

## THE LAST RIDLEY



Maud Ray Ridley Ortega (1891 -- 1985)  
the author's maternal grandmother.

As she was resting on her bed,  
I placed my hand upon her head,  
Her eyes and ears were very old  
I tried my best to touch her soul.

My mother fed her with a spoon,  
A sunny, clean, and quiet room  
I smoothed her silken, silver hair  
She seemed to know,  
That I was there.

She was the leader of our clan  
Strong as oak, or any man,  
Granite in adversity  
Protective of our family.

Many things she's given me  
An iron will, a destiny  
A lamp to see,  
Someone to be.

Her bond, her blood  
Her strength of heart,  
Remain with me  
When she departs.

Proud she was of family  
Of each of us, her family tree,  
Her memory will live in me  
God bless you Maud  
– the last Ridley.

(December 1985)



The oil lamp, the author mentions in the poem, that his late grandmother, Maud, Ray Ridley Ortega gave him when he was a young boy.