

# More Stories!

Forum

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*Celebrate Mother's Day With Your ...*

## Special Angel

by RA Naegele

Mothers are angels who live through the tears and the joys of motherhood, on their way to earning their wings. They are sent here by God to guide us into adulthood, and to form our personalities and our principles.

As Mother's Day draws to a close, many mothers go back to being taken for granted for another year, I reflect on the sacrifices my mother made in the name of "motherhood" and the efforts she put forth to insure that us kids were nurtured, and prodded along toward adulthood, with a strong hand, but a loving heart.

I think that most mothers are ordained into "Angelhood" on the day that they conceive, and it becomes a lifelong avocation, and career. From the time of conception, they start feeling the responsibility and the first sacrifices of motherhood. They are responsible for eating right to insure proper nutrition for the fetus. They suffer the horrors of morning sickness, and the loss of their shapely figure, as they develop a waddle, with their belly getting there 5 minutes before the rest of them does. They suffer the indignity of having this little critter stomping on their bladder until they wet their pants. They get the heck kicked out of them from the inside out. They can't sleep comfortably for the last few months of the pregnancy because their tummy is so big, they can't find a comfortable position to relax and sleep in.

All of the discomfort of carrying a baby for 9 months,

ends with the pains of labor and delivery, which having witnessed it 3 times, I would have to equate with having your fingernails yanked out, or having your wisdom teeth pulled without anesthetic. Only a woman could possibly describe it accurately. All I know is I saw the blood vessels breaking in their faces as they strained to push, and I heard profanity and words that I never heard in a hitch in the Navy. Even angels have to cuss once in a while, when the pain comes to bear.

The birthing process is only the initiation which leads to a lifetime enlistment into the responsibilities of "motherhood". Only an angel could stand the rigors of working all day, caring for a constantly demanding little critter, with needs beyond the comprehension of the average person. Only an angel spend the day at the beckoned call of this little creature, while keeping a house, and taking care of others as well as herself. Only an angel could stand the rigors of such responsibility, and then spend her night sleeping with one eye open, and one ear tuned to the slightest sound from the crib. Walking the floors with a newborn, nursing or feeding with a bottle, burping, rocking, and soothing, only to sleep a couple of hours and start the routine all over again.

This is "God's Bootcamp for Motherhood". The REAL work is yet to come.

Only a mother is required to hold down several full time jobs, such as housekeeper, cook, laundress, referee, nurse, and companion to her mate while still finding time for her "part time" jobs as a soccer mom, PTA president, room mother, den mother, and sunday school teacher

Only a "angel "can spend her night, looking after a child with a stomach virus, cleaning the child when he has diarrhea and cleaning up after him, when he throws up in his bed and all the way to the bathroom, but still finds time to comfort the sick child and tell him "that's alright sweetheart" while she cleans the vomit from the hallway carpet in the middle of the night.

Mom's are there when our egos are wounded, when we get beat up by the neighborhood bully, and when we fall from our bike and tear our knees open to the bone. They are there to punish us when we are bad, and to ground us when we don't obey. They wash our mouth out with soap when we cuss, and use that same soap to wash our faces before they tuck us into bed at night. They perform the magic that insures that when we open our lunch boxes the waxed paper from the day before has been replaced by a fresh sandwich, and a banana. They perform the magic that transports our clothes from the pile in the basket on the floor in the bottom of

our closet, to the clean and pressed neatness, where we find them when we go to dress for school. These angels do all of that and still find time to sew our cub scout patch on our uniform shirt and make 3 dozen cupcakes for the valentines party at your school.

As we grow older as children, and finally reach adult hood, their duties seem to lessen, but the job is not done. My "guardian angel" was always there, just a telephone call away, any time I had a bad day, or a problem that I needed to discuss with someone. My mom, along with my first wife, insured that when they hollered "mail call" while I was in Viet Nam, I always had news from home and encouragement from my greatest fan. She wrote every single day, with few exceptions.

When I returned from Viet Nam, and was an actively drinking alcoholic, with no regard for my responsibility as a husband or father, she was still there. The "angel" was still there, along with the second "angel" God had blessed me with, my first wife" She was there to lecture and argue and fight with me. She was there to pressure me daily to quit. She was there when I fell, and picked me up. She also was the one that sought comfort in the Lord, and was there to lead me to a service in Frankfort NY. I went, only because I had reached a place of desperation in my life. Satan had a firm grip on my life, and the angel I called mom, was the only one that held one hand, and pulled hard enough to yank me back out of his grip. She talked me into going to that service. She facilitated my acceptance of Jesus as my savior, and she was the angel that rescued me from the hell of alcoholism, and held my hand when I checked into rehab the next day.

My guardian angel, went to Alanon meetings, and read everything that was written about alcoholism and recovery. She didn't interfere or guide my newfound sobriety, but she supported my works with AA, and my daily walk toward sobriety, one day at a time. Not long before she died, she told me once more how proud she was that I had lived and accomplished so much in life, since that day that she went with me to check into rehab, in 1976. I told her, that it was but by the grace of God, the AA program, and HER LOVE AND SUPPORT for all of those years, that I was able to continue to live happily without alcohol, one day at a time.

I was not a "mama's boy, and didn't live my life for my mother, or even by her rules. It was only in later years, as age started to bring realizations of the past, that I realized one certain fact. That fact is that even though I didn't live my life for my mother, SHE DID live hers for myself and my brother and sister. Only God can

give a woman the strength to be a mother.

My angel had a positive influence on my life from the day I was born, until the day that she died. She encouraged my career moves, loved her grandchildren, comforted me when I was blue, and celebrated with me when I was joyous. In the last two years of her life, she was my friend, and our companion on our travels. Her role changed from being MY angel, to being someone for me to watch over, and comfort. It was payback time.

Only a mother and an angel could lay in a hospital bed, kidneys failing, body shutting down, sheets pulled tight up under her chin, and still manage a smile and a "hi sweetheart" every time I entered her hospital room. My angel maintained her motherhood and her motherly love till the morning she closed her eyes to life on this earth and moved on to that place where angels are allowed to semi-retire.

My guardian angel has gone home to sit beside God, in a place where she has no more pain and no more responsibility. She has gone to collect her rewards for being the "Supermom" that she was to three of us. She still influences our lives, in her teachings that have remained fresh in our minds, and in our memories. My life is still influenced by those thoughts of " what would mom say" when I make some daily decisions. That influence continues to keep me on the straight and narrow, even though she has been gone for almost 4 years.

Mothers are angels. Their duties never go away, even in death. They are happy in life, and they earn that place at the feet of our Lord, where they are comforted and given peace, while having their motherly duties reduced to simply giving us a little twinge of memory now and again.

These Mother Angels go ahead of us to that place where we will all be together again. These Mother Angels go ahead to insure that our beds are made up, and there is plenty of cookies in the cookie jar when we ourselves, get there, and are reunited with MOM.

My only advice is this. If mom is still with you, worship her, and celebrate with her. Coddle her, and be grateful for her presence. Love her, and bring her happiness in life.

If mom has passed on, bring her happiness in heaven, by living by her teachings, and making her proud. Celebrate her life in memories, and don't grieve. She has gone to receive her rewards for the angel duties she performed here on earth. She is a true, full fledged,

white adorned, angel with wings now. She lives with God now, and has no responsibility for any further labor or duties. She is at rest. My angel hovers above, and still makes my life joyous with every thought and memory of her. When I do a good deed for my fellow man, she gives me the "old thumbs up", and when I do something that she would not be proud of, she gives me the old raised eyebrow look, and a pang of conscience that reminds me that she is still there and still watching over me.

I hope that all mothers rejoice in the special responsibility and privilege that God has bestowed upon them. I also hope that on this special day, "Mothers Day" has been a tribute to your hard work and loving care the rest of the year. I hope your day was recognized with gratitude and special recognition and pampering.

As a mother, just remember that God has brought you here as a special angel, and when your day is not what you would like it to be, remember that "If God brings

you to it, he can bring you through it". There is a special place in heaven for moms, and your spot is reserved!

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