

## MAMA KRACH'S BOOK OF POEMS

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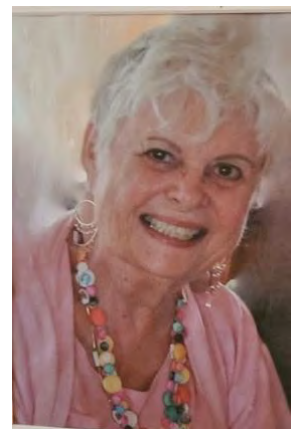
### Forward *February 14, 2024*

This collection of poems is dedicated to the remarkable woman who shaped my life and the lives of all those around her—my mother, Elda. Her energy, wit, and wisdom have guided our family through decades, and though she passed on Valentine's Day February 14, 2025, her legacy continues to light our path.

As the "human dynamo" in our lives, Elda taught us all what it means to live with joy, purpose, and an unwavering love for family. She was always the heart of every gathering, the first to encourage, the one to make us laugh even when things got tough. This book captures a glimpse of that spirit—the spirit that lives on through her children, grandchildren, and everyone who was lucky enough to know her.

With this collection, I honor her enduring legacy, her humor, her wisdom, and most of all, the love that defined her. Thank you, Mom, for everything. Your story is far from over—it's just beginning.

Love, Keith, Di-Di, Terri, Monica, Steve, Carter, Emma, JD, Harper, Ben, JJ, Sierra, & who knows who.



# Mama Krach: The Queen Who Ran the Show

You walked through life with grace and might,  
A beacon shining, bold and bright.  
With strength and love, you lit our way,  
And turned each moment into day.

Through laughter, tears, and endless years,  
You faced life's trials, quelled our fears.  
A heart so big, so full of cheer,  
A spirit that would never disappear.

From Bridge Aramas, with cards and care,  
To giving love beyond compare,  
You raised us up with steady hands,  
Guiding us through life's shifting sands.

You taught us love, you taught us grace,  
With every challenge we would face.  
You led by heart, by strength, by light,  
Always standing firm, always in flight.

You showed us what it means to give,  
To live each day, to love, to live.  
With every kindness that you gave,  
You filled our hearts, you taught us brave.

The used cars you sold with knowing grace,  
The home you built with love's embrace.  
The lessons you gave, so soft yet strong,  
Have shaped our hearts our whole lives long.

You taught us how to face the storm,  
To stand up tall and still be warm.  
Your joy, your laugh, your passion bright,  
Have filled our souls with endless light.

Through every twist, through every turn,  
Your spirit soared, your love did burn.

And even now, though you've departed,  
Your love remains, forever charted.

We'll carry on with lessons dear,  
We'll raise our voices, loud and clear.  
For Mama Krach, the queen of love,  
Is with us still, from up above.

In every step, in every stride,  
Your spirit walks right by our side.  
So here we stand, with hearts full wide,  
As we say goodbye, with love and pride.

Though you are gone, your legacy  
Will live on in all we'll be.  
You are our light, our strength, our guide,  
Our beloved Mama Krach, forever inside.

Thank you for the love you gave,  
For all the lives you helped to save.  
With every card, with every prayer,  
You gave so much, you showed you care.

And now we'll honor you with grace,  
In every smile, in every face,  
For in our hearts, you'll always stay—  
Our Mama Krach, forever, every day.

# Elda and Butch: Together in Love, Forever Free

Today, we celebrate Elda and Butch,  
A pair so strong, they made life such a clutch.  
Together they danced through life's grand affair,  
Hand in hand, with a love that was rare.

Butch was the man with the gentle hand,  
A football player, strong and grand.  
Drafted by the Rams, a dream so high,  
But when it came to love, he couldn't deny.  
He met Elda, and his heart took flight,  
She stole the show, and won his heart that night.

Elda, on the other hand, was the queen,  
A champion swimmer, sleek and keen.  
She could dive off a board with grace so pure,  
But when it came to Butch, she had the cure.  
She loved him dearly, but don't get too bold,  
Because Elda could scold, and it was gold.  
She'd say, "Butch, get your shoes off the floor!"  
And he'd smile and laugh, but then beg for more.

They had a rule, a golden one,  
That no matter the day, no matter what's done,  
They would never go to bed mad, no matter the fight,  
They'd talk it out, and make things right.  
But if Butch was upset over something so small,  
Elda would just lay him down—problem solved after all!  
Her touch, her voice, her calming grace,  
Would melt away his worries in a peaceful embrace.

And speaking of their love life, well, there's a story too,  
I once asked Mom, "Did you and Dad do what lovers do?"  
Without a blink, with a mischievous grin,  
She said, "Oh, he was such a horny toad, my kin!"  
I was shocked, but she just winked and smiled,  
Knowing her love for Butch was anything but mild.

Through the years, they built their little nest,  
A love so strong, they passed every test.  
She'd host family dinners with a voice so loud,

Butch would sit quietly, just so proud.  
He'd admire the spread, the food on the plate,  
But if she asked for help, he'd hesitate.

But that was love, wasn't it clear?  
They worked together, year after year.  
Elda kept the house in perfect order,  
While Butch just followed, never crossing the border.  
They balanced each other—perfectly so,  
Like peanut butter and jelly, or a head and a toe.

And when it came to his work, Butch was the king,  
The factory, his domain, where he'd do his thing.  
He'd answer the phone with a voice so bold,  
“Let Go Industries Steel Fabrication Division, John Cox speaking, Director of  
Sales”—a tale untold.

I'd say, “Dad, there's only three of us here!”  
And he'd reply, “Yes, but we specialize in quality and service, my dear!”  
“Never let them come to the factory,” he'd say with a grin,  
“Let them think we're grand—never let them see where we begin!”  
His customers—Fortes and Generous Motors—never knew,  
The truth about how small it really grew.  
Butch kept it running, full of pride,  
A modest king, with his queen by his side.

Elda would smile, and Butch would chuckle,  
And in those quiet moments, there was never a struggle.  
They shared adventures, love, and a lot of fun,  
Their marriage a dance, second to none.

So here we are, to honor them both,  
Elda and Butch, a pair full of growth.  
Their love was a joke, their life a game,  
But when it came to family, they were always the same.  
They built a legacy, a love so true,  
And now we carry that love, forever anew.

So, here's to Butch, the steady hand,  
And to Elda, the queen of the land.  
Together they lived, and together they're free,  
A love that's eternal, for all to see.

Let's laugh, let's smile, and carry their grace,  
For Elda and Butch have left a sweet trace.

With humor and joy, they lived their way,  
And now they smile at us, from far away.  
Their love was true, their bond complete,  
And with that love, we stand on our feet.

# A Mother's Love, A Family's Strength

Elda, a mother, a rock, a guide,  
With love and wisdom, always by our side.  
She built a foundation, strong and true,  
A sanctuary of warmth for me, Di-Di, and Ter-Ter too.

She held us close, kept us grounded,  
Her love, like a river, endlessly bounded.  
Her hands shaped the family, steady and strong,  
With every lesson, she led us along.

But as the years passed, and time did unfold,  
Di-Di and Ter-Ter took up the role of old.  
They cared for Mom with tenderness and grace,  
Filling her life with love, each moment, each place.

Di-Di, especially, was there every day,  
A constant presence, never turning away.  
She stood by Mom through each challenge and cheer,  
Her love and devotion so steadfast and near.

Ter-Ter, too, with love in her heart,  
Played her part from the very start.  
Together, they gave everything they had,  
For Mom, their love never made them feel sad.

And then, there were the grandchildren—each a star,  
Monica, Steve, Carter, Emma and JD from afar.  
Each one a reflection of Elda's spark,  
Carrying her legacy, lighting the dark.

Monica, with oceans of wonder and grace,  
Steve, always reaching for the stars' embrace.

Carter, with the courage to reinvent,  
And JD and Emma, with dreams well-spent.

Elda's love, so boundless and true,  
Passed down through generations, ever new.  
Her wisdom, her strength, her joy, her smile,  
Echoing in our hearts, making life worthwhile.

Harper, Ben, JJ, Sierra, and who knows who,  
Were blessed with the depth of her love, ever true.  
Her stories, her lessons, her laughter so bright,  
Will guide them forever, through day and night.

So here we stand, with hearts full of grace,  
Thanking Elda for her love, her endless embrace.  
Her spirit lives on in all that we do,  
In the love of her children, her grandchildren too.

Di-Di and Ter-Ter, you gave your all,  
And for that, we'll always stand tall.  
For in this family, Elda's love will stay,  
Guiding us forever, come what may.



# DAMN THE TORPEDOES

When the world shifted and steel took a hit,  
My dad stood firm, refusing to quit.  
He'd worked his life in the mine and mill,  
Selling steel and coal, with strength and skill.  
But when the counterculture roared and cars turned small,  
The economy buckled, and his work did fall.  
On his birthday, no less, the news came down,  
Laid off, defeated, wearing a frown.

I watched him slump, a cigarette in hand,  
His hopes and dreams slipping through the sand.  
A shot of cheap vodka, deep in despair,  
My dad was down, caught in life's snare.  
But as I watched, I could see the fight,  
His mind working through that dark, long night.  
Should he start a business? Take the leap?  
But where would the money come from, so deep?

And then, through it all, Mom's voice cut clear,  
“Goddammit Butch! Full speed ahead, my dear!”  
With a grin on her face and a fire in her eyes,  
She refused to let Dad's dream die.  
No time for despair, no room for defeat,  
She jumped in, got to work, didn't miss a beat.  
A job at the girls' school, coaching the boys,  
And a third job to support the family's joys.

Mom didn't hesitate, not for a second,  
Her faith in Dad, like a ship's beacon.  
She held him up, through thick and thin,  
Her love for him would never dim.  
Together they fought, together they stood,  
Turning their dreams to what was good.  
With grit and grace, they made it through—  
Litco Industries, and a family renewed.

Dad mortgaged everything, taking the chance,  
And though I was young, I saw their dance.  
My first job was scrubbing floors,  
But through it all, we were back on course.

The Krachs were back, rising with might,  
Turning adversity into light.

When Dad passed, Mom grieved, deep and long,  
But she didn't stay down; she carried on strong.  
Two years of mourning, then came the dream,  
A message from Dad, a hopeful beam.  
On a Greyhound bus, in the world beyond,  
Dad turned to her, his voice strong and fond:  
"Elda, it's not your stop yet, you see,  
Mine was first, but soon, we'll meet."

That dream lifted her spirit, restored her grace,  
With renewed strength, she continued the race.  
And even now, though she stands alone,  
Her love for Butch continues to be shown.  
Through life's challenges, through every twist,  
Mom's strength and love could never be missed.

So here's to Mom and Dad, who fought side by side,  
Together through storms, they did not hide.  
Through adversity, love, and a dream so bright,  
They showed us all how to fight the good fight.  
With love, dedication, and courage so true,  
They taught us what partnership could do.  
Full speed ahead, no matter the cost,  
For in love and strength, nothing's lost.

# DocuSign Goddess

At a company meeting, I asked her to speak,  
And what she said left the room quite meek.  
With her usual charm, a voice so grand,  
She grabbed the mic right from my hand.

“Who wants to hear a Keithzie story?” she cried,  
And a thousand employees sat wide-eyed.  
Then, with perfect timing, she gave us a start,  
She said, “Everyone asks me what it was like from the heart...”

“Giving birth to Keithzie,” she went on with a grin,  
The room fell silent, waiting for the spin.  
She paused for effect, her eyes shining bright,  
Then she blurted out, “He slid right out, no fight!”

The room was stunned, jaws on the floor,  
They couldn’t process what they’d just heard before.  
And then, with a wink, she added her flair,  
“He’s been sliding through life without a care!”

Laughter erupted, the room filled with glee,  
Coffee mugs shook, no one could disagree.  
But she wasn’t done, oh no, not yet,  
She had one more line, and you’d never forget:

“He’s a freeloader!” she shouted with might,  
And the room roared again, their spirits took flight.  
I couldn’t help it, I laughed till I cried,  
In that moment, her love and humor couldn’t hide.

Even at ninety, with energy so bright,  
She stole the show, filled the room with light.  
She never hesitated, took center stage,  
Showing us all how to live, to engage.

So here’s to the goddess, who taught us to play,  
Who showed us that joy is the best way.  
With boundless energy, and a laugh so loud,  
She lit up the world, and stood so proud.

Mom, your legacy lives on in your joy,  
In every laugh, every memory, every ploy.  
You taught us to live with humor and grace,  
And your spirit continues to light up this space.

# The Emperor with No Clothes

In 2019, I stood with pride,  
Ready for my oath, a new path to guide.  
But then, my mom stood tall with grace,  
A smile on her face, lighting up the place.

"My son, Keith, is sworn in today,  
But let me share a story in my own way.  
At three years old, on his tricycle ride,  
He went zooming down the street, full of pride."

The crowd grew silent, waiting to hear,  
And then she spoke, her voice so clear:  
"Keith was riding, naked as could be,  
And when I asked, 'What on earth, Keithy?'"

With a grin, he said, "Mom, can't you see?  
I'm the emperor with no clothes, flying free!"  
The room erupted, laughter filled the air,  
And I felt my face flush, full of despair.

But Mom was proud, her voice full of might,  
"That's my boy, living life bright!"  
"When Butch came home, not a word of blame,  
He smiled and said, 'If you've got it, flaunt it, all the same!'"

The crowd laughed again, and I saw with pride,  
The lessons she gave, always by my side.  
Her love, her passion, her endless cheer,  
Shaped who I am, and brought me here.

She taught me to live with joy and might,  
To always push forward, chase the light.  
Thank you, Mom, for the lessons you gave,  
For the love, the laughter, and the life we'll save.

# A Mother's Legacy, A Son's Guide

Ah, Mom and me—what a pair we were,  
We had our moments, that's for sure!  
She was the rock, the glue, the guide,  
And I, well, I was along for the ride.

From the moment I was born, she took charge,  
Showing me the ropes, keeping things large.  
She'd say, "Keith, do this, Keith, do that,"  
And I'd nod along—what else could I chat?

She taught me how to live with passion and flair,  
But also, how to deal with life's wear and tear.  
"Get your act together!" she'd shout with grace,  
"Remember who you are, and stay in the race!"

Now, let's talk about the used car deals—  
She was a master, with nerves of steel.  
Mom would stroll in, looking so fine,  
And walk out with a car, for a fraction of the dime.  
And me? Well, I'd be in the back, cringing away,  
Hoping no one saw me, hoping they'd say,  
"Isn't that Keith Krach, who's hiding from sight?"  
"Oh yes, that's him, his mom's a delight!"

And the Bridge Aramas, my goodness, the game,  
Mom hosted them all, and they sure weren't the same.  
Raising money for kids, with every hand dealt,  
She'd throw down the cards, and raise up the belt.  
Me? I was in the corner, watching her charm,  
Wishing I could match her, with a fraction of the warmth.

But, for all her strength, Mom knew how to laugh,  
She'd joke with me, and we'd share the gaff.

One time I said, “Mom, you’re tough as nails,”  
She smiled and said, “Well, Keith, that never fails!”  
But deep down, I knew she’d be there for me,  
A true champion, a mom who could set me free.

As I grew older, I saw her more clear,  
The lessons she taught me, year after year.  
It wasn’t just about work or the perfect plan,  
It was about living, being a strong woman and man.  
And now, as I stand here, I can truly say,  
That I’ll carry her with me, every day.

So here’s to my mom, the one who knew best,  
Who shaped me into who I am, no less.  
She made me laugh, she made me strong,  
And with her by my side, I couldn’t go wrong.

Thank you, Mom, for the love and the laughter,  
For showing me how to live ever after.  
Though you’re gone, I know you’re still here,  
In every step I take, you’re always near.

We’ll keep laughing, we’ll keep smiling,  
Just like you did, always styling.  
You were my hero, my guide, my queen,  
And I’ll carry your spirit, forever serene.

# Mama Krach's Legendary State Department Speech

When I was serving as Under Secretary of State,  
Leading the charge known as the E, I set the date,  
To inspire my 3,000 officers, to ignite their spark,  
I sent them a video from someone who left her mark.

My mom, known as Mama Krach, with wisdom and cheer,  
Recorded her message, and it rang crystal clear.  
Her words were meant to fuel, to guide, to inspire,  
And what followed was laughter, strength, and fire.

“I’ll keep it brief,” she started with glee,  
“Not like my kitty, who rambles, you see.”  
Her voice, full of power, filled the air,  
Her words, simple, yet full of care.

“Three words for you, my dear E family,  
Excellence, encourage, engage—follow me.”  
Her legend grew, as I sat with pride,  
Watching my mom bring everyone to the other side.

"Number one: Excellence, well that's no surprise,  
The E-team's family, you're a force that will rise.  
KC tells me you're like family, you know,  
That makes me happy, to see you all grow."

She knew us all, and we knew her heart,  
She had the wisdom to play her part.  
"Encourage, that's number two," she said with a grin,  
"I never let Keith give up, not when he'd been pinned."

“When he played football, hurt on the ground,  
I’d yell, ‘Buckle up, get back in the round!’  
That’s encouragement, it’s tough but true,  
And trust me, he's more afraid of me than you!"

Laughter erupted, but the lesson was clear,  
Encourage one another, never show fear.

"Even Pompeo's scared of me, that's right,  
But together, we'll be fearless, no matter the fight."

"And number three: Engage early and often,  
This is the time for guts, so take action.  
I'm your biggest fan, cheering you on,  
In this fight, we're all here, we're strong."

With each word she spoke, our hearts grew light,  
Her energy, a beacon, so bold, so bright.  
"We are family," she said, "now go out and fight,  
Kick the shit out of China with all your might!"

Her legend continued, growing so tall,  
Her words, her wisdom, touched us all.  
I watched as she inspired, a woman so strong,  
Mama Krach, the legend, where she belongs.



# Elda's Infinite Heart: A Valentine's Legacy

Elda's heart was a treasure, boundless and bright,  
A Valentine's gift, filled with pure light.  
Hundreds called her their best friend,  
And she'd say, "That's how love has no end!"

Her heart, so vast, had endless room,  
For every friend, it would always bloom.  
"You see," she'd laugh with a gleam in her eye,  
"Your heart's infinite—it never runs dry!"

Love wasn't a limit, it was her creed,  
She gave it all, met every need.  
"Impossible?" they'd ask, "How could this be?"  
Elda would smile, "It's simple, you see."

Each person she met, she'd welcome with grace,  
Her love spreading wide, filling each space.  
On Valentine's Day, she showed us the way,  
That love's not a limit, but a bright display.

Her heart was the circle, never a line,  
A Valentine's card with no end, no sign.  
Elda's love? A gift, pure and free—  
An infinite heart, for all to see.

Now she's gone, but her love stays,  
A Valentine's message for all our days.  
Her heart lives on, forever to be,  
The love of Elda—an eternity.

# Grandma Elda's Evergreen Christmas

## Grandma Elda's EVERGREEN CHRISTMAS

In a home full of joy where the laughter rings dear,  
A grand Christmas tree, Elda, sprouts up each year.  
With ornaments dangling and twinkling with light,  
It stands in your honor, so tall and so bright.

For ninety-five years, you've been our North Star,  
Guiding us home, no matter how far.  
With each Christmas cookie, each card we sing  
We celebrate you, the joy that you bring

The stockings are hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that your laughter soon fills the air.  
With tales of Monica, deep in the sea,  
And Steve touching stars, where few dare to be

Carter's amazing ventures, and twins dream,  
JD's pitch perfect, and Emma, she gleams  
Harper and Ben, little JJ's first word,  
And Sierra, so new, like a song of a bird

Metta, your daughter, in love and in life,  
Stands by my side, a partner, a wife  
Di-Di and Ter-Ter, with love so immense,  
Crafting memories with you, oh so intense

Your great-grandkids, with glee, dance and twirl,  
Each one a gem, a precious pearl.  
They bask in the stories of your love so grand,  
A legacy etched deep in the sand

Your hearth warms with joy, where Hoyer lift sways,  
Helpers with heart, they brighten your days  
With a tender touch and laughter's bright ray,  
They cherish your smiles, in every which way.

So here's to you, Mom, at Christmas we cheer,  
For the love that you've given, year after year.  
May this season bring joy & your eyes always see,  
The eternal legacy, you've gifted to me



# Happy Mother's Day To Our Queen

## HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY TO OUR QUEEN

Elda, our queen, at ninety-four years strong,  
With warmth and kindness that forever belongs,  
To family and friends who hold you so dear,  
May this Mother's Day bring you love and cheer

You raised me, Di, and Terri with such grace,  
And built a family that time can't erase,  
Monica, Steve, Carter, JD, and Emma,  
Your legacy of love will go on forever

What a great role model for dear wife Metta  
With you as example she always gets betta  
You're a treasure to us, a light in our life,  
A mother and grandmother, and Dad's special wife.

Your husband, Butch, by your side all those years,  
Though he's gone, his love for you still appears,  
In the family you built, the love that you share,  
The memories you cherish, the moments so rare.

And now you're a great-grandmother too,  
To Harper, Ben, JJ, and little who knows who  
They've grown up with stories of your love and care,  
And they'll carry them with them, wherever they fare.

So, here's to you, Elda, our dear mother so sweet,  
May your days be filled with love, & your heart full replete  
With the memories of all that you've done,  
For our family, for us, for everyone.

# THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME

## THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME

I arrived on Saturday night, with Metta and the twins in tow,  
Beneath the gentle moon's soft light, our love began to flow.

We stepped off the plane with hearts so light,  
To reunite with you, our North Star, on that brilliant night.

Two months apart, in rehab's gentle embrace,  
Yet, your heart yearned for your sacred space.

"There's no place like home," as Emma beautifully said,  
Her words, a timeless wisdom, like a cherished book well-read.

Sweet little Emma, urged, "Time for Grandma to come home,"  
Her words a soothing melody, in our hearts they've become a poem.

At 95, you've earned the right to have things your way, it's true,  
To ensure, JD commanded, "For Grandma, you better come through."

So, Di, Terri and I got right to work the very next day  
Determined to cut through red tape, no matter what they'd say.

Now, at last, we're gathered in your home, where love resides,  
The happiness in the air, where our hearts' devotion abides.

In the comfort of family, where memories are sown,  
We celebrate your return, by placing you back on the throne.

Mom, you've graced our lives with joy and grace,  
Never forget its with you, we find our happy place.