

Mother's Day Sunday

Proverb 23:22, 24 & 25

May 10, 2020 at 10 am

I am glad we did have a chance to share how wonderful and loving and caring our mothers were, are and have been this morning.

Let me share a poem written by Amanda Thomas, a newly joined member of FGUMC.

*Father in heaven gave me the gift of a Mother
With her love so pure and her intentions so sure
To foster in me a strength like no other*

*Mother like a Lioness in all her finest
Tending to cubs while nestled in the shrubs
Day and night spent nurturing and worshipping on the Savannah*

*She taught me how to pray
God's love beyond the Milky Way
"In Jesus' name amen" we'd say together.
While her love yet spread still further...
Like a murmur like a flutter
An Owl Hen full of wisdom, vision and luster*

*Child of mine,
"Remember to believe in yourself
And dream for yourself
And blossom like a springtime flower"
Mother nurtured me and
Encouraged me to
Be brave and never cower
A very fine example, and an even better mentor...*

“Respect thyself and express from the heart

Through God’s gifts and talents

You will know where to start...

Reach for the stars, no matter how far,

I will be your anchor in every hour”

My comfort, my safety

Mother’s love is a sanctuary

Blessed by He the most holy

Our God and His Son

Together bonded in love

A beautiful poem. It leads me to say, “I am because my mom is. We are because our moms are.” Someone asked God one day, “God, how can you love everyone in this world? So many of us in the world, you know.” God replied, “That is why I has created many moms.” We experience the love of God through the love of our human mothers.

My mom who lives in California will be 97 years old this August. I am thankful she is still alive with me. Last fall I asked her to visit me and my wife here in Connecticut and enjoy the fall foliage. She said, “I love to. But I am too old to travel.” Several weeks later, when I talked with her one morning, I asked her again to come and visit me. This time, she said, “I went there this morning.” “What are you talking about?” My mom said, “I prayed for you and your family and your church this morning. I was there in Connecticut.” We all are blessed and honored to have a mom. We give thanks to God for giving us our moms.

Two Gospel stories have come to me this morning. The first one is from the Gospel of John. The chapter 19 verses 26 and 27 reads,

“26 When Jesus saw his mother there, and the disciple whom he loved standing nearby, he said to her, “Woman, here is your son,” 27 and to the disciple, “Here is your mother.” From that time on, this disciple took her into his home.”

Some say this story shows that Jesus was a wonderful and caring son who cared about his mom, Mary. He made sure she was taken care of by his disciple, John before he had the last breath. A good point.

But there is another point this story makes. That is, Jesus went beyond the boundary of blood-related family. By introducing John, his disciple to Mary, his mom and vice versa, Jesus created a new concept of family. Jesus' community is not blood-related, but love-related.

The second story is from the Gospel of Matthew. The chapter 12 verses 46 to 50.

46 While Jesus was still talking to the crowd, his mother and brothers stood outside, wanting to speak to him. 47 Someone told him, "Your mother and brothers are standing outside, wanting to speak to you." 48 He replied to him, "Who is my mother, and who are my brothers?" 49 Pointing to his disciples, he said, "Here are my mother and my brothers. 50 For whoever does the will of my Father in heaven is my brother and sister and mother."

Who is my mother? My mother is Soon Ae Yoo, 96 years old living in Torrance, CA. A right answer. Jesus has another answer to this question. He says, "My mother, father, brother and sister are whoever does the will of my Father in heaven." Here again, Jesus expands the boundary of family and enables us to see a bigger family boundary.

Who is my mother, my father, my brother or my sister? You are because you and I belong to the community of Jesus' disciples, fulfilling the will of God in this world.

We saw a picture of Priscilla Gminski, one of the founding members during the picture slideshow. She was the first person I visited during the first week of my ministry at Fairfield Grace in the year 2008. To make a long story short, I adopted her as mom during the 10 year long journey and was honored to be named as Kun Sam Gminski-Cho at her farewell service.

I do have many moms at Fairfield Grace. So do you. I do have many fathers, brothers and sisters at Fairfield Grace. So do you. Our real last name is longer, much longer than our biological last name, since we do have many moms, dads, brothers and sisters at Fairfield Grace.

"Utunbu" It is a well known African proverb, meaning, "I am because we are." On Mother's Day, we are reminded that I am because my mom is. On Mother's Day, we are reminded also that I am because my church mom is. Also on Mother's Day, I am because my church family is. Hallelujah! Amen.