

Scriptural Truths

E-Mail Meditations

The Lord Will Come . . . Perhaps Today . . . Behold, I Come Quickly . . . Rev. 22:7

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A Mother's Heart

Introduction

Many years ago there was a little Irish song of which the chorus was:

A mother's love is a blessing, no matter where you roam,
Keep her while she's living, you'll miss her when she's gone.
Love her as in childhood, when feeble, old and grey,
For you'll never miss a mother's love 'til she's buried beneath the clay.

There are several names in English for “mother” but the one which I find the greatest comfort in, is “mum”. To me it has a comforting, secure closeness that is not found in “mother”. My dad died 30 plus years ago, I can still see him in my mind's eye, it was a great loss. However, I think most would agree that while the loss of dad is great, the loss of mum has a greater awareness of emptiness. My mum died four years ago and I can attest to the truth of the sentiments in this chorus. How often I would love to hear again her laughing, her voice, or see the twinkle in her eyes, but that will never happen again and I miss these things. A mother is so important that God mentions mothers 446 times in the scriptures.

Sadly, today the privileged honour of motherhood is seen by some as a personal failure, for the individual ought to have sought a career and independence. Our terminology for the unborn has changed from “baby” to “fetus”, and yet I find it interesting that when Prince William's wife was with child, it was never called a fetus, it was a “baby”. Thus, in this change of wording the little helpless unborn becomes a piece of tissue like a cancer that needs to be removed without feeling. Natural motherly affection goes and the suffering of the little one, as it is drowned or literally pulled apart, is accepted as the norm. If one was to do the same to an animal there would be an outcry against animal cruelty, and rightly so. However, when it is a little baby of a few pounds weight, that little infant is just something to get rid of.

One of the greatest honors that can be placed on a woman is that of being a mother, and better still, a mother who storms the gates of Heaven for the salvation of her children; who grasps the opportunity to intercede for the spiritual preservation of her children; for a godly spouse; and for children not yet born. That does not mean her place is in the kitchen or her work for God is making sandwiches at church functions. The scriptures plainly teach about a married woman who worked (Prov. 31:10-31), and a single lady (Lydia, Acts 16:14) who were business people, and a married couple who shared the same manual labour (tentmakers). It is not biblically wrong for a woman to be a mother and work at a business, or a single lady to be a career woman. The problem is when the business life of the woman, as with any man, becomes the focus in life resulting in the neglect of their own spiritual welfare and that of their spouse and children. It is a tragedy beyond words that many a parent will be in heaven while, because of their failure to have a focus for the glory of God, their children will languish in the flames of Hell for all eternity.

I know of no greater privilege than gathering children round a mother's knee and teaching them Bible stories, lessons, and prayer. What a blessing to a life and moulding it for the glory of God.

The Blessings and Privileges Of Motherhood

It is beyond a doubt that parents have an invaluable role in the development of their children. In considering some of them it is observed that:

- a) Samuel was a mother's desire (1 Sam. 1:11-27). Hannah had everything the world could give, but she was barren. In grief she prayed to the Lord, and perhaps in taking away her reproach and ridicule from Peninnah, she made a pledge to the Lord. If he would give her a child she promised to give him to the Lord. Now observe, she prayed for the child before he was ever conceived or born. My grandma Milne was not saved until middle age but she was a praying mother. She had 10 children and all of them by God's grace were saved. She would pray for her own children and the children not yet born, just like Hannah. Today old Grandma is long gone to heaven however, the legacy of her prayers still remains for most of her great grandchildren are saved, and many of her great great grandchildren are saved. What a debt we owe to mothers who pray for us.
- b) There is an interesting expression concerning the activity of Moses' mother. It is, "And the woman took the child, and nursed it" (Ex 2:9). That is the only time that expression is used in the scriptures and it indicates that she gave of herself to the child. What a mother Jockabed was, for this indicates that before she could nurse/nourish the child, she had to nourish herself. It appears to me that the spiritual development of our children is left to Sunday School teachers and children's meetings, but this leaves a stupendous gap in the child's life. The spiritual development of our children is the parent's prime responsibility. This means the parents, and in this context the mother, must maintain her own time of fellowship with God, reading, praying, and meditating on the truths of scripture. This will mean praying for understanding of the scriptures so that you can know better how to react to various circumstances as they arise. So it is with the spiritual aspect. While books and cassettes etc. are excellent tools, you must give of yourself. Teach them bible verses according to age and ability, and never belittle the child if they cannot learn as well as another.
- c) John records the parable of the feeding of the five thousand from that which the little boy had. I would have no doubt it was his mother that provided the bread and fishes, but unknown to her was that she gave the child something that God could use in His own time for the blessing of many others. To my mind this would be a mother's delight, to know that that which she had fed her children was now being used of God for the blessing of others.

Some years ago when at home in Ireland, I wrote a poem to my mum, for it sums up what mum was to me and how she affected my life.

Thoughts on My Mother

I contemplate the passing of the years since I was born,
A tiny little infant child on a chilly winter morn,
So very many years ago in nineteen forty-four,
I made my entrance to this world, a wide and opened door.

There are so many moments that I can not recall,
When first I saw my mother's face or father standing tall,
Or when I took those first few steps, or climbed upon a chair,
But always, always mom was there, no matter what I'd dare.

I do recall days of long ago, when money was so scarce,
The day we stood, watched solemnly, the somber horse-drawn hearse,
The kitchen on Tate's Avenue, with its cupboards painted cream,
Or a gospel tent behind our flat, was something often seen.

The times we went to Cavan, exciting was the train,
Or stayed in Auntie Bella's house, and walked along the lane,
The happy days that we would spend, Aunt Bessie, Hannah Lake,
There was so little money then, what difference did it make?



When I was sad, then in your arms, I'd there find comfort, peace,
The times when I would hurt my knee, your kiss would give release,
You took me to the hospital, if not my lungs my eyes,
Dear mother how you loved me, the years went swiftly by.

Then I was going with the girl, with strong advice you gave,
For you knew well the dangers, you wanted me to save,
You loved me, and you cared for me, right to the present day,
And mother's love's a blessing, that's you in every way.

The years they now have come and gone, I am a grandpa now,
The little ones they come to me, and then I stop to bow,
To kiss a tiny little hand, or wipe away a tear,
I'm only following my mom, the one I love so dear.

But now that you're getting on, your body weak, hair grey,
You're still my darling mother, you'll always be that way,
I love to have you close to me, and hold you in my arms,
You're still my dear old mother, with also many charms.

I thank you then for being mum, for now that I am grown,
I thank my God in Heaven for the seeds which you have sown,
You taught me principles of life, you taught them so so well,
I'll always love you mother, more than mere words can tell.

. . . Rowan Jennings

There can be no doubt that Mary must have been a wonderful spiritual woman, for the God of Heaven would never have sent His son to be brought up in a non God fearing home, but why did her baby, who was God manifest in flesh, come into this world? The prime reason for which the Lord came into this world was to save His people from their sin, that is, the penalty of their sins. This was something humanity could not do for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God (Rom. 3:23). While man could do nothing to save himself (Eph. 2:8-10), the Lord finished all the "doing" on the cross of Calvary (Jn. 19:30). Now none can say there was no salvation for me. He gave His body and blood to save His people from the penalty of their sins, which is being cast alive into Hell for all eternity. That pledge of eternal salvation is not gained by genuine and sincere good works, but by depending 100 percent on the finished work, the all sufficient work of Christ on Calvary's cross. It is only by the acceptance of Him as Saviour and Lord one can be saved.

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