

Mother's Day

As with many 'holidays' not everyone has happy memories of the recipient of our joy. I know my mother earnestly tried to be a good Mother and she was many times just that. She had had an unhappy childhood and was burned out on "motherhood" by the time she became a mother. She was the oldest girl in a family of eleven children. She had to quit school at the age of 10 to help with the babies. She was resentful that she had to give up her childhood to parent her parents children. It could not have been an easy time for her. She had to watch as everyone else went off to school and received an education while she was left at home doing the raising of children. She did love her brothers and sisters and bore them no resentment but did let me know quite frequently that she was tired of children. She had only wanted two and I was the third. Then she became a grandmother at a very young age and suddenly again loved children. She was a good grandmother, but I was hesitant to have her too involved in my children's lives because if they said they wanted to burn the house down, she would have helped them find the matches. Her grandchildren could do no wrong. I understood this more fully when I became a grandmother, but my grandchildren were truly perfect and still are, as are my great grandchildren. I reminded my children this week of how I loved the way they would wake me up when they were little, they would come into the bedroom thinking I was still asleep and stand beside the bed asking each other if they thought I was awake. My son would then pull my eyelid up to see if I was sleeping. I would then grab them and pull them up on the bed and tussle with them. I loved it and they did too. It was such a fun way to start the day. What they didn't know was that I woke up when their feet touched the floor and waited for them to come "wake me up." I loved our mornings and knew that whatever the day brought we had started it out with hugs and laughter.

I hope all who read this has happy childhood memories of their mother or the person that filled that position for you whether it be stepmother, grandmother, older sister, brothers, neighbor, teacher, friend, aunt, or whatever person in your life that loved you, cared about and cared for you. I had so many that contributed to that role, the teacher that made sure I learned to read and then had me tutor others, all the teachers through school that encouraged me and motivated me, the friend that talked with me as a teenager, the Pastor who took time to talk with me and advise on the path he felt I needed to take to make my life better. And the God who was with me through all my life, who took a baby that weighed less than 3 pounds and saw her through pneumonia, cancer, polio, and numerous trials and blessed her life with children and grandchildren and great grandchildren. To God be the glory! Proverbs 1:8-9 Listen my son to your father's instruction and do not forsake your mother's teaching. They will be a garland to grace your head and a chain to adorn your neck.

We thank you Lord for all our days. We thank you for parents who led us and for the children who bless us. We thank you for the mentors you have sent into our lives. For the family who are like friends and the friends that are like family. May we be deserving of your gifts. Be with our church Lord, may it be pleasing to you, be with our Pastor and his family Lord, watch over them. Be with our staff and leaders Lord and those that serve our church. Be with those that suffer from hunger, homelessness, war and oppression. May we seek to be the hands and feet of Jesus in this time and in this world. In the name of Jesus, we pray. Amen

Grace Epperson