

Introduction: Mothers. What can we say about them? Everything good and nothing bad.

ILL.- Eight-year-old Mary wrote her mother a note for Mother's Day. "Dear Mother, here is the box of candy I bought you for Mother's Day. IT IS VERY GOOD CANDY. I KNOW, BECAUSE I ALREADY AT 3 PIECES."

ILL.- Eight-year-old Carol also wrote her mother said, "DEAR MOTHER, HERE ARE 2 ASPIRINS. HAVE A HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY."

ILL.- Six-year-old Johnny and his four-year-old sister Suzy presented their mom with a Mother's Day present; a small, spindly house plant. While it wasn't the finest looking specimen, they had bought it with their own money and Mom was thrilled. She hugged and kissed her children and told them she loved them for thinking of her.

Johnny said, "There was some other flowers we wanted to buy for you, Mom, but we didn't have enough money." "Yeah," said sister Suzy, "they had a real nice bunch of flowers at the shop that we were going to buy."

"But I love this plant," said the happy mother. "I know, Mom," said Johnny, "but these flowers would have been perfect for you. They were in a wreath and they had a ribbon that said 'REST IN PEACE' on it AND YOU'RE ALWAYS ASKING FOR A LITTLE PEACE SO YOU CAN REST."

PROPOSITION: To motivate the hearer to seek the power of God to enable him/her to be a successful parent.

INTRODUCTION: Giving birth does not make a woman a mother. It takes a special woman to be a mother. A mother is a person who is willing to take the responsibility of investing her life into another human being who is totally de-pendent upon her to do so:

THE ONE WHO FOLLOWS ME

A careful mother I ought to be,

A little one is following me

I do not dare to go astray

For fear she'll go the selfsame way.

I cannot once escape her eyes,

Whatever she sees me do, she tries.

Like me she says she's going to be

That little one who follows me.

She thinks that I am good and fine,

Believes in every word of mine;

The base in me she must not see

That little one who follows me.

I must remember as I go

Through summer's sun and winter's snow

I am building for the years to be

That little one who follows me.

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