

**By Fr. Rich Bartoszek
Dedicated to my Mom, Sally Cabot
Mother's Day 1992**

Beatitudes of A Mother

Blessed is she who carried us for nine months and brought us into this world for she shall be called MOM.

Blessed be MOM who taught us to walk, to say our first words and to rock our fears away.

Blessed be MOM who washed our clothes, ironed our shirts, darned our socks, always found our mittens at each end of the house, and told us, "Put something on your head or you'll catch a cold."

Blessed be MOM who nursed us through toothaches and earaches, mumps and measles, chicken pox and small pox, sore throats, colds and even the times we faked it and she knew it.

Blessed be MOM for the cookies she baked, the cakes she made the cupcakes for birthdays in school, the many meals we ate in a hurry without saying thanks or how good it was.

Blessed be MOM for the times she helped us ride our first bike without training wheels, the scraped knees she made better, the black eyes she made go away and sore fingers she endlessly kissed and wrapped in band-aids.

Blessed be MOM for the times she walked beside us or watched from a distance like the first day of school when we didn't want to go and she didn't want to leave us. Going to boarding school. The school plays she made costumes for, the graduations from eighth grade, high school and college she watched us go through.

Blessed be MOM for the birthday parties, Halloween costumes, graduation parties, the little gifts and treats she bought while sacrificing her own desires.

Blessed be MOM for the rides to school, the help with homework which came to mind just before bedtime, the help with the project that was due tomorrow and for the encouragement to always study hard.

Blessed be MOM for the picnics in summer, summer vacations, lemonade on hot summer days, hot chocolate in winter, for valentines and Easter baskets, for Santa Claus and teady bears. For all the holidays she made so special by all the special things she did.

Blessed be MOM for the nice things she always said about our school pictures despite crooked ties, stupid smiles, uncombed hair and the outfit she didn't want us to wear.

Blesses be MOM for the times she said, "Bring me the change, and we forgot.

Blessed be MOM for the times we forgot to call when we got there and she sat home getting a little bit grayer.

Blessed be MOM for the bedtime stories, the prayers she taught us and the times she said with a stern voice, "Wait til you get home!"

Blessed be MOM for the times she sat in the bleachers knowing in her heart her kids were the most valuable players the team had...even if they sat the bench.

Blessed be MOM for the free advice she always gave; the psychology she used to get us to do what she wanted us to, the comfort she gave when things didn't work out and the pride she had when we succeeded.

Blessed be MOM who never grows old in the eyes of he children but who watches her children go through the passages of life like moving out on their own, weddings, ordinations, entering religious life, relocating because of job transfers.

Blessed be MOM for the blessings she's given and the understanding she has always shown when our lives didn't take the right direction.

Blessed be MOM for the tears she shed over and over again which always proved she would do anything for her children.

Blessed be MOM for the many prayers she offered for us, the times she asked God to take care of us and bring us home in one piece.

Blessed be MOM as she becomes a "Grandma" now and has held back from saying, "I told you so", "What goes around, comes around", "Remember when you were small", "May your children be just like you, so you know what you put me through".

Blessed be the MOM who love unconditionally, who accept their children; whether their marriage fails, whether her kids are straight or gay, whether they got in trouble with the law or whether they became pope or president.

Blessed be those MOMS who have lost a child at any stage of life. She has given back to God part of her heart, which means part of her is already in heaven.

Blessed be the MOMS who have struggled in life, as single parents, through poverty and depressions, through addictions or illness, may they know peace and stability.

Blessed be MOM as she has begun to slow up with arthritis in her hard worked joints, with vision that might not be as strong as it once was, but is still good enough to play bingo!

Blessed be the MOMS TO BE ONE DAY, may they learn from their own teachers.

Blessed be those women who wanted to be Moms, but never were. May they recognize the ways in which God has compensated their lives, in other ways, to mother and love.

Blessed be MOM as she and God are together in heaven, as one day we'll all be together again, but for now we'll celebrate Mother's Day here and she'll celebrate it with Jesus.

Blessed be all MOMS as we gather this day to thank God for the gift she is, whether on this side of life or the other. As we recall her many blessings it's obvious, "Motherhood is not for Wimpy." Motherhood is for those who love.

So wherever you are MOM, right beside us, miles away or in heaven, blessed may you always be for the love you have given and the many ways you have blessed our lives.