

MOTHER

Mother is the world's most precious possession. She is God's noblest handiwork. Without her the human race must long ago have perished forever. Nurtured by her tender and loving care it still lives, and is striving to emulate the Master. No one can be so brave as Mother. No danger can swerve her from the call of duty; no pestilence can stay her footsteps upon an errand of mercy; and without a tremor or a faltering step, she walks unafraid along the abyss of eternity to fulfill her mission of destiny. No love can be like unto that of Mother. Her child may neglect her, stray from her, aye, even disdain and forget her, but throughout the silent watches of the night, she will listen for his footstep, and breathe a forgiving prayer for his welfare and happiness. And when she is arrayed in the white robes of an angel, there can be enshrined in the human heart no memory that is as dear as that of Mother. Upon our aching bed of pain, we long for the soothing touch of her hand. As we grow weary, and our footsteps falter upon the pathway of life, we are made stronger by the remembrance of her encircling arm. Then, when we hear the clear call of the Maker, we shall go in the fond hope of an eternal meeting with Mother.

Walter F. Meier

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