

**A Tribute to My Mom...
Rosemary Arlene Potee Higley
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First, you are one tough momma! I have told at least one hundred people that you are the strongest person that I have ever met. I will never forget the sound of admiration, shock, and respect for you in your oncologist's voice when he said, "You are right—she is tough!" When he gave you the devastating news, you fired question after question at him about fighting it. I bet he hasn't met many patients like you! I know that God lead us to the diet that helped you so much when you were sick, but not many people I know would have fought so hard to stay on it! You were relentless. You have taught me to fight and not to give up. You have showed others how to stand strong in the face of adversity.

Second, you never feel sorry for yourself even with very good reason. I never remember hearing you complain about being blind. I mean NEVER. I was in college before I realized you were handicapped. The only thing I knew that you couldn't do was drive. You were a good wife, sewed your clothes, grew and canned food, reconciled books, maintained your home, raised kids, rented properties, and cooked great food. You even made my wedding dress and all my bridesmaids' dresses!

Third, you are the one I always call when I need advice and support. “Mom, my kids are driving me crazy!” “Mom, how do you know when the turkey is done?” “Mom, do you think it is a good idea for us to buy a house?” You and Dad are always there when we need help. I will never forget the time that BJ was gone for work for a long weekend and you two helped me paint 2/3’s of the inside of our house! Boy was he surprised! You two have also helped us roof, side, remodel, and move.

Fourth, you are two of the best grandparents. We can always count on you to be happy when we give you the news that you are going to be a grandma, AGAIN. You are always there when our kids are born. You and Dad never forget the gum or candy when you know you are going to see our kids. You made all those soccer and T-ball games even in the cold, even when you were so sick. Our kids just expect that you two will be there with your folding chairs cheering them like they are the star players. They always feel welcome and loved in your home! You are quick to babysit. You think that they do no wrong! Remember a few years ago when I called you after they had stayed the weekend with you and I asked if they had been monsters since I was having so much trouble with them? You said, “No, they were perfect angels.” “Mom, did you ever tell them ‘no’?” “Well, sure I did. I told them, ‘No you don’t have to finish your supper.’” No wonder I was having so much trouble with them!

Fifth, you taught me about hospitality. Your home always smells like yummy food and boy, can you make gravy. You maintain a ship-shape home that is always ready for company. You vacuum because it is Tuesday not because it needs to be done! You taught me to make people feel important. You never let a friend feel like she is an imposition. You always have time to talk on the phone even when I know you have a thousand things waiting for you after the call.

Sixth, you and Dad were always our biggest fans. You showed the three of us how to work; how to plan for the worst and hope for the best; how not to be afraid to hear “No” as an answer; how to be leaders; how to have a good attitude; how to pinch pennies and stretch dollars; how to be moral and ethical; and how to be tough. You also showed us how a lady should act, dress, and even walk. You taught us the importance of a college education and made it possible for us to go. You gave us a great, healthy childhood. I want to be just like you when I grow-up.

Seventh, when I think of words that describe you, I think of loyal, honest, long-suffering, hard-working, trustworthy, caring, smart, resourceful, fun, and solid. I also think of the phrases you use. “You’re not sugar, you won’t melt.” “Do you want to get out and walk?” “Run between the raindrops.” “You’re going to do it and smile while you’re doing it.” And when I am 9 month pregnant, “Are you having pains yet?”

I love you, Mom. Thank you for being so wonderful! As tears run down my face, I need you to know that you are special.

God, please bless my mom. Please give her continued good health and a long happy life. Thank you for strengthening her faith through her illness. And most of all, thank you for making her my mom!