

May 10, 2015
6th Sunday after Easter

No one has greater love than this, to lay down one's life for one's friends

Today is Mother's Day!

The earliest tributes to mothers date back to the annual spring festival the Greeks dedicated to Rhea, the mother of many deities, and to the offerings ancient Romans made to their Great Mother of Gods, Cybele. Christians celebrated this festival on the fourth Sunday in Lent in honor of Mary, mother of Jesus. In England, this holiday was expanded to include all mothers and was called Mothering Sunday.

In the United States, Mother's Day started nearly 150 years ago, when Anna Jarvis, an Appalachian homemaker, organized a day to raise awareness of poor health conditions in her community. She called it "Mother's Work Day." In 1914, Woodrow Wilson signed a bill recognizing Mother's Day as a national holiday.

At first, people observed Mother's Day by attending church, writing letters to their mothers, and eventually, by sending cards, presents, and flowers. With the increasing gift-giving activity associated with Mother's Day, Anna Jarvis became enraged. She believed that the day's sentiment was being sacrificed at the expense of greed and profit. In 1923 she filed a lawsuit to stop a Mother's Day festival, and was even arrested for disturbing the peace at a convention selling carnations for a war mother's group. Before her death in 1948, Jarvis is said to have confessed that she regretted ever starting the mother's day tradition.

Despite Jarvis's misgivings, Mother's Day has flourished in the United States. In fact, it has become the most popular day of the year to dine out, and telephone lines record their highest traffic, as sons and daughters everywhere take advantage of this day to honor and to express appreciation of their mother.

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I invite you now to recall and share a time:

When you saw a mother's love reflecting the truth of this quote in a special way

When you mothers experienced the truth of this quote in a special way

Many of you, I am sure, will remember a song we used to sing to our mothers. You have nice voices. Let us sing it to them now:

M is for the million things she gave me,
O means only that she's growing old.
T is for the tears she shed to save me,
H is for her heart of purest gold.
E is for her eyes with love-light shining,
R means right and right she'll always be.
Put them all together they spell mother,
A word that means the world to me.

HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!