

Honor Your Mother (Reprint)

Honor your father and mother... (Ex. 20:12)

The second Sunday of May has been for over one hundred years a day that our nation has set aside to honor mothers. This tradition was established largely by the efforts of a native of Grafton, West Virginia, Ana Jarvis. She convinced her mother's congregation to conduct a memorial service in honor of all mothers on the anniversary of her mother's death, May 10, 1908. Jarvis became a leader of a campaign to make the event a national memorial. In 1914 President Woodrow Wilson officially proclaimed a national observance to be held each year for mothers on the second Sunday in May. Now one hundred and one years after that first official memorial and one hundred and seven years after that local memorial in one little church in Grafton, WV, we continue that tradition. Notwithstanding that the Lord's Day assembly is for the purpose of honoring God and His Son, Jesus Christ, it seems good, proper, and biblically sound to take some of our time to honor mothers, which are, arguably among all His creation, His finest temporal blessing. Without mothers there would be no sons or daughters. Without mothers, who were first wives, there would be a short-lived world of unhappy men. Without mothers there would not be the tender nurture that carries children on gossamer wings from the cradle to adulthood. Without mothers there would be absent from the world that gentle touch that helps to soften an otherwise cold and cruel world. Without mothers there would be lacking the example of pure selflessness that secures the safety of her children against threats larger than her life and terrors that would turn a warrior's heart cold. It is a mother's love that can stretch her protective wings across mountains and valleys, over continents and oceans, to the remotest corners of the world, into its darkest and loneliest reaches, and there give comfort that surpasses understanding. Thoughts of mothers come with memories of kitchen aromas, cool touches to fevered brows, warm embraces to chilled bones, sounds of the soft patter of gentle feet before we arise and long after we have gone to bed, comfort to troubled hearts, and warmth to lonely souls that are beaten down by the world. All these things and more come flooding back every time we pause to think of home. Home and mothers seem like synonymous terms, each largely defining the other. There is a saying that goes, "home is where the heart is." Maybe this is true because home is where mother resides.

... which is the first commandment with promise (Eph. 6:1).