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The Naz Prayer Ministry



## **A personal Mother's Day note from the author's desk**

“Come and get these brats. I don't want them anymore.”

She hung up the phone at the bottom of the stairs and walked away, unaware that at the top of that long staircase stood a silent and frightened five year old. He was her son.

This is my story, and that staircase is indelibly etched into my memory.

For the next few years until I was nine, I spent a couple holidays a year with her, only a day each time. After that, I never saw her again.

But the impact of that moment at the top of the stairs has lived with me and impacted my life in ways I probably will never fully understand. I have struggled with rejection and still do. Those words, in large part, defined my sense of self-worth and became what I now recognize as a kind of life-long impulse to escape them.

But that is only part of the story.

Fifty seven years after my last contact with her, I was reunited with my birth mother. And providentially that reunion took place five years ago, the day before Mother's Day. The once beautiful young mother with long-flowing blond hair was gone and in her place was a frail stranger I did not recognize. For a few years, I had known where she lived but was reluctant to contact her. Over those years, however, I became aware that for all my talk about grace, I needed to extend grace to the one person who had denied it to me.

Then about a year ago, I lost her again, this time to the insidious fog of Alzheimer's disease. But before she slipped away she was fully aware that she had been forgiven and was even loved.

Another part of my story centers on another mother, one that came into my life when I was only 11. She shared Dad's vision and calling for ministry and took my brother and me as her own. From the beginning she was Mom. Two years ago, she escaped from the prison of Parkinson's and slipped into the presence of the One whose love she had shared so generously with us and many others.

So now each Mother's Day, I remember two mothers. One was young and wild, and bewildered by motherhood, chose to turn away. The other, facing the ominous task of becoming a mother to two growing boys, had reason to be fearful but did not turn away. Yet, her legacy of love and service was lived out in a real world where potholes, blind spots, disappointments are the norm, filling days with missteps and failures.

I do not know your story. You may have a history of a long and loving relationship, or you may know all too deeply the pain of rejection and abandonment. You may be somewhere in between those bookend experiences. But the one common experience we all have had is that no parent is perfect.

Perhaps Mother's Day can be a reminder that you and I are designed to be agents of grace. We are part of the People of Grace, the Agape Community. We are children of the God who is Love, the God who wants us to reflect Him and allow Him to be living evidence of who He is.

If John 13:34 means anything at all, then grace received is to become grace extended, even to that parent who has loved imperfectly, or perhaps not at all.

