

Where would we be



WITHOUT

MOTHER!

How empty life would be
WITHOUT
MOTHER!



Actually, how empty this planet would be without mothers! But more than just passing on physical life to us, Mother gives the warmth that makes the light of the family hearth continue to burn brightly.

The rocking chair is her symbol. Rocking her young ones to sleep, perhaps singing a gentle lullaby.

We all, no matter what our circumstances in this life, sense the obligation to thank some female somewhere for the fact of our existence. Though we often do not think about it, somehow our mother did not opt for an abortion, but suffered till the end to bring us to birth — thus the need to have one day each year, just for remembering her. Though some



may tout horrendous stories about parental neglect in this day and age, most of us guard a warm place in our heart for that one who nurtured us through those young years, even those who seemed to mess up.

In the olden days, to call your mother a name was considered the most grave of offenses. Bringing disgrace to the one who brought you to birth was tantamount to asking for a fight.

The Connection

The bond of generations, passing from mother to child that special spark of life, is an amazing phenomena that reflects the glory of God.

The sparkle in her eye is love. Love is God. Love is all God is. He never presented another face to His children. Mother love represents only one facet



of the awesome love of our Creator. The Creator is handy to some special, magic agent that turns a female into the most loving and tender creature at the time of her giving birth. In mothers of most every species of the creation we see this magic take place. The spring of the year often blesses us with a display of motherly love in the fields and meadows that surround us.





And who teaches that sweet little girl to crave to “please hold the baby”? Mothering surges from her young heart from her earliest years.

Here one little girl has the privilege of holding her newborn sister.

But sadly today, most little girls are forced to accept a plastic substitute instead of the real baby, her little imagination filling in the gap. Thus the plastic toy doll becomes the object of all her sweet motherly emotion.



My Mother's Eyes

*Back in childhood days,
Loving caresses showered on me.
Mother's eyes would gaze at me so tender
What was their meaning? Now I can see!*

*One bright and shining light
That taught me wrong from right
I found in my mother's eyes*

*A steadfast loyal heart before me
embarking
On a journey, leading me.
Over rocks and stones continually stepping
Looking intently... Now I can see!*

*With trust she holds on tight
To the truth she knows is right
I found in my mothers eyes...*

*Just like a wandering sparrow
One needy soul, oh- oh- oh- oh!
I walk the straight and the narrow
To reach my goal,*

*God's gift sent from above
A real unselfish love
I see in my mother's eyes.*



From the film Lucky Boy (1929)

*modified by Ishah Ruth, who treasures the sweet memory of her Mamma singing
this melody to her with much "soul" as she was growing up.*

Somehow, she was always there! She was always there when I really needed her. From before I can remember, there was the kindness of a “mother” to help me along life’s way.

For this, I will always remain grateful to you...

Significant Greetings by

