

Another Tribute To Mothers

A young mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is the way long?" she asked. Her guide said, "Yes, and the way is hard, and you will be old before you reach the end of it, but the end will be better than the beginning." But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, and gathered flowers along the way, and bathed with them in the clear stream, and the sun shone on them, and life was good, and the young mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

And then night came, and there were storms, and the path was dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her mantle. The children said, "O mother, we're not afraid for you are near and no harm can come." And the mother said, "This is better than the brightness of day for I have taught my children courage."

And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead and the children climbed and grew weary and the mother was weary but at all times she said to the children, "A little patience and we'll be there." So the children climbed, and when they reached the top they said, "We could not have done it without you mother." And the mother when she laid down that night looked up at the stars and said, "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned strength in the face of hardness. Yesterday I gave them courage, today I have given them strength."

And the next day came with strange clouds which darkened the earth; clouds of war, hate and evil, and the children groped and stumbled. The mother said, "Look up, and lift your eyes to the light." And the children looked and saw above the clouds an everlasting glory, and it guided them and brought them beyond the darkness. That night mother talked of Jesus and said, "This is the best day of all for I have shown my children God."

And the days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old, and she was little and bent. But the children were tall and strong and walked with faith and courage. And when the way was rough they lifted her, for she was as light as a feather.

At last they came to a hill, and beyond the hill they could see a shining road, golden gates flung wide. The mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey, and now I know that the end is better than the beginning for my children can walk alone, for they walk with God." The children said, "You'll always walk with us mother, even when you've gone through the gates to the Savior." And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed behind her. They said, "We cannot see her but she is still with us. A mother like ours is more than a memory; she is a living presence."