Hats off to moms

by Sharon Jaynes

I'm just a mom."
I overheard her to say,
With eyes downcast
And a look of dismay.

I turned with a start
And enthusiastically decreed,
"A mom, did you say?
Oh can it be?

For a mom is a *beacon*
Shining so bright,
A landmark by day,
And a light by night.

She guides and protect
On land and at sea.
Did you say a mom?
Oh, can it be?

She *listens* to stories
Woes and concerns,
With her eyes and her heart,
She quickly discerns.

Questions she asks,
To draw children out.
Building godly ones,
Is what she's about.

She gives the gift,
of encouraging words,
Courage and strength
Their souls she girds.

She cheers them up,
When they are down,
And turns sad days,
Completely around.

She says, 'You can do it!
I know that you can!'
And develops a boy,
Into a man.

She *builds self-esteem*
Into young hearts
Jesus' Christ's power,
She thus imparts.

"Who am I?"
She hears them say.
"You are God's child,
Loved–come what may."

Foundations of love,
Walls capable and strong,
Valued-adored,
They know they belong.

She *sows seeds* of scripture,
Day after day,
And sows seeds of prayer,
That help point the way.

She guards information
That goes in their heads
And whispers a prayer
As they're tucked into beds.

She sets an *example*
Of how they should live,
Of how our Father
Can quickly forgive.

Love, joy and peace,
Is what they see,
Knowing the example she sets,
Is what they will be.

She NEVER GIVES UP,
When life get tough
And doesn't give in,
When kids get rough.

A warrior, a fighter,
She diligently prays,
And then at God's feet,
Her children she lays.

'Just a mom,' you say?
What an honor bestowed,
A beacon, a builder,
A seed sower sown.

A listener, encourager,
Diligent, too.
A mom, how bless-ed.
My hats off to you!"

I finished my sermon,
Not making a scene,
And transformed before me,
She looked like a queen.

Her eyes now beaming,
She sat tall and erect.
"Excuse me, sir,
I spoke incorrect."

God gave me a job,
That compares to none other,
Esteem and chosen by Him,
You see – *I'm a mother.*