



## I Try

Written by Roxanne Beetham

Mum to her beautiful son

Michael James Charles Beetham 26th April 1989—4th February 2008

(18 yrs 10 mths)

I try so very hard every day my son,  
to make you proud of me, your Mum.  
Sometimes I think I fail you even though I don't mean to,  
It's just so difficult some days, not to cry the whole way through.  
I try to honour your memory but at times it's not enough!  
The emotions overcome me and I need to yell and shout!  
Please talk to me my precious one, I need to know that you're about.  
I wonder if you hear me? Or are my words in vain?  
Sometimes I know you're with me and other times so very far.  
At times I even imagine, you are sitting with me in the car.  
Oh how I pray you can see inside my hurting soul and my broken heart.  
For then you would know of how much I hurt and why it's so unfair!  
You know words are just not enough!  
My love is an infinite feeling which bathes my very being,  
My soul is filled right up with the love I have for you!  
Nothing could ever shake my love,  
For you are my number one son.  
You will never leave my thoughts or my prayers.  
You are my Sunshine, You are my light!  
I will love you now and forever.

Eternal Love Mum xxxooxoxoxoxoxoxoxox