

A PASTORAL MESSAGE FROM FATHER PETER

MOTHERS' DAY

SUNDAY, MAY 11, 2014

A red rose for you, Mother.

Mother you have been gone for a number of years. Your physical, visible being is no longer with us. I would not call you back, because now I understand your willingness to suffer for our joy and happiness. But, even now, there are times when I long to feel the warmth of your presence and hear your voice.

I will never forget when, as a child I was coming home from school, I could hardly wait to open the unlocked screen door. And my first words were, "Mamma, Mamma, where are you?" And there you were, always waiting with the answer, "here I am," and with your arms open to hug me and kiss me. And then for me everything was all right. I was safe, I had security, you were home.

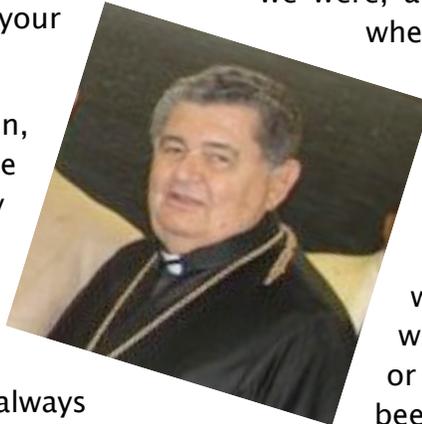
I love to remembering the consistency of your ways. Every day three meals at the very time (even at the time of depression). Clothes – clean, mended and ready to wear. Same old schedule, day-in and day-out. Hard work? Not that we would ever tell. Boring? We didn't know the meaning of the word.

These were your tasks – making a home and rearing your children, and uncomplainingly you accepted them and did your best. During the time of the great

Depression, serious illnesses, and other adversities, how courageously you carried on!

We new we would make it. You were there. Both with words and by example, you faithfully taught us so many things – obedience, honesty, dependability and most of all faith in our Lord – yet you were never afraid to say, "NO!"

You made a point of knowing where we were, and we made a point of knowing when to be home. How we loved and respected you! We took you for granted, but wasn't that the way you wanted it? Isn't that the picture of real security?



I was always amazed at your wisdom. It was not the kind of wisdom that one learns in schools or from books. It could have only been God-giving. You were so satisfied with the simple things of life. I do not believe there was a spark of envy or jealousy in you. How very appropriate were the words of Proverbs 31, which were given at your funeral service. Your last years were not easy. You suffered much, but you never showed any fear, disappointment, not rebellion. And wasn't God gracious and helped us to let us have you in our home even unto the end. As your memory faded, how many times you asked "It's almost time for Mary to be home, isn't it?" I wonder if you are still asking that question.

What you gave to us, your children – your influence, your love, your kindness,