



Cynthia Pease

February 26, 2022

On February 26, 2022, one year and 24 days after we lost my dad, John Pease, my mom Cynthia went to Heaven to be with him. There is a void, I'm not sure what to do with yet. What helps me each day is knowing the only reason why she would have had to go so soon was that dad and Jesus needed her more. I have been sharing with others that since my sister Meloni, her husband Mark, and now Dad are up there partying, they must have been close to getting kicked out, LOL. Mom must have been needed to help straighten them out and make sure we are all together again someday. If you would like to join us, her service will be March 17, 2022 at Oakcrest Baptist Church, Ocala, Florida at 10am. We will be creating a waterfall feature at the family pool in her honor. In lieu of flowers, we ask that donations for the memorial waterfall be sent to me via Venmo. My handle is @Paulette-Crawford-3.

MOTHERS

When the good Lord was creating mothers He was into His sixth day of "overtime" when the angel appeared and said, "You're doing a lot of fiddling around on this one."

And the Lord said, "Have you read the specs on this order?"

She has to be completely washable, but not plastic;

Have 180 movable parts... all replaceable;

Run on black coffee and leftovers;
Have a lap that disappears when she stands up;
A kiss that can cure anything from a broken leg to a disappointed love affair;
And six pairs of hands.

The angel shook her head slowly and said, "Six pairs of hands... no way." "It's not the hands that are causing me problems," said the Lord, "It's the three pairs of eyes that mothers have to have."

"That's on the standard model?" asked the angel. The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through closed doors when she asks, "What are you kids doing in there?" when she already knows. Another here in the back of her head that sees what she shouldn't but what she has to know, and of course the ones here in the front that can look at a child when he goofs up and say, "I understand and I love You' without so much as uttering a word."

"Lord," said the angel, touching His sleeve gently, "Come to bed. Tomorrow..." "I can't" said the Lord. "I'm so close to creating something so close to myself. Already I have one who heals herself when she is sick...can feed a family of six on one pound of hamburger...and can get a none-year-old to stand under the shower."

The angel circled the model of a mother very slowly. "It's too soft," she sighed. "But tough!" said the Lord excitedly. "You cannot imagine what this mother can do or endure."

"Can it think?" "Not only think, but it can reason and compromise," said the Creator.

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek. "There's a leak," she pronounced. "I told You You were trying to put too much into the model." "It's not a leak," said the Lord. "it's a tear."

"What's it for?" "It's for joy, sadness, disappointment, pain, loneliness, and pride." "You're a genius," said the angel

The Lord looked somber. "I didn't put it there."

ERMA BOMBECK