

# Scriptural Truths

## E-Mail Meditations

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

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### Mothers

#### Introduction

It was six years ago on February 9th 2014 when my mother breathed her last breath and entered into the world beyond death. I had just come out from remembering the Lord when my son called to tell me, "Sorry dad, but I need to tell you that your mum died about 20 minutes ago". Mum was dead! It was just not right. Dad had died twenty eight years before, but mum was different. True she was old and frail, true she had dementia and had not known me for years, but I knew her, she was "my mum". I had not lived at home for over 40 years but she was normally the first one I went to see when I went to Ireland. I went to see her on my own when she lay in the hospital. I sat with her and just loved her. She was mum but now the words were so final, "Your mum has died". That day I went with my wife Jean and made arrangements to fly back to Ireland as soon as possible to be at her funeral. Her funeral was on Friday 14th February on a dreadfully stormy day that her body was laid in the earth. Mum was no more on earth, the visitations were over, and from that point on mum was spoken of in the past. Her seat was empty, the house we had lived in had nothing but sadness, and although I was 70 years of age, I was an orphan.

Why do I write this? Simply because none of us know when it will be the last time we will see "mum", be able to sit with her and hold her aged and weakened hands, to be able to listen to her trembling voice as she tries to think of the words to say and try to say them. What I would give to have her one more time.

#### A Mothers Love

When I was young I never thought about not having mum, but now I am reminded of the old Irish folk song, "A Mother's Love's a Blessing".

An Irish boy was leaving, leaving his native home,  
Crossing the broad Atlantic, once more he wished to roam,  
And as he was leaving his mother, who was standing at the Quay,  
She threw her arms around his waist, and this to him did say.

*Chorus:*

*A mother's love's a blessing, no matter where you roam,  
Keep her while she's living, you'll miss her when she's gone.  
Love her as in childhood, though feeble old and grey,  
For you'll never miss a mother's love, 'til she's buried beneath the clay.*

And as the years grow onward, I'll settle down in life,  
And choose a nice young Colleen, and take her for my wife.  
And as the babies grow older, and climb around my knee,  
I'll teach them the very same lesson, that my mother taught to me.

If I could speak to children of any age I would ask them to love your mum for mums are very special. I know of situations where children are not interested in visiting their mums. They know she is getting on in years, no longer can be hidden is the silver thinning hair nor the marks of age upon her face and neck. Mum is an old woman and well, you have your own life to live. Excuses such as you can always go to visit her tomorrow, can give her a call on the phone tomorrow, take her for a little drive tomorrow, bring her for a coffee and muffin tomorrow, but tomorrow never comes, and then it's too late.

- a) It is sad beyond words when children no longer "need" mum and are too busy to be with her. For such I would say, "there is coming a day when each of you will hear the words, "Sorry, your mum has died," and at that instant and the following days, weeks and months you will be able to have coffee with business partners, go for drives in the country with others but never again with "mum".
- b) There is possibly coming a day when "mum" will need to be put in a care home. It will be one of the hardest days of your life. No longer can you care for her for her medical condition demands others more capable to be able to give her the care she needs. You will then realize that she is in a revolving door of a care home. This is the beginning of the "Then" periods of a mother's life and to a degree, that of her children's.
- c) She will be in that care home with the revolving door possibly for only a little while, and then to a place where she will be made as comfortable as possible, and then to palliative care and then the private room. How slowly and yet so fast the time goes.
- d) Another thing happens at the death of one's mother. That relationship is gone forever. On this point it is irrelevant if mum is saved or unsaved. In eternity all earth bound relationships finish. For those whose loved one is in heaven she will be seen as another believer saved by the grace of God for the glory of Christ, possibly as our sister in the Lord. Sadly, if mum was not saved, at the moment of death, even if the daughter or son was to also be in Hell, each will be so taken up with their own grief and pains they will not think of the other and their earthly relationships

Mum is our "comfort" blanket, ever ready to listen to our sorrows, our thoughts, our decision making. Cherish each and every moment you can with her, count each time of seeing her as a blessing. Hold her hand while you can and tell her how much she means to you. You will never know the depth of her love for her children, the sorrow she knows in the dark lonely hours of night concerned about her children, nor the earnestness of her prayers for her every child. Give to mum the honor that is her due, and love her with every iota of your being for as long as she lives.

... Rowan Jennings



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