



# ***REFLECTIONS***

*May 12, 2013 Refreshed from May 11, 2008*

**When Jesus saw his mother there, and the disciple whom he loved standing nearby, he 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 table that Mothers' 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. I especially wanted Mom to hear it. All of us knew this was to be her final Mothers' 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 exemplified her lifelong dedication to her children.

In later years when my interest drifted from baseball to golf, Mom changed right along with me. She kept up with the players and watched the tournaments on TV each weekend. After Daddy's death, I would sit with Mom on Sunday afternoons to watch the final holes of the weekly tournament. We talked about 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. I wouldn't trade a moment of it.

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 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 Mothers' 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 was there for me throughout my life with a lifelong dedication of love only a mother can give. It is still hard to let her go, but that Mothers' Day offered a chance to let her know 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 could not choke back my story of Mom's love. I wanted her to know that her love for me had not gone unnoticed. And I wanted her hear me say, "I love you, Mom."

And I still do.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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