

The Miracle of Service

(A Mother's Day Meditation)

“Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them . . .” (Luke 12:37)

Before us is an incredible piece of information. Normally we think of the universe as serving God. Jesus said: ***“Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve” (Matt. 4:10.)*** God is so great that obviously we should serve Him. The book of Revelation teaches that those who come out of great tribulation will serve God day and night in His temple (Rev. 7:15.) Jesus, however, adds a new dimension to our understanding of eternity. He portrays heaven as a place where we will not only bow down and serve God, but God will also gird Himself about and serve us. Such a beautiful thought reminds me of my mother. She always served us when we sat down at her table.

Since the days of Canaan, the idea of being a “servant” has been associated with a curse (Gen. 9:25.) Jesus, however, gave a new image to the word “servant.” Though He was God, He took upon Himself the form of a servant (Phil. 2:7.) He was among His disciples as one that served (Lk. 22:27.) He girded Himself about with a towel and washed their feet. He took the lowest station that God might exalt Him to the highest. There is, indeed, something miraculous about being a servant. Perhaps this is why we find ourselves so attracted to our mothers.

Leona Rochelle expressed it beautifully in her poem FULFILLMENT.

I longed to write a poem of a rail fence heaped with snow . . .
Instead I baked a cherry pie because David liked them so.
I longed to paint a picture of the pear tree white with bloom . . .
Instead I made a braided rug to brighten Martha's room.
I longed to sing a lilting son ere youth and dreams had flown . . .
Instead I bathed Joan's bleeding knee and smoothed a bandage on.
I'll never do those dreamed of things, I've waited far too long . . .
Now David writes, Martha paints, Joan sings a happy song.

The word “miser,” and the word “miserable,” are similar. The one is associated with the other. The self centered person is on a collision course with misery. They want to be happy. They are trying to be happy. But happiness eludes them. Their world is shriveled. It is the same size they are . . . that's why they are so miserable!

Mothers, on the other hand, seldom have time for themselves. One mother said longingly: “All of my life I have wanted to have a nervous break-down, but every time I got ready I had to fix another meal.” Such mothers do not find happiness . . . it finds them. It seeks them out no matter where they are. It is that warm gratification that wraps itself about them when exhaustion compels them to stop and rest. It is the inward smile and satisfaction that comes when “David writes, and Martha paints, and Joan sings a happy song.”

The Scriptures teach that Jesus endured the cross because of the joy that was set before Him (Heb. 12:2.) He lovingly reminded His followers that there would be no crown without a cross. Self denial is an inescapable requisite for salvation. It is not an option, we must deny ourselves and take up our cross daily. That is, I think, what motherhood is all about!

Happy Mother's Day!

