

Day 2 - My Mother, my Mentor



Mother was Melba in her young years,  
Mom - to Norman and I, after 1955  
Granny - after her grandchildren arrived, 1956 for ever

Melba Virginia Axtmann Wenger,

age 20, December 1931

My Mother, my Mentor

It seems a Mentor should be a person who provides you with the tools, guidance, support and feedback you need to thrive in your career which in my case was Life. You want them to be someone who's gone down the road you're currently on and is there to advise and guide you. Mostly, your interests are prime in their mind.

How truly blessed I was when God placed me in Melba Virginia Axtmann Wenger's care.

I know what Beauty is because I grew up seeing her lovely smile, the twinkle in her beautiful hazel brown eyes and a head crowned with soft auburn curls. Even in the saddest of times, she kept this demeanor

I know what Wisdom is by watching her discern with good judgement the many challenges she faced in life.

I know what Strength is because as a sixteen-year old girl, she went from wealth to poverty when her father died at the beginning of the Great Depression 1929. Her mother had a nervous breakdown and her older sister left home. She then took responsibility for her mother and five younger siblings. She managed to finish high school and waitress nights and weekends to support the family.

I know what Love is because I saw the love of God in Melba, my mother.

All of this was contained in her five-foot one inch, ninety-five-pound body. She remained straight as a steel rod, intact and steadfast through the many storms she faced in her eighty years of life.