

God's Plan for Mothers

Text: Titus 2:4-5

Introduction:

- A. Mothers and motherhood have been praised in every land in every age.
 - 1. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." (anonymous)
 - 2. "Men are what their mothers have made them." (Emerson)
 - 3. "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." (Napoleon)
 - 4. "The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom." (Henry W. Beecher)
 - 5. "If you would reform the world of its errors and vices, begin by enlightening its mothers." (Simmons)
 - 6. "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters." (anonymous)
- B. Mothers, do you live up to these tributes?
- C. What is God's plan for mothers?
- I. It is proper for young women to desire to marry and become mothers. - 1 Timothy 5:14; Psalm 113:9
- II. Love should be the controlling emotion in the mother's dealings with her children. - Titus 2:4; cf. 1 Kings 3:16-27
- III. Love will lead a mother to deal with her children in the way the Lord directs.
 - A. She will raise her children herself, rather than turning them over to a baby-sitter. - 1 Timothy 5:14; Proverbs 29:15; cf. Exodus 2:1-12; Acts 7:20-25
 - B. She will, above all else, impart unto them faith. - e.g., 2 Timothy 1:5
 - 1. by teaching them God's law - 2 Timothy 3:14-15; Proverbs 31:26 (My grandmother, "Mama Sharp," taught my Dad the stories of Old Testament characters as he pulled grass in the vegetable garden as a preschooler. He became one of the great preachers of lessons from the Old Testament of his generation.)
 - 2. by setting the right kind of example before them - Ezekiel 16:44
 - 3. by correcting them when they do wrong - Proverbs 29:17 (not by the use of idle threats, which are simply lies)
 - C. She will not show partiality to any child. - Genesis 25:28; 27:1-45
 - D. She will willingly work in their behalf. - Proverbs 31:13,15, 17,19,21,25,27

Conclusion:

- A. The following quotation, from the pen of James R. Cope, is perhaps the most beautiful tribute to a mother I have ever read. He wrote it on the occasion of his mother's 84th birthday.

I have never been able to read it publicly without choking up.

"She Is 84"

That's my mother. September 18 is her 84th birthday. Not alert as she once was and almost blind, she lives near Cookeville, Tennessee, with my sister who tenderly cares for her. Her form is stooped and weakened, her brow creviced. Silver threads run majestically among the chestnut locks which my baby fingers caressed more than fifty years ago. Tired and wrinkled hands, once callused by physical toil in kitchen, vegetable garden, lawn, and even the barn before she taught me how to milk the cows, bespeak a heart that lost sight of self in loving service for those she mothered. And flowers, always flowers, flowers everywhere! Those hands loved to plant them as she bestowed the beauty of her soul upon the landscape for others to enjoy. "When I saw her last, I studied carefully those hands that never wrought evil to any

man, woman, or child.

I was reminded of the poem, 'Beautiful Hands,' by Ellen M.H. Gatos. I share it here with you, dear reader.

*'Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small,"
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet these are aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.*

*'Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad
Those patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep when looking back
To childhood's distant day!
I think how these hands rested not
When children were at their play.*

*'Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
And time and pain have left their mark
On head, and heart and brow.
Alas! Alas! the nearing time--
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
Those hands must folded be.*

*'But, oh! beyond the shadowy lands,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams, through sadless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old are young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.'*

- B. Would that all mothers so lived before their children that they should be so blessed. -
Proverbs 31:28a