

REFLECTIONS

May 11, 2008

**[Jesus] said to his mother,
"Dear woman, here is your
son," and to the disciple, "Here
is your mother."**

John 19:26-27

My Pal

There were twelve stories told around the dining room table that Mother's Day. Each person recalled a fond memory of their mother. Mine was one of them.

With my hand on Mom's shoulder, a lump in my throat, tears fogging my eyes, and a quivering voice, I told a story I wanted everyone to hear. But I especially wanted Mom to hear it. All of us knew this was to be her final Mother's Day tribute.

From notes I had made, I recalled my boyhood interest in baseball. I also remembered that each day Mom called me in from the afternoon heat for a rest period. My entertainment during those hot afternoons was the radio broadcast of baseball's game of the day. From another room Mom listened to them too. It was an act of love for her. It was her way to share my life and it typified her lifelong dedication to her children.

In later years as my interest changed from baseball to golf, Mom changed right with me. She kept up with the players and watched the tournaments each weekend on TV. After Daddy's death, I would sit with Mom on Sunday afternoons to watch the final holes of the weekly tournament. We talked about the great shots that were made, the pressure that was felt by the players, and the different personalities in the field. It was a special time with a very special person in my life.

Jesus had a very special mom in his life too. The Gospels track how Mary shared his life. She was often there—and it did not go unnoticed. His death impending, Jesus placed her care in the hands of his trusted disciple. It was his way to honor his mother. It is fitting for us to honor ours. And that is what we did on that special Mother's Day.

Too soon afterwards, God called Mom home. She was ready to go, but I quickly discovered that I was not ready for her to leave. She was my pal. She walked with me throughout my life with a lifelong dedication of love only a mother can give. I was not ready to let that go, but that Mother's Day offered a chance to tell her how I felt.

Mom was my pal and I wanted her to know it. The lump that sat in my throat, the tears that fogged my eyes, and the voice that quivered in grief did not choke back my story of Mom's love. It was my way of telling her that it had not gone unnoticed. And it was my way to say one more time, "I love you, Mom."

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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