

What 'Mother' Means to Me

The One who gives this poem today,
Will joyfully relay,
That I knew well my mother's love,
Felt greatly, every day.

Back then, a woman's lot was filled,
With caring for her young,
Tirelessly, she worked so hard,
To feed and clothe each one.

Her duties included teaching rules,
The Jewish ways, held dear,
So sons and daughters knew so well,
Their expectations, clear.

The rituals and requirements,
Charted one's daily path,
And when I chose a different way,
I felt some family wrath.

My mother, too, at first perplexed,
Wondered what to do and say,
The son she loved so deeply,
Feared not to disobey.

The townsfolk thought that Jeshua,
Perhaps had lost his mind,
My mother, though, did not depart,
From love and ties that bind.

She, too, began to understand,
Strict rules were not required,
To join with Holy Spirit,
Directly, we're inspired.

Mary loved me to the end,
In spirit, still, you'll find,
Living love's her hallmark,
Given to all mankind.

My mother meant so much to me,
Her love helped lead the way,
To lean into God's love for me,
To join with Him each day.

'Mother' includes 'other,'
And Moms to others, share,
Today, let's share with Mother,
Let's show you're glad she's there.

If your Mom was absent,
Did not show love so true,
Know that I love you dearly,
I'm here, *within*, for you.

In closing on this Mother's Day,
God's *point of light* you are,
Shine bright for your dear mother,
You are her lovely star!

5/9/21. Sharing is encouraged, but please acknowledge the website. Thanks.