

A Joyful Mother

Psalm 113:1-114:8 It was Monday morning, May 17, 1999, when I received a call from the nursing home where mother resided for four years after her severe stroke. I was told she had passed away early that morning. It was my joy to visit mother at least four times a week and spend time with her.

She was eighty-nine when she died and was healthy except for a heart problem that required open heart surgery. She opted not to have this at her age, and the result was a massive stroke that paralyzed her whole right side. She did have her speech, however, and the words she shared with everyone were always so uplifting. My mother was the epitome of a joyful mother.

That morning the physician's assistant shared with me how special Mother was. She said Mother was always so cheerful, and all the aides loved going in her room because she was the bright spot on the fourth floor. I shared with her that I never remember my mother ever saying anything negative about anyone or ever complaining about anything. The physician's assistant replied, "Oh, I wished my daughters could say the same thing of me." I told all my friends to visit my mother if they were having a low day. She had a way of making you feel as if you were the most special thing in the entire world. Every time I visited her, she told me I was beautiful and precious! She told everyone this.

The morning she died I asked the Lord to give me some scriptures I could share when we had her memorial service. I heard Him gently speak to my spirit, "Look at Psalm 113." In this passage I found the perfect description of my mother. Verse 9 tells us, "He grants the barren woman a home, like a joyful mother of children. Praise the Lord."

It was not until later that morning when I was reading the portion of my daily Bible reading that I discovered Psalm 113

was the Psalm portion for May 17. As I read about the joyful mother the second time that morning, my mind flashed back to my childhood when I heard my mother singing and whistling in the kitchen. Sometimes she would go to visit neighbors in the evening, and I would wait to hear her whistle in the driveway upon her return before I could drift off to sleep. Today she is whistling and singing in heaven with my dad and others who have gone before her. I ended my devotional time this morning by singing the words to that great gospel song "What a Day That Will Be." This is truly the day the Lord has made; I will rejoice and be glad in it, and I will be a joyful mother.

Lord, help me to pass Your joy to others today.

**READ: 1 Samuel 20:1-21:15; John 9:1-41; Psalm 113:1-114:8;
Proverbs 15:15-17**