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?

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.

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

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

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

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

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.”

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

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.

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

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.