

Happy Mothers Day

Thanks Mom!

5/10/09

I. A Word of thanks

1. Loving the Savior

“Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind.” Matthew 22:37

2. Learning the Scriptures

“How sweet are your words to my taste, sweeter than honey to my mouth!” Psalm 119:103

“I have hidden your word in my heart that I might not sin against you.” Psalm 119: 11

3. Living a life of Service

“Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing.” Psalm 100:2

“Seniors, you’ve been served by your parents, by your teachers, and by your pastors. It’s now time to take up the towel and serve others. It’s time to take up the towel.”

II. A Word of encouragement for you Moms

1. There is no such thing as the perfect mom.

Eve was blamed for original sin and she had one son who killed his brother.

Hagar, Abraham’s handmaiden, had a son by him. She was sent away by Abraham with her boy, Ishmael—and they almost died in the desert.

Jochebed was the mother of Moses; Egyptians were killing all male Hebrew babies to curb population; placed Moses in a basket and let it lose on the river.

Mary, mother of Jesus: no room for her in the Inn; had to flee to Egypt to escape Herod’s wrath; Jesus was missing; His trial and crucifixion.

2. Kids grow up and get to make their own decisions

3. Reserve some time for yourself.

4. Have some fun with your friends

III. A reminder to all of us.

“Honor your...mother.” Exodus

1. Tell her you appreciate her

“The tongue has the power of life and death, and those who love it will eat its fruit.” Proverbs 18:21

An kindergarten age boy was taking part in a church play and when it came time for him to say his line...his mind went blank. His mother was sitting on the front row and mouthed the scripture verse to the boy, “I am the light of the world.” But what came out of the boy’s mouth was, “My Mom is the light of the world.”

2. Obey her

“Children obey your parents...” Ephesians 6:1

3. Take care of her

“...when your mother grows old, don't neglect her.”
Prov 23:22

“But if a widow has children or grandchildren, these should learn first of all to put their religion into practice by caring for their own family and so repaying their parents and grandparents, for this is pleasing to God.”

1 Timothy 5:4

The invisible Mom.

It all began to make sense, the blank stares, the lack of response, the way one of the kids will walk into the room while I'm on the phone and ask to be taken to the store. Inside I'm thinking, 'Can't you see I'm on the phone?'

Obviously not. No one can see if I'm on the phone, or cooking, or sweeping the floor, or even standing on my head in the corner, because no one can see me at all. I'm invisible. The invisible Mom. Some days I am only a pair of hands, nothing more! Can you fix this? Can you tie this? Can you open this??

Some days I'm not a pair of hands; I'm not even a human being. I'm a clock to ask, 'What time is it?' I'm a satellite guide to answer, 'What number is the Disney Channel?' I'm a car to order, 'Right around 5:30 , please.'

I was certain that these were the hands that once held books and the eyes that studied history and the mind that graduated summa cum laude -but now, they had disappeared into the peanut butter, never to be seen again. She's going, she's going, she's gone!?

One night, a group of us were having dinner, celebrating the return of a friend from England . Janice had just gotten back from a fabulous trip, and she was going on and on about the hotel she stayed in. I was sitting there, looking around at the others all put together so well. It was hard not to compare and feel sorry for myself. I was feeling pretty pathetic, when Janice turned to me with a beautifully wrapped package, and said, 'I

brought you this.' It was a book on the great cathedrals of Europe . I wasn't exactly sure why she'd given it to me until I read her inscription: 'To Charlotte , with admiration for the greatness of what you are building when no one sees.'

In the days ahead I would read - no, devour - the book. And I would discover what would become for me, four life-changing truths, after which I could pattern my work: No one can say who built the great cathedrals - we have no record of their names. These builders gave their whole lives for a work they would never see finished. They made great sacrifices and expected no credit. The passion of their building was fueled by their faith that the eyes of God saw everything.

A legendary story in the book told of a rich man who came to visit the cathedral while it was being built, and he saw a workman carving a tiny bird on the inside of a beam. He was puzzled and asked the man, 'Why are you spending so much time carving that bird into a beam that will be covered by the roof, No one will ever see it. And the workman replied, 'Because God sees.'

I closed the book, feeling the missing piece fall into place. It was almost as if I heard God whispering to me, 'I see you, Charlotte. I see the sacrifices you make every day, even when no one around you does.'

No act of kindness you've done, no sequin you've sewn on, no cupcake you've baked, is too small for me to notice and smile over. You are building a great cathedral, but you can't see right now what it will become. At times, my invisibility feels like an affliction. But it is not a disease that is erasing my life. It is the cure for the disease of my own self-centeredness. It is the antidote to my strong, stubborn pride.

I keep the right perspective when I see myself as a great builder. As one of the people who show up at a job that they will never see finished, to work on something that their name will never be on. The writer of the book went so far as to say

that no cathedrals could ever be built in our lifetime because there are so few people willing to sacrifice to that degree.

When I really think about it, I don't want my son to tell the friend he's bringing home from college for Thanksgiving, 'My Mom gets up at 4 in the morning and bakes homemade pies, and then she hand bastes a turkey for 3 hours and presses all the linens for the table.' That would mean I'd built a shrine or a monument to myself. I just want him to want to come home. And then, if there is anything more to say to his friend, to add, 'You're gonna love it there.'

As mothers, we are building great cathedrals. We cannot be seen if we're doing it right. And one day, it is very possible that the world will marvel, not only at what we have built, but at the beauty that has been added to the world by the sacrifices of invisible women.

Great Job, MOM! Keep on building!