**Mothers Day Sermon**

Our theme for the year is “Welcome Home.” What says welcome home more than a Christian mother?

In fact, the word home is almost synonymous with the word mother, is it not?

Today we are honoring moms. They really deserve that honor.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world by William Ross Walace.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

The Bible has many stories of the miraculous faith of mothers.

Two years ago we looked at Mary.

She heard she would be pregnant as a virgin, which means disgrace, being put away, a life of shame, poverty and alienation.

Yet, she says to the angel:

Luke 1:35-38 “I am the Lord’s Servant. May it be to me as you have said.”

Luke 1:45 “Blessed is she who has believed that what the Lord has said to her will be accomplished.”

This is a godly mother.

Then last year we looked at Hannah. Barren, A rival wife Peninah who persecuted her. I am the favored wife. Hannah prayed for a son and promised to dedicate him to God.

Hannah loved her son so deeply, but she loved God more.

And thus Samuel was born. Samuel the last of the judges. Samuel who anointed David.

And God gave Hannah more children.

The Bible has so many examples of great moms.

For example, there is the widow of Zarephath. God loves widows and single moms.

1 Kings 17:7-24 The Widow of Zarephath

v. 12. A mom with literally nothing left offers flour and oil to Elijah.

God hears the cries of a mother of faith. God sends Elijah to save the widow of Zarephath’s son.

v. 13 God says to the moms, “Don’t be afraid.” Give to the Lord first.

v. 14 The jar of flour will not be used up and the jug of oil will not run dry.

God says to moms who give and give and give—who wonder if they have more to give. “I will give to you so that you can continue to give to your children.

God hears the cries of Heidi Villanueva for her daughter.

God hears the cries of Maria Wright, Stephanie Macias, Nancy Arriagada

God hears the cries of moms of adult children as well! Nora shares about her prayers for her daughter often. God hears the cries of Christina Santiago and Lisa Reany and Becca Farley.

v. 17 The widow’s son died. She is bitter toward God and toward Elijah.

v. 18 “What do you have against me, man of God? Did you come to remind me of my sin and kill my son?”

She is in extreme anguish. She is tempted not to trust God about her son.

v. 19 Elijah says to her as God says to all the moms out there:

“Give me your son. Give me your daughter.”

God says to Vanessa Newfield: Give me your daughers and your son.

v. 22 The Lord head Elijah’s cry for the Widow of Zeraphath.

v. 23 Look, your son is alive. How dramatic. Tears all around.

Mothers, God will take care of your children.

Then there is the Shunnamite Woman. 2 Kings 4:8-36

Read 2 Kings 4:8-17 The Shunnamite woman has no son.

She lets the man of God into her home. An Elisha room.

God hears the cries of the childless woman and gives her a son.

“About this time next year, you will hold a son in your arms.”

Blessed words to a mother.

Read 2 Kings 4:18-26

v. 20 The son dies, but the woman lays him on Elisha’s bed. She tells no one her plan. If she did, they would all call her crazy. Amazing faith!!!

The Shunnamite woman put her son in God’s hands. She trusted God to care for her son.

She travels to Mt. Carmel were Elisha lives.

v. 26 “Everything is all right.”

Read 2 Kings 4:27-36 v. 28 The Shunnamite woman’s bitter cry. “Didn’t I tell you, ‘Don’t raise my hopes.’

But still she has faith in God. “Take my staff.”

v. 30 “As surely as the Lord lives, I will not leave you.” The woman would do anything for her son.

v. 31 The staff did not work. Fortunately for the stubborn love of the Shunnamite woman. “I told you so!”

v. 34 He lay on the boy, mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes, hands to hands.

The boy sneezed 7 times.

This is what the love of a mother for her child is like.

And God hears and answers those prayers.

This miracle is a prefigure of what Jesus did for the Widow at Nain. Luke 7:11-17.

Again, God hears the cries of the widows and the single mothers.

In all of these stories I see two things:

The undying love of a mother.

God hears the faithful cries of moms for their daughters and sons.

There are many different kinds of love:

Love of sibling for sibling

Love of a child for a parent.

Love of a husband for a wife or of a wife for a husband. We saw that analogy in Hosea Ch 1-3.

Love of a person for his/her country

Love of football

Love of a close friend

Love of a father for his child. We saw that analogy in Hosea Ch 11.

Love of pizza

Love of a person for themselves

Love of the lost or the needy or the poor

Love of a mother for her child

Love of a grandparent.

Which of these is most like the love of God for us?

These miracles all involve the love of a mother for her child.

A mother’s love is a mystical thing.

Do not get between a mother bear and her cub.

Do not get between a mom and her child.

I watch Heidi and Faith and I marvel at a mother’s love.

What is cool is that we can learn a lot about God from our mother’s love for us.

A mother’s love for her child is perhaps the best picture for God’s love for us.

Isaiah 49:15-18 A mom never forgets her children. A mom want to hold her child, to hug her child, to kiss her child.

You are engraved in the palm of your mother’s hand. You are engraved in the “palm” of God’s hand.

Your mother will never forget you, even on her death bed you will be the first thing in her mind.

God will never forget you.

Lift up your eyes and look around. Look how the children gather around their mom because she cares for them. That is how God cares for you.

As one of many children in this room, I say:

Thanks, Mom.

And thanks, God, for giving me my mom.