

The Glenda Marie I Knew

By Glenn Currier

This was the Glenda Marie I knew:
We both loved us some LSU.
Watching a football game she'd shout
and bad referees got loudly bawled out.

A woman of passion and feeling
her tongue might send some reeling
but one thing I know for sure
her kindness and love will endure.

No matter how big or small your task
Glenda almost always asked
"What's your name?"
and she knew it next time she came.
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My complaints - she patiently listened - all ears
but over all these years
"complainer" was not her role
grabbing attention was not her goal.

Glenda was a mom, a Tita and a friend
a generous listener to the end
as a worker she was competent and true
people and things- she held together like glue.

As a sister she was dedicated and trusty
together they shined and never got rusty
her trips to Louisiana - her delight.
We could talk Tigers and Saints all night.

I'll miss her happy lilting tone
when she knew it was me on the phone
I'll miss her sparkling eyes and smile
and living without her will take a while.

I wish I had gone up the alley more
to visit her, to knock on her back door
to sit on the patio, talk and watch Camryn play
I wish I had just one more day.

This was the Glenda Marie I knew
a friend and buddy who loved me and you.
I'll think of her for days and years hence
when I drive up that alley and see that red fence.



Dedicated to Glenda Marie Buttram and her family and friends. She passed from this earth 8-23-18

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