

REFLECTIONS

May 10, 2009

like a mother caring for her little children.

1 Thessalonians 2:7

Belated Thank You

Tee stood there, songbook in hand, singing from her heart. It was her tribute to my mom at the service that celebrated her life. It was a lovely tribute, so warm, so genuine, so loving. My heart is warmed even now as my memory takes me back to the day my sister-in-law sang for Mom.

Sitting next to me in the service was my loving wife. She had a special love for Mom too. They were friends and Janice seemed to be honored to attend to Mom's daily needs during her final stage of life. They enjoyed a close and special bond.

The love Tee and Janice had for Mom is a very special blessing to me; and as I reflect back, I am sure that I failed to express my deep gratitude to them for the love they had for the mother who gave me life. So to Tee and Janice here is a belated thank you for loving Mom as you did.

These are but two belated thank yous that I failed to give. The list is a long one. Mom gave me life, she cared for me, nurtured me, and she loved me even when I was unlovable. While she was alive, I expressed my love for her, but I don't think I ever remembered to say thank you.

Mema is another on my list. Mom's mom loved me as her own. She brought me great joy when I was with her. She read me stories, taught how much Jesus loved me, and she took me fishing. Not fishing outdoors on a lake or stream, but fishing in the house.

She would hang a quilt or blanket across the door with me on one side and her on the other. I had a stick for a pole, a string for a line and a hairpin for a hook. I would hang the pole over the blanket and wait. After a while, I would feel a tug on the line and I would lift up the pole to find a toy or a trinket on the hook. What a game! Thanks, Mema.

Munna was a quiet leader whose wisdom and love guided her children and influenced my grandfather. From her I learned patience and quiet leadership. But the most powerful lesson she taught was in the way she lived her unwavering faith in our Lord Jesus. No one I have ever known faced the trials of life with more grace. Her strength was in the Lord, and maybe just a little bit of it has been passed along to the generations. To her goes another belated thank you.

These belated thank yous are tributes to moms that have touched my heart with love from theirs. And to God, I am eternally grateful for making them a part of my life.

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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