

Scriptural Truths

E-Mail Newsletter

The Lord May Come . . . Perhaps Today . . . Behold, I Come Quickly . . . Rev. 22:7

No. 03

May 2012



Godly Mothers

*"Her children arise up, and
call her blessed; her husband
also, and he praiseth her"*

Proverbs 31:28



Mothers are mentioned over 300 times in the scriptures and in the books which chronicle the events of the kings of Israel and Judah, they are twenty times. It is an interesting fact that while I am aware of twenty-four mothers whose names are not given, there are at least thirty whose names are mentioned. In 1928, Pastor W.L. Caldwell preached a message to a mother's day audience. This is what he said: *"Well may we pause to pay honor to her who after Jesus Christ is God's best gift to men, mother. It was she who shared her life with us when as yet our members were yet unformed. Into the valley of the shadow of death she walked that we might have the light of life. In her arms was the garner of our food and a soft couch for our repose. There we nestled in the hour of pain, there was the playground of our infant glee. Those same arms later became our refuge and stronghold. It was she who taught our baby feet to go and lifted us up over the rough places. Her blessed hands plied the needle by day and by night to make our infant clothes. She put the book under our arms and started us off to school. But best of all, she taught our baby lips to lisp the name of Jesus and told us first the wondrous story of the Savior's love."*

In these days of disrespect for adults and people in positions of family government which have been given by God, it is sad to see the lack of respect for parents and especially "mum". I see or hear that on TV there are young women of 13-15 years of age who openly curse their mum and threaten to harm her. I feel sorry for them for: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7). Besides this, concerning those children who are saved, while we are not under law, yet love to the Lord and respect for she who bore us will demand respect (Lev. 19:3). Solomon was the king of Israel, yet when his mother came in he "rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her . . . and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother; and she sat on his right hand" (1 Kgs. 2:19).

A mother's responsibility is one of the most intimidating responsibilities ever given to any human, for she can have a good or bad influence on her children (Ezek. 16:14). The scriptures record a number of mothers who had a bad influence:

- a) Micah's mother (Josh. 17:2).
- b) Herodias, whose daughter danced before Herod, and the result was John was beheaded. (Matt. 14:8-9)
- c) Hephzibah, the mother of Manasseh, who was 12 years of age when he was made king (2 Kgs. 21:1). 2 Kgs. 21:16 says: "Moreover Manasseh shed innocent blood very much, till he had filled Jerusalem from one end to another; beside his sin wherewith he made Judah to sin, in doing that which was evil in the sight of the Lord."
- d) Athaliah, "who destroyed all the seed royal" (2 Kgs. 11:1), was following the steps of her mother.
- e) The mother Jezebel, "who slew the prophets of the Lord". (1 Kgs. 18:13)

Tragically, many children will be in hell largely because of the mother's influence.

One of the greatest examples of a mother's love is when two ladies came before King Solomon. They each had given birth to a baby on the same day and of the same sex, however, during the night one rolled over on her baby and killed it. Then stealthily getting up she put the dead baby with the other mother and she took the living child. The next day the case was brought before the King. Whose baby was the living one? They had no DNA laboratories so how was it decided? The King said give me a sword and divide it. Immediately the one whose baby it was cried out: "let it live". This love for her child was that she would rather see it live with another than see it die. (1 Kgs. 3:25-26)

When we consider Moses' mother, her love for her baby was proven by her act of faith in God. The king had given a decree that all baby boys were to be killed. This mother took her baby, and after making a little boat of reeds and covering it with pitch, put it in the place of death, the river Nile with all its crocodiles. But, she was trusting God to protect her child. (Ex. 2:3)

Sisera's mother was like so many mothers today whose sons have gone to war. Looking out of the window anxiously, for time had passed when he should have come home, she longed to see him again. All the attempts to comfort her by those around her did little to dispel her fears (Jud. 5:28-30). Her son had been killed by a woman who drove a tent peg through his temple (Jud. 5:26). There is no grief like that of a mother who loses her child.

When King Lemuel was speaking about the virtuous woman who was both a wife and mother, he gives one of the highest commendations that can be given to any mother: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her" (Prov. 31:28).

... Rowan Jennings

The following piece of poetry is one I wrote about my Mum several years ago.

My Mum

I contemplate the passing of the years since I was born
A tiny little infant child on a chilly February morn.
So very many years ago in nineteen forty-four
I made my entrance to this world, a wide and opened door.

There are so many moments that I can ne'er recall
When first I saw my mother's face, or father seeming tall.
Or when I took those first few steps, or climbed upon the chair
But always, always mum was there, no matter what I'd dare.

I do recall the days long since, when money was so scarce
Or on the day in Surrey Street, to see the horse drawn hearse.
The kitchen in Tates Avenue, with its yellow and its green
Or a gospel tent behind our flat, was something oftentimes seen.

The times when off to Cavan, we went there in a train
Or stayed in Auntie Bella's house, and walked along the lane.
The happy days that we would spend, Aunt Bessie, Hannah Lake
There was so little money then, what difference did it make?

That day when I first went to school, you took me by the hand
I cried, I did not want to stay, you took a proper stand.
Or going to the Fane Street School, while a fellow held my hand
He walked away too slow for me, my mind it heard a band.

When I was sad, then in your arms I'd find there comfort, peace,
The times when I would hurt my knee, your kiss, would give release.
You took me to the hospital, if not my lungs, my eyes
My mother how you loved me, but still the time went by.

When I was going with a girl, what strong advice you gave
For you full well knew dangers, you wanted me to save.
You loved me and you cared for me, right to this present day
A mother's love's a blessing, you are in every way.

The years they now have come and gone, I am a grandpa now
The little ones they come to me, and then I stand and bow
To kiss a tiny little hand, or wipe away a tear,
I'm only following my mum, the one whom I love dear.

But now that you are getting on, your body weak, hair gray
You're still my darling mother, you'll always be that way.
I love to have you close to me, and hold you in my arms
You're still my dear old mother, with oh so many charms.

I thank you then for being my mum, the one I love
I thank the God of heaven, for the gift of mother's love.
To me you are so precious, the lady I adore
You are to me a Princess, my Liebe, Mi Amore.

*. . . . Rowan Jennings
2nd Jan. 2002*

www.scripturaltruths.org

e-mail: scripturaltruths1@shaw.ca

If you don't wish to receive future Newsletters, please send us an email and we will take your name off the Mailing List.