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Mothers

Introduction

In the study of “Mothers of the Bible” it is easy to get impressed by the large varieties of contexts in which they are spoken of. They are mentioned over four hundred times and at times large sections of scripture is given to them. For instance, Abraham’s wife Sarah who is spoken of both in the Old and New Testament (Gen. 17:15; 1 Pet. 3:6). With great honour Esther is lifted before us due to her time of silence and in using her position for the blessing of the people of God, because the law was changed and her people lived. (Est. 2:10; 8:11; 9:1, 19-22).

Mary had an expression used regarding her character and place in that she alone is referred to as, “blessed art thou among women” (Lk. 1:28, 42). On the other hand, there are evil women such as Delilah (Jud. 16:4-20), and typically, the corrupt religious system is viewed as a woman (Rev. 17:1; 19:2). No matter where we look in the scriptures, godly women have been exalted, and God, through the Christian gospel, exalts womanhood. It is a sad reality that in countries where their gods are female, women are degraded to the nth degree.

Many of the women in the Bible were mothers, such as:

- a) Eve, who had a minimum of three sons. One was a murderer (Gen. 4:8), one was God fearing (Gen. 4:4), and from the other developed the lineage of the Lord (1 Chron 1:1, spelt Sheth, connected with Lk. 3:23-38).
- b) Abi had a bad husband but a good son (Hezekiah) (2 Kgs. 18:2; 2 Chron. 29:1).
- c) Abigail was beautiful and had wisdom (1 Sam. 25:1-42).
- d) Dorcas was an individual who was full of good works (Acts 9:36-43) and the list goes on.

It is a tragic commentary on the world of selfishness and blatant rebellion against the handiwork of God by humanity that a helpless little unborn infant can be torn apart, limb from limb, without any anesthetic. Unspeakable cruelty which causes one to ponder the words of scripture, “without natural affection” (Rom. 1:31; 2 Tim. 3:3). The ancient pagan nations burned their children in giving them to their gods. Today, Planned Parenthood reports one abortion every 95 seconds, that is 38 murders an hour and 910 each day. This is not the full figures.

An acrostic for the word “mother”.

M	Most valuable treasure on the entire earth and the many things which, in love, she gave her children.
O	Oceans’ all pearls can’t even value her worth.
T	The priceless treasure of love, feeling and affection shown in the tears she shed.
H	For her heart of gold, full of selfless love and devotion that she has for her child or children.
E	For her “eyes” which looked upon you in pure delight as you lay in a pram or crib, the pride which shone in her eyes when she saw your achievements, or the hurt you saw when disappointment was her lot
R	Is for “reality”. Mother is right and do not argue with her. I recall my dear mum was very ill and was found collapsed in her home, it was my brother’s 25th wedding anniversary. There was to be a celebration and mother was not going to miss it. My sister and I said to mum, “The doctors said you must stay in hospital until they find out what happened”. We debated with her, argued with her, until she said, “I am your mother”, and that was the end of it all. Means “Right”, and right she’ll always be.

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The Origin Of "Mother's Day"



Mother's Day as we know it began in the early 1900's but mothers had been extolled centuries before. The Greek cult to Cybele and the Roman festival of Hilaria celebrated a special day to Mothers. However, if it had not been for the generosity of some folk in Philadelphia, Miss Anna M. Jarvis, the Founder, would have died in old age, penniless, and all alone in a charity hospital. Her mother, Mrs. Ann Reeves Jarvis, died on the second Sunday of May 1905 and that is why, in our part of the world, it is celebrated on that day. It was her mother, Ann, who determined to set aside one day a year to recognise not mothers in general, but to honour ones own particular mother. Two years after Anna's mother died in 1905, Anna Jarvis invited some friends to celebrate a mother's day. The following year on 10th May 1908 the first "Mother's Day" was held in St. Andrews Church. In 1920 Governor William Glascock of West Virginia officially proclaimed the first Mothers Day. While Anna's mother was alive she designated the carnation as the flower of Mother's Day.

Deeply disturbed by the merchandising of Mother's Day, Anna spent her money on preventing Hallmark etc., from using it for profit, for she and her mother it was an act of devotion individualised. To them, picking a card was an empty gesture, and more ideal would have been a hand written letter.

Her brother died in 1926 leaving what he considered sufficient for her to live comfortable. However, due to multiple reasons she received virtually nothing. In time her eyesight went and, by the balance of people, she was just an old woman, now of now interest. In time, a welfare worker came to see her and found the old lady suffering from a nervous collapse and was sent to a city hospital.

Providentially, a lawyer who had known her from childhood joined with others to build a fund to move her to a private room in a sanatorium. As word spread that the founder of "Mothers Day" was penniless they started to send contributions. The makers of "Mother's Day" cards made voluntary gifts, and some of the money was used to build a memorial to Anna, the founder of Mothers Day. She died after a long illness, 24th November 1941.



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A Mother's Reminiscing Of Days Which Are Past

A book unheeded in her lap, she sits with dreaming eyes
And looks from out the window, at distant hills that rise.
Yet soon she crosses all the hills, and finds a pathway straight
To where her children clamour on the fence beside the gate.
To where her children hail her, with shouts of wondrous glee,
Yet still the book unheeded, lies open on her knee.

And far from out the window, bends the sky in hazy blue,
And she fares forth upon a road, that leads the meadows through,
That hurries down the city streets, until she finds a door
Which opens to her gentle knock, and then, as oft of yore,
She hears the laughter of her boy, she sorrows when he grieves,
Yet still the book is lying with her hand, between the leaves.

And now she goes another way, where mountains touch the sky,
She threads the forest fastness, until she draws close by.
The little cottage where her girl once helped to make a home
Where, in the distance on the sea, are gleams of upflung foam
And for a while they speak of all the joys which used to be,
Yet still the book, unheeded, lies open on her knee.

And so she fares to sunset, while going very far away
But always in her haven, at the ending of the day,
And takes her book and idly, at open pages peers
With eyes that have the softness that's caused by many tears.
And sometimes she will murmur low, and sometimes she will smile,
Far out and over all the land her heart has been the while.

. . . William D. Nesbit

Concluding Thoughts

Today we have an opportunity, not to get from mother, but to give to her the heartfelt love and gratitude which she deserves. It may be with flowers, with chocolates, making her a dinner, breakfast in bed, or just spending time with her, but why once a year? While you have her and while she can appreciate the love given, give it while you can.

. . . Rowan Jennings