

I LOVED MY MOTHER BUT.....

My father never went to church. My mother always went to church. Guess which one I went with? My mother felt she was called by God to be a missionary. She attended Hardin Simmons Baptist University, but because she was rather sickly, she could not pass the physical exam to go to a mission field. Her compensation was to volunteer to do everything in the little Baptist Church I grew up in and she drug me along with her while she did it.

You might think she would try to make a missionary out of me, but she had other plans. She wanted me to be a physician. I was the youngest of three sons and felt the pressure of pleasing my mother. God, however, had other plans for me. When I was 12 I distinctly felt that I should be a preacher. It was hard to tell my mother, but she didn't stand in my way.

I appreciate my mother for many things, most of which, was expose me to the gospel of Christ and put me in a position where God could speak to me. She wasn't perfect, though. I remember when I first became aware of that. I saw things in her that I didn't like. She often offered me advice that I not only wouldn't take, but angered me in the process. Although I do not blame her for "the way I am", I can see some of the negative things about her I didn't like in me, and that saddens me.

Since becoming a father and grandfather, I often wonder if my kids see things in me that they don't like. I'm sure I'm guilty of offering unsolicited advice from time to time, but I hope they don't like some of me they see in themselves.

Parents are people too. Never forget that. Although we all have clay feet, its still right to show them a little respect from time to time. After all, you will probably be them, eventually.