



A MOTHER'S BIBLE

by Dr Bruce Woolard

A Mother's Bible

An 18-year-old teenage boy, who had grown up in an orphanage, was called to the office of the Mother Superior, the Chief Matron of an Orphanage. As he waited in the lobby for his name to be called he shuddered and trembled at the thought that this was his final day at the convent. Within the next hour or two he would walk out through the doors into a world of commerce and industry. For the first time in his life he would be on his own with nothing except his meagre belongings in his suitcase. Where he would live, how he'd survive were questions that galloped through his mind, like horses on a race track. He stood there gazing through the stained glass windows as new arrivals to the orphanage made their way through the entrance doors. He could not recall how he felt when he first arrived at the orphanage. He was only an infant when admitted. His mother had died and his father could not be traced. Now after eighteen years, as an orphan, he was ready to leave and face an uncertain future. He was unaccustomed to shedding tears, because the harsh conditions and treatment at the orphanage had hardened his emotions.

As a boy he often wondered how different life would have been had his mother not died. Questions such as, what did she look like? Where did she come from? What colour were her eyes? were left unanswered. If only he had something that belonged to her which he could call his own. A photograph, or two, perhaps a letter or even a handkerchief, with the smell of her favourite perfume. If only there was something that he could cling to, to give him some identity and purpose or link with the past. As he reflected on the cruelty of life and the raw deal of being left alone, with no-one from his family to love and care for, he was suddenly rocked back on his heels as he heard his name being announced over the crackling public address system. He composed himself, dusted the dandruff from his blazer collar and walked into the Matron's office. With a grunt and a groan, she barked out orders and told him to sit. Clutching the suitcase handle with both hands he politely took his seat, facing the surly Matron. She never looked up at him and said "Boy, you do realise that when you leave these premises this place will no longer be your home. We have done all we can

for you. The rest is now up to you. You may now leave.” As is the custom in most establishments, items are registered and kept in a safe place when you arrive and are given back to you when you leave.

The boy got up, and as he turned to leave the room he heard her say “Wait boy, there is something I have to give to you.” She unlocked the safe and handed him a brown paper parcel. “This was dropped here by the court officials when you arrived here as an infant. It belongs to you.”

The boy walked from the orphanage into a world filled with uncertainty and mystery. The first night he sat under a street light, unwrapped the parcel and found a book, his mother’s Bible. With both hands and with a heart full of gratitude he pressed the Bible against his cheek. An orphan boy without a home and nowhere to go had now at last found a precious possession that once belonged to his mother. He no longer felt empty and alone but was filled with joy and comfort. The verses in the Bible that stood out, had been marked by his mother. She had underlined special verses that brought her comfort in her misery. He read the notes written on the back page and for the first time learned that when she was pregnant, filled with the paradox of joy and fear and emotions mixed with gladness and sadness, she wrote of her pregnancy and how her lover was away fighting a war in a distant land. She expressed in simple words her wish that he should only know that she was expecting his child when he returned from the war. She would wait and hopefully present to him their child. But tragically, like many young men, he died on the battle field fighting a war he did not start. A war that ended his life before it could start. She never knew his fate because soon after giving birth she died of internal complications. A little boy in the world with no father or mother was dropped off by the local authorities at the orphanage with some tattered clothing and a well-read leather Bible. That boy was given a key that would unlock the door to a new world of opportunity. One day he would preach the Gospel, because he had found the answer and meaning to life in his mother’s Bible.

Mom the greatest legacy you can leave your children and grandchildren is your Bible filled with words of hope and inspiration. I could never find my

mother's Bible but let me assure you she was a living, walking Bible. She lived a humble life, filled with sincerity and devotion. She taught me how to pray, how to live, how to love and how to care. If she were here today she would say to me "Please do not talk about me." (She would have been 110 years of age at the time of my writing this tract). That means she was 40 years old when I was conceived.

Modern medical practitioners do not recommend that women over the age of 40 conceive. I am so glad that my mom knew nothing about modern medical opinion. No doubt I was an unplanned child, a mistake? With God there are not mistakes. A mother's Bible could change the course of history. God bless you mother's. You are indeed God's gift to us.

A mothers Bible should highlight the following verses:

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| 1. A mother's dedication | 1 Samuel 1:11 |
| 2. A mother's protection | Exodus 2:3 |
| 3. A mother's training | 2 Timothy 1:5 |
| 4. A mother's prayer | Genesis 21:16-18 |
| 5. A mother's love | 1 Kings 3:28 |
| 6. A mother's triumph | Matthew 15:25-28 |
| 7. A mother's wish | Romans 10:9 |



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