

Reflections of God Selected Scriptures

- I. **Mother's Reflect God's Sanctity of Life** (Gen. 1:26-27; 3:20)
- a. God is the Creator!
 - i. Human life is sacred, sanctified, holy because He **created man in His own image.**
 - ii. **male and female He created them**
 - b. **Eve** (יְהִי) = life
 - i. Mothers Reflect the Sanctity of God's original creative act (cf. Ps. 127:3)
- II. **Mother's Reflect God's Comfort** (Isa. 66:12-13)
- a. God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit always refers Himself as masculine (including His pronouns).
 - b. But rarely He will describe Himself with what I call a feminine touch.
 - c. In this passage God promises to Comfort His people like a mother and Mothers Reflect God's Comfort when they lovingly share it with their children.
- III. **Mothers Reflect God's Unconditional Love** (Matt. 23:37)
- a. This passage is another of God's feminine motherly self-descriptions.
 - b. The nation of Israel has rejected their King, but He doesn't reject them; like a mother hen He unconditionally loves them and goes to Calvary's Cross! (cf. Matt. 9:35-36; 14:14; 15:32; 20:34; Mark 1:41; 6:34; 8:2; Luke 7:3; John 3:16)
 - c. Mothers Reflect God's Unconditional Love every day!

- IV. **Mother's Reflect God's Knowledge** (2 Tim. 1:5; 3:14-15)
- a. God designed human children to need a great deal of care in the early stages of their lives.
 - i. This created a Divine opportunity for Mothers to Reflect the Knowledge of God on their children.
 - b. Paul made it clear that Timothy's faith was built on the foundational blocks of his mother Eunice's and grandmother's Lois' faithful upbringing.
 - i. It is often a Mother's imparting of the Knowledge of God **that leads to salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus**
 - c. "No nation is greater than its mothers, for they are the makers of men." (W. L. Caldwell; 1928)

Blessings on the hand of women!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
Oh, no matter where the place;
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain,
Power may with beauty flow,
Mother's first to guide the streamlets,
From them souls unresting grow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or evil hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love imperaled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

(William Ross Wallace; 1865)