

## Happy Mothers Day-A belated wish

Mothers are like fragile china. They are placed upon the table for special occasions. Next to them are forks and spoons and knives. They are part of the addition to the china but not the main purpose of it. China is often kept behind special shelves for very special occasions. If you pull it out too quickly or treat it shabbily it can crack, break or just lose its pattern. I have thought about moms often, since I have the very best in my humblest opinion.

She is a fine piece of china ware worn down by years of use. She has cooked and cleaned and washed and scrubbed and been mended. Her husband is like the glue that holds her together and helps keep her pattern together. There are times when you look at the pattern and you recognize it and it reminds you of days gone by. Long ago times with thanksgiving dinners and Christmas holidays. I look at those days and I am reminded of dreams we make up for ourselves. Dreams so precious that they remind us of the hopes we make for ourselves.

Mom is the most precious type of China I have ever seen. She was made from the finest materials and finest workmanship. Her pattern was unique and made in the furnace of Gods afflictions. These afflictions begin with the raw materials of birth and childhood, teenage years and woman hood. They are found in the precious love she found for my dad and the beauty they had helped create in us children. I am but one of the secondary patterns that was created by my parents. I do not see myself as beauty in holiness but more like the wild beast of the field. Grumpy like a bear that roots about the trees looking for grubs to chew on.

Okay, I am being slightly funny. After all there are not many people who can't say they don't have a mother that they love. When you count moms out there....well, you do come up with some interesting thoughts. Needless to say I have found that the hardest thing in the world for me to watch is the aging of mom. Not just the aging but the pain she bore and the pain my father bears for her. She is his shield and he her buckler. One might say suspenders. There must be a reason men start to wear suspenders. I've got mine stashed away for that awesome time when I can start to wear mine. I do think it must be close. It always begins with the pants beginning to slip. Then there is a need to go out and find belts. The whole family chimes in and says, "We need to find belts." It is a family project which takes everyone by surprise. "Belts" you say? "Yes belts." But it never ends with belts. One looks for the little notches in them until finally they are lost and one has to add or delete depending on ones prosperity.

There is however the one thought about moms that is less than funny. Why do we as humans throw away our old china ware? Or put it away and sell it at a garage sale? I think it's because of the memories of it. We literally don't want to remember the things we throw away. We toss them away like yesterday's garbage not seeing their value in the long stream of things. But I don't want to be that kind of person. I want to be a man who continues to recognize the beauty in the patterns that were originally created in all their beauty. I want to see the memories that go along with them. I don't care about the dark side or underside unless I am a collector of that pattern or styles. After all if you turn the plate over you begin to see some amazing information. Pattern marks, date of creations sometimes or even the pattern style. You have that information and it tells you everything about the maker but nothing about the one it was made for.

You look at it, study it and still I can't see my mother in it. She is the one who makes that pattern unique and beautiful. She is the one who literally makes the memories of it. Both are needed. Those who collect patterns from the maker but also those who can see the memories attached with each china ware.

Mom is the finest pattern I've ever seen. I see the maker in her. Yet I also see her own uniqueness. But that creative story is written in verses called the family unit. I see within her dad, my brother, my sister and myself. I also see within her a father, a mother and brothers and sisters. A virtual lineage of lines that goes back as far as the eye can see until you literally bump up against a potter's wheel.

There you ask him what he is doing. He smiles and he says "I'm making a lineage. A fine piece of china for the future. A glorious woman who will bring great and tremendous honor to her family. I asked him how he knew this. How did he know what she would be like.

He said "Simple. Each work is unique and no two are alike...ever. Each is given a special name and a special number. " I was puzzled a moment and then smiled, "I understand...You don't create the memories that go with this china ware. That's up to each of us." He laughed and I turned to go but wanted to ask one last puzzling question.... "IF we are individually numbered and crafted I don't know why we have to suffer pain and sorrow so much."

With a sigh he looked down at his hands which were wrinkled from countless hours spent at the potter's wheel. I looked and saw his own bent back, his apron covered in spattered mud and I began to see his dilemma. I wanted to cry but instead walked out the door.

Mom, you are the china ware of the Lord God most high. He chose you from the beginning and set a special pattern that holds this family together with your beauty. Hang on to your dreams and hopes and lets keep the memories of it close to our hearts.

With love

Your Son

Joel T. Akin

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