

A VIRTUOUS MOTHER

Here is a sentimental poem for our mothers on Mother's Day: "I Wish I Were a Bear".

If you're a bear, you get to hibernate.
You do nothing but sleep for six months.
I could get used to that.
And another thing: before you hibernate,
You're supposed to eat yourself stupid.
That wouldn't bother me either.
If you're a mama bear, everyone knows you mean business;
You swat anyone who bothers you or your cubs.
If your cubs get out of line, you swat them, too.
Your husband expects you to growl when you wake up.
He expects you to have hairy legs and excess body fat.
He likes it!
I wish I were a bear.

When my wife came home from a Ladies' Retreat at camp things were pretty clean, but she found things to fuss over. I told her, "If everything was clean, you would have felt worse, because you would have felt unneeded." There is more to being a mother than just being a maid. You know a mom is more important than that. She has a higher calling given by God Himself. And that calling is extremely important.

Mothers, you preach sermons every day. You are either filling your children's minds with hope and love, or you are poisoning them with doubts, fears and complaints. You are teaching them to live the way of the world, or the way of God. Moms, don't be afraid to make a stand for what is right. The alternative is not worth it for your children.

Mothers usually do not have to go to extremes in disciplining their children, but they do have to make and stand by tough decisions. Your children will likely respond by saying to you, "You don't love me! You don't care! You don't understand!" Erma Bombeck said, "Someday when my children are old enough to understand the logic motivation of a mother, I'll tell them: 'I loved you enough to bug you about where you were going and what time you would get home. I loved you enough to let you discover your friend was a creep. I loved you enough to stand over you for two hours while you cleaned your bedroom, a job that would have taken me 15 minutes. I loved you enough to ignore what every other mother did or said. I loved you enough to let you stumble, fall, hurt and fail. I loved you enough to accept you for what you are, not what I wanted you to be. Most of all, I loved you enough to say no when you hated me for it.'"

Young people, maybe you don't know it, but I would almost bet that your mother loves you a lot. If your mother bugs you half to death, then praise God for it. You have a mother who loves you, and being loved this much should make a difference in your life.

Roy Goodlet is a retired minister and a member of Murphy Church of Christ. Email him at royfcc@yahoo.com.