

Mom, you are loved ALWAYS.
Love Rosie.

Every morning my
mom would drop me
off at the bus stop.

I would give her big
hugs and on the bus
I would hop.

I would find a seat
next to the window
so I could wave to
my mom.

She would wave back
and blow kisses, and
I felt very calm.









I noticed a little girl on the bus
who always sat alone.

I thought she was weird and
different and had clothes that
needed sewn.

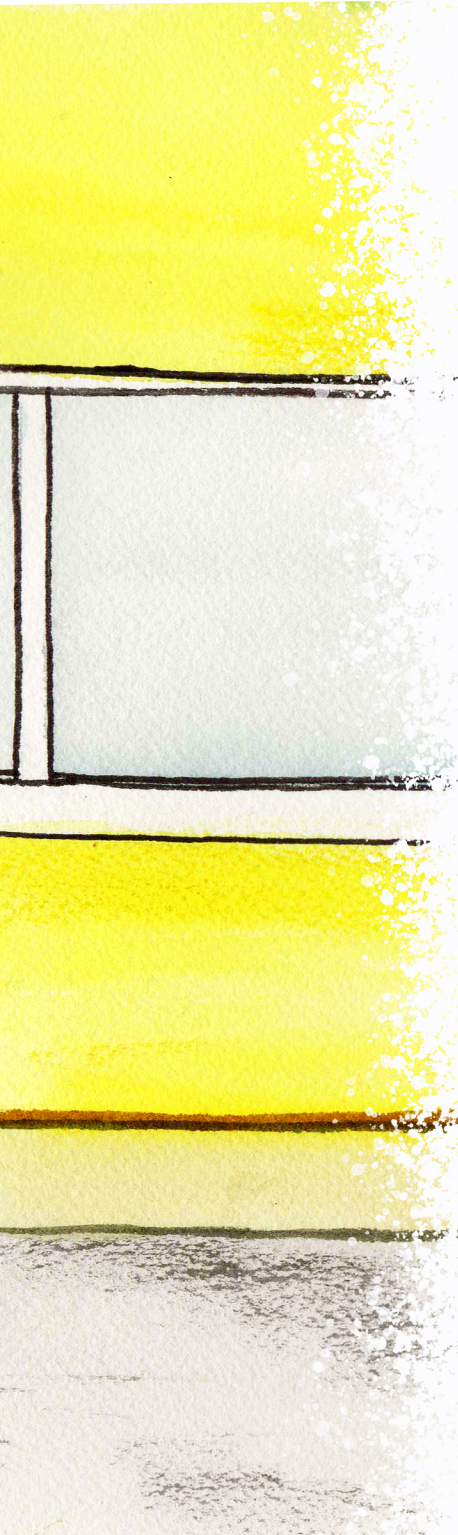
I tried to stay away from her as
far as I possibly could.

I noticed her waving to my mom
the same way that I would.

This made me mad at the time and
I was not even sure why.

I just knew my mom's waves and
kisses were for me to catch from
the sky.





One day the little girl stopped
me while I was getting off the
bus.

She handed me a paper flower
and made quite a big fuss.

She said "Please give this to
that pretty lady who drops you
off everyday."

I took the flower reluctantly
and quickly put it away.