

Happy Mother's Day



It's been eight years, Mom, and I still miss you. What wonderful memories I have!

It's been eight years since my Mom went to join Jesus, but I still have so many memories that keep her beside me. I can just see me at nine or ten years old, drying dishes as Mom washed them. And the time that I finally ate all the peas on my plate, and admitted that they really did taste good. What a smile Mom gave me for that! When it came to laundry time, Mom did the big stuff on her rub board, and my job was to wash the sox. Boy! Did I feel important! And there was the time I spilled ink on the couch. How quick she forgave me for being clumsy and messing with something I should not have touched.

She was always eager to take my brothers and me to the library on Saturday mornings when there was "story time." Of course, the library was also the place where I first played in a concert. I think my piece was "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Later on, when I was more proficient in my music, she would listen to me practice and comment on how I was doing. She was not one to always say it sounded good, but would encourage me to practice for better presentation.

When entering my pre-teen days, she would take me shopping for my school clothes, always looking for something tasteful, yet in fashion, and something within our budget. I watched her cook, helped her cook, and learned a lot about preparing a meal and not wasting anything. Back in those days, I could take her signed check and do the grocery shopping for her. Can you believe that the clerk at check-out never had a problem with that! Probably because we always shopped at the same place, and almost always went to the same checker.

She was a wonderful Mom...and a wonderful Mamaw....how she loved those grandchildren of hers. When I moved away from home, I always made trips back to Odessa so that she and Dad could spoil those little ones for a while. And those trips were at least once a year, sometimes two.

Then came the time when I got the emergency call that Dad was in the hospital, and not doing well. (By this time, our kids were grown up and gone.) My husband and I caught the quickest flight we could get and off we went. Dad really looked bad, but he stayed with us so I could see him before he went to Heaven. I remember Mom telling him that he could relax and stop the suffering when he was ready to go see Jesus. What faith that was.

The real world came at me next. Contacting family members, making funeral arrangements, picking a burial plot, visiting with the pastor, and trying to keep Mom comforted. With God's help, we got through it all.

Our real comfort was knowing that Dad was in a heavenly place and no longer in pain or suffering. The visits from Mom's church family gave us encouragement and peace. And we rested, assured that when our call was made to come to our "real" home, we would be reunited with all of the loved ones who were called before us.

Many times I feel the love of Mom and Dad encouraging me to face another day, and to be patient for the reunion we will have again some day. And I move forward, knowing that God's plan will be my reward. Thank you, Jesus, my Savior, for letting be in the family of God.

Jackie Abbott