

Blessing for Mothers by Joyce Rupp

One springtime I kept finding strings of dried grass and small twigs on the front porch. I solved this mystery by discovering an industrious mother robin building a nest behind the security light. During that same week I was immersed in the novel *The Twelve Tribes of Hattie*, the story of another industrious mother. Hattie worked tirelessly to feed and clothe her many children in extreme poverty (due to a womanizing, gambling husband). Hattie loved her children fiercely but lacked an ability to show them physical or verbal affection.

So many kinds of mothers exist in our world. Each has her own way of being with her children. In the United States we celebrate Mother's Day in May. While I honor the beautiful relationship I had with my birth mother, I think of both young and adult children with tenuous or difficult maternal relationships. Yet, no matter how this relationship is or has been, each mother gives her child the gift of life and the possibility of a worthy future.

A Blessing of Body, Mind, and Spirit for Mothers of All Sorts, Sizes, and Shapes

O mothers, one and all, some of you have carried your children in your womb. Others of you have welcomed babes in need of your attention who came to you from another birth mother. May the love you've poured forth return to you in plenitude.

O mothers, do not live in regret of what you wished you would have done, or what you did do and wished you had not. As you look back on your mothering, may you remember that you tried to do your best, given the circumstances.

O mothers, those of you for whom much of your life with your children is before you, do not imagine you can do this alone. Remember it takes a lot of leaning on the Divine Mother whose heart enfolds every mother and child. May you draw strength daily from her kindly sustenance.

O mothers, do not forget to care for yourself. Find what enriches and gladdens your heart. Be good to your body and spirit. Remember you are worthy of care and attention. May you have the vitality it takes to give generously of yourself.

O mothers, you who have gone on to another sphere of life, we welcome our memories of you and remember how much you mean to us. May the peace you now have flow into the weary and troubled hearts of mothers everywhere.

O mothers, for the countless times your hard work and generous self-giving was never thanked or acknowledged, was rejected or taken for granted, may you know yourself loved and appreciated today.

O mothers, we call today on the Divine Mother to draw you to her spacious heart, to replenish what needs revitalization in you. May you know her comfort, peace, and tender embrace. May you hear the Divine Mother's song of love humming in you. Amen



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