A MOTHER IS A MOTHER IS A MOTHER

But refuse profane and old wives' fables, and exercise thyself *rather* unto godliness. **8** For bodily exercise profiteth little: but godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. 1 Tim 4:7-8

 In Nineteen-ninety I was privileged to hold the funeral of a lady who was one hundred and one years old. Another blessing that I had was to sit down and hear some of her stories that she shared. She lived in the community and attended the church where I was pastoring at the time. She and her daughter lived together. Her daughter was widowed also. And her granddaughter who too was widowed lived next door to them. Her great-grandson and his family lived very close by, just a couple of rock-throws away. So she had five generations there in close proximity.

 She shared with me how she and her husband were married. Her boyfriend and she were attending church one Sunday morning and they had decided how they were going to slip off and be married. At the ripe old age of fourteen she thought she was ready to be a wife. I guess she was. It worked. Anyway, they knew that the preacher prayed for a long time so they had agreed that when the preacher started praying they would sneak out of the church and could be a long way from the church before anyone realized they were gone. I do not remember the rest of the details but obviously that worked too.

 They had kin folks in Texas. She told of the different modes of travel that she used to travel to Texas in her lifetime. They came in a covered wagon. Her mother would fret that they would fall of the ferry as they crossed the Mississippi. She traveled by train and automobile. Later in life she was a passenger to Texas on a jet airplane. I couldn’t help but be amazed at all that had developed in her lifetime.

 About five years before she died, she had a near death experience in a local hospital. One of the deacons from the church and I went to the hospital that night. She was still conscious and had requested that all her children come. They were all there and she called for them to come into the room one at a time. The deacon and I were present as she called them in. Each of her children she confronted and wanted to know if she could count on them to be in Heaven with her. Is that not a mother?

 That good deacon is gone on to be with the Lord but many times after that night he and I would recall how she boldly called on those older adult children of hers to examine their life and make sure they had been covered by the blood of Jesus. That’s a mother!

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram