

## Mother's Day

*Mother's Day can be wonderful for those of us who have a good relationship with mothers and with our children who are still alive and healthy. But for many of us, mothers day can be deeply painful, marked by caring responsibilities or bereavement or family breakdowns, or for some, a reminder of the pain of never having the children we longed for.*

*This Eucharistic reflection attempts to celebrate Mother's Day in a way that does not deny the pain of the reality of our lives but also recognises that this pain is also part of God's experience by deliberately imaging God as Mother.*

Children skipping in the blustery March wind  
heading for the florist's shop on the corner  
counting out pocket money in handfuls of loose change  
to buy mum a bunch of golden daffodils.

And God delights in her children's glee  
and sets the daffodils dancing on the breeze  
taking pleasure in thoughts of giving  
as sunshine paints a smile across the sky.

Children in cahoots with teachers  
busy with tissue paper and glue  
school bags bulging mysteriously  
and mum warned not to take a peek.

And God delights in her children's creativity  
as sticky hands annoyingly adhere to the wrong thing  
taking pleasure in each carefully worked out design  
and words written painstakingly, letters slightly askew.

For Mother's day breaks into our Lenten fast  
a chance to celebrate midst the gloom of the receding winter  
flowers and chocolates and cards and kisses  
as we remember all the things mothers do.

For God knows what it is to give birth  
to nurture us and watch us grow  
pondering over the smallest of things  
delighting in our expressions of love.

At the entrance to Tesco's a woman stands  
with a collecting tin and a box of fabric daffodils  
reminding us that life is not always  
a bed of roses or a box of chocolates.

So as we gather around the table of celebration  
we pause to remember those who will find today difficult  
due to illness and side effects from toxic treatments  
or waiting for the results of the latest tests.

In the florists we see a loved one's favourite flower  
or a wreath of white flowers that spell the word "mum"

or a son's giant sized photo on the side of a pub  
the words "our hero" surrounded by red poppies.

So as we gather around the table of celebration  
we pause to remember those who will find today difficult  
those whose mothers or children are no longer with us  
but are held in your eternal embrace.

And God dries her mother's tears  
and smiling reaches out to take our hand  
to soothe and caress our broken lives  
and slowly make us laugh again.

And today, as everyday God prepares a table  
and invites us to gather together  
tells us stories, calms our arguments  
and shows us how to begin to share.

For this is the broken body  
of the one God birthed  
For this is the blood shed  
by our inability to share  
For this is the bread  
through which God's gathers her children  
For this is the wine  
through which God invites us to join her in celebration.

*[share bread and wine]*

For this is the day  
when we glimpse the light of a new dawn  
For this is the day  
when the daffodils dance in the breeze  
For this is the day  
when we remember to say Thank You  
For this is the day  
when we celebrate Mother God.

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