

Mothers

We all had a Mother. We all, whether we knew them or not, loved them instinctively. Some had Mothers who left them or were divorced and shared them. Mothers who passed at a young age while they were but children. Mothers who were distant or cruel or unloving. Mother's Day is not always a happy remembrance, but for most of us, it does bring happy memories. I always want to be aware that it is not a happy occasion for some. I loved my own Mother, but she was not perfect, but she did her best. She was a wonderful Grandmother and Great Grandmother. But she often said she had been a Mother her whole life and was tired when she had children. Her Mother had 11 children and my Mother was the oldest girl and quit school at the age of 10 to help at home and then had her own first child at 17. Her version of her childhood, and the version I heard from my Aunts, were completely foreign to each other. I was not a perfect Mother and consider myself lucky that my children turned out without any major problems; at least to me they seemed perfect. As I watched them as parents, and now 2 of my Grandchildren as parents, I realize that somewhere along the way I did something right. Motherhood is a challenge to some and seemingly effortless to others. When my children were little, I had a poem, a prayer, on the refrigerator:

"Oh give me patience when wee hands tug at me with their small demands, give me gentle and smiling ways, keep my lips from hasty replies, so in years to come, when my house is still, no bitter memories its rooms may fill."

Some days I read that poem many times. The proof in that is that I still remember it and my oldest will be 60 this year. I hope most of all that my children knew how much I loved and adored them, and that their childhood was filled with a loving, full of pride, mother who still can feel the hugs from long ago.

Psalms 139:13-14 For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well.

Lord, we praise your name for you loved us before we were born, before we were formed you loved us and had a plan for us. Thanks be to God. We thank you for our days and for the love we have found in our lives. We ask that you be with those who suffer illness, those who suffer loss. Comfort and heal them. Be with our Pastor, bless his ministry and watch over his family. Be with our staff and leaders, give them strength for the day and vision for tomorrow. Be with our church, may we be the hands and feet of Christ. May we know peace and love in our lives and may we give it to others. In Jesus name we pray, Amen.

Grace Epperson