

From The Pastor's Study

Mother's Day

Happy Mother's Day. For most it's a time to remember mothers and to celebrate mothers who are with us. For some the memories aren't so great, perhaps feelings are a little mixed, some are down right terrible, even scary. I don't mean to put out a downer on this day of remembrance and celebration. If this disturbs some, I apologize but I believe there are some situations that need to be recognized and realized.

I am going to start with a story I know well because it is mine. I claim Texas as home but I was born in a mining town in West Virginia. I say I lived there for six months, saw everything there was to see, did everything there was to do and left. But I won't go into a lot of that.

The short story is simply that my mother and stepfather (an x-Marine) were both alcoholics. My stepfather (Cliff) often got heavy handed with my mother. He never touched me but knocking my mother around was typical after a night of drinking. My mother wasn't really physically abusive to me, sure she beat my butt but it was pretty much deserved, but the emotional abuse was worse than beatings. The worst was when I was about ten years old and Cliff had knocked her around. As I tried to comfort her she said, "If it wasn't for you I would leave him." You can't imagine how that affected me, no it just disappoints me, hurt me that I was the cause of her bruises. There is a lot more to the story that goes with this but that is for another time, another place.

I'm not alone in this, there are a lot of kids like me that went through this and more but one of the people I hurt most for was a friend who survived an abortion attempt. John's mother gave him up, fortunately the doctor had enough scruples not to end John's life. John learned about the botched abortion and the fact his mother put him up for adoption, not because she wanted a better life for him but because she just didn't want him when he was about 11 years old. That really messed with his head and his life went down hill. When I met him he was about 16 and had already dropped out of school. A long story, but after getting busted for auto theft and spending some time in Boys Town he got his life straight and ended up a pastor with an evangelical church, telling his story often and spoke often to women who were considering abortion.

Those are all the "bad" mother stories I am going to tell here, but there are many more that could be told. I am going to air out something that truly breaks my heart, I don't actually know anyone who has had an abortion, or at least no one I know has confided in me but I have read extensively about women who have. Later in life in most of the case studies I have read the emotional pain was amazing. As I said, this breaks my heart. These ladies are in need of our prayers, not our condemnation and ridicule. We need to pray for those

who are considering it and those who have suffered through it. I challenge everyone who reads this to join me in prayer every night for these people.

How would Jesus handle this, think about the woman at the well. Joyce and I decided early in our relationship that we weren't ready for children and for many reasons probably never would be, so we never had children. But Joyce was responsible for influencing the lives of at least forty children by providing a safe environment for working mothers, and I do believe she loved every one of them. People who provide that kind of service are "mothering" temporarily. No, she never delivered a child but she loved a whole bunch of them.

Adoptive mothers are no less great than the ones who gave birth. The children are loved as much as any other child and maybe more in some cases. Though my stepfather never adopted me he provided for me and was, I believe, the best father he could be. While praying I also include a great thank you to God for the great love He has for His creation as to provide such wonderful people.

We celebrated Mothers this week but we celebrate humanity every day, we thank God for mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts , uncles and all of God's creation.