

May 13, 2018

Text: [Proverbs 1:7-9](#); [Proverbs 31:29-31](#)

Title: "Mother!"

There was the lady who was sitting next to a man on an airplane and she had told him about her grandchildren for two solid hours. She had even produced a plastic-foldout photo album of all nine of the children.

Anyhow, she finally realized that she had dominated the entire conversation on her grandchildren. So she apologized. "I'm so sorry. I've done all the talking. I know you certainly have something to say. Please, tell me . . . what do you think of my grandchildren?"

Do you know one of the greatest mysteries of life? The mystery is how the boy who wasn't good enough to marry your daughter can be the father of the smartest grandchild in the world. Isn't it true?

One day a London Magazine editor submitted to Winston Churchill for his approval a list of all those who had been Churchill's teachers. But Churchill returned the list with a special comment: "Sir, you have omitted to mention the greatest of my teachers -- my mother."

What memory of mother do you have? I'm sure most of us do miss our moms whether we have a good memory or bad memory of her. Think of all the things your mom taught you: sit up straight, close your mouth when you chew, remember to say "please" and "thank you", and the list goes on...

You know what? When it comes to learning how to behave, scientists say, humans are not alone in looking to their mothers. For instance, a group of researchers has shown that chimpanzees learn certain grooming styles from their mothers. And once learned, they continue to perform the behaviors the same way, long after the deaths of their mothers. Isn't it amazing? We all are under moms' influences.

In that sense, to my best knowledge and understanding, women who buy into the feminist message of today who believe they must be masculine, militant rough, harsh and even mean are missing out on the best part of being a woman. I think they fail to understand the role that godly thinking women can contribute to the world through the home.

18-0513-2

I believe there is absolutely nothing that compares with the influence of a mother. The influences of politics, education, and peers pale into insignificance compared to the influence of a mother. Of all the roles assigned to us on earth, no role is more important than the role of a mother. Nothing is more important to our families and nation than motherhood.

There was a boy who worked long hours in a factory in Naples, for he yearned to be a singer. When he became ten years old, his mother took him to a music teacher for a first lesson in voice. But at the end of the lesson the teacher said, "I'm sorry. You can't sing. You haven't any voice at all. Your voice sounds like the wind in the shutters."

He was so disappointed and cried, but not his mother. The boy's mother, however, had visions of greatness for her son, because she believed that he had a talent to sing. The problem is that she was very poor. But, putting her arms around her son, she said, "My boy, don't worry. I am going to make every sacrifice to pay for your voice lessons."

Her confidence in him and constant encouragement paid off! That boy became one of the world's greatest singers -- Enrico Caruso!

How can we compare our mother's love with anything? They never give up loving their children. Here's story of another mom. An old woman tripped and fell from the top of a stone stairway in Boston as she was coming out of the police station. They called the ambulance and carried her to the hospital. The doctor examining her said to the nurse, "She will not live more than a day."

When the nurse had won her confidence the old woman said, "I have traveled from California, stopping at every city of importance between San Francisco and Boston, visiting two places always - the police station and the hospital. My boy went away from me and did not tell me where he was going, so I have sold all my property and made this journey to seek him out. Someday, he may come into this hospital, and if he does, please tell him that there were two who never gave him up."

18-0513-3

When the night came and the doctor standing beside her said, "It is now but a question of a few minutes," The nurse bent over her to say, "Tell me the names of the two and I will tell your son if I see him." With trembling lips and eyes overflowing with tears she said, "Tell him that the two were God and his mother," and she was gone.

It is said that an angel strolled out of heaven one beautiful day and found his way to this old world. He roamed through field and city beholding the varied scenes of nature and art, and just at sunset he plumed his golden wings and said, "I must return to the world of light. Shall I not take with me some mementos of my visit here?"

"How beautiful and fragrant those flowers are! I will pluck of them a choice bouquet!" A few moments later, passing a country home where he also saw through the open door a rosy-little crib into its mother's face, he said, "The smile of that baby is prettier than these roses. I will take that too."

Just then he looked beyond the cradle and saw a devout mother pouring out her love like the gush of a perpetual fountain, as she stopped to kiss "Good-night" her precious baby. "Oh" said he, "that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen in all the world. I will take that too!"

With these three treasures he winged his way toward the pearly gates, but just before entering he decided to examine his mementos, and to his astonishment the flowers had withered until they were no longer things of beauty, the baby's smile had changed into a frown, but the mother's love retained all its pristine beauty and fragrance. So he threw aside the withered roses and the departed smile, and, passing through the gates, was welcomed by the hosts of heaven that gathered about him to see what he had.

"Here," he said, "is the only thing I found on earth that would retain its fragrance and beauty all the way to heaven. The sweetest thing in all the world is a mother's love."

Here's the poem I read a long time ago in a magazine, and I'd like to share it with you:

18-0513-4

If you have a smile for Mother,
 Give it now.
If you have a kindly word,
 Speak it now.
She'll not need it when the angels
 Greet her at the golden gate;
Give the smiles while she is living,
 If you wait, 'twill be too late.

If you have a flower for Mother,
 Pluck it now.
Place it gently on her bosom,
 Print a kiss upon her brow.
What cares she when life is over,
 For the flowers that bloom below.
She will have her share up yonder,
 Scattered at her feet galore.