



Mother’s Day — this year is a new experience without the physical presence of my mother: ♦no card to choose with just the right words of love and thanks, ♦no phone call to hear her voice and share life’s joys and sorrows, ♦no visit to enjoy being with her and her efforts to express her love in an embrace and in preparing a favorite meal or recipe.

So what does this May day of special attention to mothers have to offer me to bring me once again to the renewal and assurance that comes from a mother’s embrace and loving look of acceptance?

For one thing, the day brings a bond with others in our loss experienced within the last year. Three friends have shared the journey of the last days and good byes to an aging mother. A friend and her family mourn the loss of a young mother whose life was suddenly ended in an automobile accident. Together we share this life changing event whether adult or child.

Bonds of Love

There exists an important relationship here.

A startling moment for me that emphasized this change that a mother’s death brings was when a friend commented, “Now you have joined the group of adult orphans.” This jolted me with a feeling of being alone in the world, on my own in a way that would impact my life from now on. Again this is an opportunity to bond with others in so many stories of loss caused not only by a peaceful passing of a full life well lived, but by losses caused by the violence of war and the power of nature’s storms. This was a realization that I can never be alone as my bondedness is in my humanness and connection with all people and all of creation.

Another positive reminder is that a mother’s love is forever. Within me dwells a richness given as gift in being loved that comes with the responsibility to carry on

and share that love so that it moves on into the future of our world. This was expressed well for me in two quotes. **Henry Ward Beecher** says, “The babe at first feeds upon the mother’s bosom, but is always on her heart.” **Helen Keller** assures me, “The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart.”

Thus I know that my mother’s love is forever in my heart, and I can celebrate this love on Mother’s Day and each day of the year. May

the love of mothers reach

out to touch our world in the peace so needed as they respond to the call stated

in the **1870 Mothers’ Day Proclamation**, “Let them then solemnly take

counsel with each other as to the means

whereby the great human family can live in peace, each bearing after their own time the sacred impress, not of Caesar, but of God.”

