



# REFLECTIONS

May 14, 2023

**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,"**

*John 19:25*

## Our Moms

God chose my dad to plant the seed,  
Then He asked my mom to carry me.  
I was a burden she held inside,  
But the glow on her face said she didn't mind.

When pain screamed out from deep within.  
Milly was there, her nurse and friend,  
Tenderly she dabbed Mom's brow,  
'til my tiny head came peeking through,  
And Mom's glow returned to her somehow.

Thus, Mom's first Mothers' Day began,  
with a fresh new life in her hands.  
She nurtured and cared to make me strong,  
'til years had passed another child was born.

The mother of two she became,  
Yet she nurtured us both just the same.

We remember our moms on Mothers' Day,  
God's gift to us his special way.  
He made them to care and nurture a child,  
strong enough to protect from the wild.  
He made them tender so their touch is soft,  
still tough enough to be the boss.

Wise enough to help us grow,  
Then courage enough to let us go.

Yes, God made moms special you see.  
What made mine special?  
With God's help, she made me me.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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