THE FALLEN PETAL

A THOUGHT FROM MY MOTHER’S FUNERAL

Written February 2nd, 2019

 Sitting on the front pew at a funeral was very unusual for me. This had only happened once before, at my Father’s funeral service. Today, I was attending my Mother’s funeral. I sat there listening as my nephew Andrew shared thoughts of Mother (Dot Burtram); I noticed a yellow petal fell from the beautiful floral spray that sat atop the casket. It was hard not to think of the grand rose God had given in the Sanders family consisting of my grandfather, grandmother, my mother, uncle and two aunts. One by one the petals had fallen beginning in nineteen sixty four; first my grandfather, then one of my aunts, followed by my grandmother, then my uncle and today another petal had fallen: my mother.

 In the big picture no one may have noticed that this woman had passed. Her residence was a nursing home. She no longer had a car or a house. Her dignity was slowly lost, not of her own choosing but because of health and circumstance. No, the news of her passing would not reach very far and if it did many would not recognize her for she was not famous. Oh but she was loved! You see God had given her and her husband a rose also: my mother, my father, my two sisters, my brother and I. Our rose is not the same for four years ago my father went home to be with the Lord. Today we buried this beautiful petal: my mother.

 Many people who loved her paid their respects today. I am not sure how many but the service was almost thirty minutes late getting started because of the great line of people waiting to speak to her children. Some did not get to come around. This one petal had impacted many. Her life laid the foundation for her children. She prayed they would serve the Lord. Her two sons are ministers. One of her daughters is married to a minister. Her other daughter is very faithful to the work of the Lord.

 Is anyone concerned that the pedal has fallen? Yes. If God is concerned for the sparrow he is concerned for us. As my mother’s breath began to grow short he surely had a heavenly transport on standby and about seven minutes past one, early on Saturday February 2nd, 2019, he dispatched them to my mother’s bedside and they provided her with a heavenly flight to glory. The world may not have noticed the fallen petal but God had a heavenly bouquet he was assembling and she fit right in. He is still at work. Mother had eight grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren so there are plenty of buds just waiting to blossom.

 Thank-you Lord, for the beauty and sweet fragrance of Mother’s life that impacted all of us children and many more people that we are not aware of. Help us to live up to the standards that you have set for us so that when our petal falls it will have provided all the beauty and fragrance that it possibly could. Yours in Christ, Brother Randy Burtram