



A Mother's Prayer: An Autobiography

I am a mother's prayer. Sometimes I am clothed with beautiful language, stitched together with the needles of love. Sometimes I am arrayed in halting phrases, broken by tears and torn like living roots from the depths of the heart. I am a frequent watcher of the night.

I am a mother's prayer. There is no language I cannot speak, I do not recognize race or color. I am born before the child is born. Before the day of deliverance, I stand at the altars of the LORD with the gifts of unborn life to present to Him. I rejoice with the father on earth and the Father in Heaven. I rush ahead of the doctors, nurses, midwife, to pray that the child will be perfect. I sit mute in the presence of a tiny bit of humanity with all of his fingers and toes: I pray for strength to guide the feet that will never walk, the eyes that will never see, the mind that will never be normal, and thank God for the privilege of sharing the sorrow the child does not understand.

I am a mother's prayer. I have knelt in every room of the house. I have fondled the old Book, . . . sat quietly at the kitchen table, and followed a boy around the world. I have sought through hospitals, army camps, battlefields, and prisons. I have dogged the steps of university students. I have been in strange places: honky-tonks, saloons, night clubs, back alleys, cheap motels, mansions, automobiles, planes, ships, and motorcycles. I have tugged, pulled, angered, quieted, been loved and hated.

I am a mother's prayer. I have filled pantries with provisions when the provider was gone. I have sung songs in the night when there was nothing to sing about but the faithfulness of God. I have been pressed so close to the Word of God that its fragrance lingers on me like expensive perfumes.

I am a mother's prayer. I will not be answered. Mother may be gone. The old house may turn to dust. The marker in the graveyard may grow unsightly and the name almost disappear. The words may be forgotten. But as long as God is God and His promises are "yes" and "amen in Christ Jesus," I will be alive. I will continue to woo, plead, strive, remind, follow, haunt, sometimes to irritate and sometimes rejoice in my target: but I am an ambassador of King Immanuel. I have a mission. I will pursue it.

*I am a mother's prayer.
You will never forget me!*