

The Power Of A Godly Mother

2 Timothy 1:1-5; 2 Tim. 3:14-17; 2 Tim. 1:5; Acts 16:1-3

It's Mother's Day and I want to begin today by recommending a pair of books, Bringing Up Boys and Bringing Up Girls by James Dobson. Let me begin today by reading just a paragraph or two from the first book, Bringing Up Boys. Dobson says...

I have the highest respect and admiration for those who are blessed to be called mothers. There are few assignments in human experience that require the array of skills and wisdom needed by a mom in fulfilling her everyday duties. She must be a resident psychologist, physician, theologian, educator, nurse, chef, taxi driver, fire marshal, and occasional police officer. And if she succeeds in each of these responsibilities, she gets to do it all again tomorrow.

To understand the world in which a young mother lives, our male readers might want to join one of them on a midmorning visit to the pediatrician's office. After sitting for forty-five minutes with a cranky, feverish toddler on her lap, Mom and Baby are finally ushered into the examining room. The doctor checks out the sick child and then tells the woman with a straight face, "Be sure you keep him quiet for four or five days. Don't let him scratch the rash. Make certain he keeps the medicine down and you'll need to watch his stool."

"Yeah, sure, Doc! Any other suggestions?" (the Mom responds)

"Just one. This disease is highly contagious. Keep your other four kids away from him. I'll see you in a week."

3 Things Eunice did for Timothy:

1. She Passed On A Love For The Scriptures. (II Timothy 3:14-17)

In Deuteronomy 6:5-7, God gave the people of Israel these instructions.

2. She Passed On A Sincere Faith. (II Timothy 1:5)

3. She Passed On A Desire To Serve Others. (Acts 16:1-3)

A Small Handprint on the Wall:

One day as I was picking the toys up off the floor,
I noticed a small hand print on the wall beside the door.
I knew that it was something that I'd seen most every day,
but this time when I saw it there, I wanted it to stay.

Then tears welled up inside my eyes, I knew it wouldn't last,
for every mother knows her children grow up way too fast.
Just then I put my chores aside and held my children tight.
I sang to them sweet lullabies and rocked into the night.
Sometimes we take for granted, all those things that seem so small.
Like one of God's great treasures.... A small hand print on the wall.

Source unknown