, but not long enough, I took you for granted, didn't I? But don't we  
always do that to the ones we love.

But I feel you now so much more than I did, calling me, supporting me.

Do I live my life well? Is there more I can do? tell me, help me, I need to know.

Life goes on without you, but your hand lays on my arm, guiding me.

We travelled on that bus once you and I, the bus of life, but you got off and I  
stayed on.

I look forward to the last stop when I can get off and leave, knowing you will be there waiting to take my hand and lead me on.

It was a pleasure to travel with you, you supported me when I needed you most,

Always in my heart, always in my thoughts, always on my mind.

My comfort, my friend, my mother.