

A Salute to Mother
[Psalm 67](#), [John 14:23-29](#)

As we begin our time together today, I thought I'd share this story from the internet. I fear that many of our mother's in particular may be suffering from this particular malady.

'Recently, I was diagnosed with A.A.A.D.D. - Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder. This is how it manifests:

I decide to water my garden. As I turn on the hose in the driveway, I look over at my car and decide it needs washing. As I start toward the garage, I notice mail on the porch table that I brought up from the mail box earlier. I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car. I lay my car keys on the table, put the junk mail in the garbage can under the table, and notice that the can is full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the garbage first. But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the

garbage anyway, I may as well pay the bills first.

I take my check book off the table, and see that there is only one check left. My extra checks are in my desk in the study, so I go inside the house to my desk where I find the can of Pepsi I'd been drinking. I'm going to look for my checks, but first I need to push the Pepsi aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over. The Pepsi is getting warm, and I decide to put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold.

As I head toward the kitchen with the Pepsi, a vase of flowers on the counter catches my eye--they need water. I put the Pepsi on the counter and discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers. I set the glasses back down on the counter, fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote. Someone left it on the kitchen table. I realize that tonight when we go to watch TV,

I'll be looking for the remote, but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers. I pour some water in the flowers, but quite a bit of it spills on the floor. So, I set the remote back on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill. Then, I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day: the car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, there is a warm can of Pepsi sitting on the counter, the flowers don't have enough water, there is still only 1 check in my check book, I can't find the remote, I can't find my glasses, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys. Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day, and I'm really tired. I realize this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it,

but first I'll check my e-mail.... Don't laugh -- if this isn't you yet, your day is coming!!'

What do you think? Are we simply too busy? Is this something unique to those of us in the 21st century? I doubt it. I think the idea of having way too much on our plates is a very common problem that has been in existence for a very long time. Change has been a part of every generation. We all feel that life is getting more and more challenging with some areas of our lives literally spinning out of control.

It is interesting that Jesus often began his greetings and sermons with, "Peace be with you." Today's gospel lesson is similar. Jesus speaks of leaving peace with us even as he had to return to the Father in heaven. Jesus knew the stresses of the day would continue to plague the disciples even as the church was expanding and growing. The impact of the Christian

movement was very real and tangible, mixed among the persecutions from the Romans and the devout Jews that were not interested in change. These groups were perfectly content with exploiting the poor and reducing the masses to dependent, spiritually drained citizens. When you beat a group down enough, they become completely complacent – there is no more spirit or joy of life in them. They become hopeless.

In the midst of despair, the son of God appears on the scene sharing a message of peace and love and uncompromising hope. If you have ever experienced someone who took on the role of the calm in the storm perhaps you have a taste of what people who followed Jesus were able to feel. In the midst of extreme chaos, at times all we want to see is a stable beacon of strength to guide us through the wind and the waves of heartache and despair.

Today is our day to honor our mothers. Everyone here isn't a mother but everyone here has a mother. Did your mother ever fulfill that role of the calming presence in the storm? When you were a child and things were at their worst, did you seek out mother to help make things right? You've heard the story of the little boy who came to his mother crying with a skinned knee. His Mom kissed his 'boo boo' and gave him a cookie to make his knee feel better. When Mom comes back she sees the little boy sitting at the table with the cookie on his knee complaining that his knee didn't feel any better!

Maybe you grew up without a mother, but there was someone else who fulfilled that role of being the comforter and nurturer and bringer of peace. Maybe your Mom wasn't one of those calming people but it was someone like Grandmom, or your favorite uncle. Chaos and busyness have plagued us for generations, yet somewhere in the midst of trial we find the

strong sense of peace. It's those times when we can't seem to find any peace that we feel the most out-of-control. One thing we need to remember is that God is with us always. Especially in times of great trial we can feel the presence of a great calm and a peace that supersedes understanding.

Many of you were present for Ellie Cummings funeral. One thing that absolutely amazed me about her occurred just a day before her death. She had come to a place in her heart and soul that she did not want any more heroic measures to extend her life. She made the decision that she was ready to meet God. I cannot express to you the uncanny presence of peace that surrounded her. She was so in tune with God and so at ease in spite of her circumstances, that she was actually helping those around her. She was extending comfort to her daughters, and she was witnessing to a young nurse who couldn't understand her peace knowing she was going to die. I believe there is a

peace that surpasses all understanding, and we can find that peace in almighty God.

Today we honor our mothers. I know some are without our mothers today. I also know that not all children are raised in happy homes with caring mothers to comfort them. One thing we do know for certain – God can step in and provide the comfort and care we so desperately need. At times this is expressed through our loving mothers and fathers. At times this is expressed through our friends and neighbors in Christ. We are all God's children. God cares for each of us so much so that God provided the atonement for our sin through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. We are redeemed by the saving grace of the crucified and risen Christ. There is a calming peace for us in the midst of the wildest storms of life. We are not alone. God is walking with us every step of the way along our Christian journey. May God continue to bless us together this day as we

honor and recognize our mothers as an extension of God's love
for us. Amen.