

Poem for Mothering Sunday 2020

I

It was early, still dark and just before dawn
Such a happy occasion when my son was born
We were so overjoyed, his daddy and me
We dreamed of his future -what he would be
But I had nagging feelings - all was not right
My son didn't notice things- not even bright light
We consulted physicians – what did they find?
In sad tones they told us our baby was blind.
Of course we looked at each other- his mum and
his dad
We blamed our two selves – had we done
something bad?
The Pharisees and others were sure of our sin
But despite all our protests we just couldn't win
So despised by our neighbours- the Pharisees too
We got on with our lives – what else could we do?
We loved our small son, taught him all that we
could
To be kind, to be strong, to love God, to be
good.

II

And one day he left us, he had his own plan
Became just a beggar but independent – a man.
Of course people mocked him but he just
carried on
We'd prepared him quite well- our wonderful son.
And then one fine Sabbath Jesus walked by
He looked at our son and his followers asked
Why? Have his family done wrong – is that why he
can't see?
But Jesus said No- that's not how it will be.
In God's eyes this man is a fine channel to show
there's more than one way of seeing
and this you should know.

Then Jesus mixed spit with mud on the ground
He rubbed our son's eyes while crowds stood
around
Told him to bathe and then my dear son could
see!
He told us himself, his dad and then me
Of course the Pharisees questioned – was he
born without sight?
Even came to our home- this gave us a fright
We'd suffered before at the hands of these men.

III

So we told them to go ask our brave son once
again,
and off they went fuming , sure they were right
They couldn't twist what had happened try as
they might
My son had the eyes for their tricks to see
through
And asked them if they wished to be followers
too
They doubted that Jesus was who that he said
But my son said , 'It's obvious' which made them
see red
So they sent him away, they were too blind to
see

And Jesus was sad that was how it would be
They are blind to the truth they really can't see
that the light of the world and the way- well, it's
me.

I'll nurture and love you whoever you are
And working together we can go far
We can open the eyes of sister and brother
And give love and support just like a Mother
But remember the Father right up above
Is there for us always - no greater Love.

**Liz Hawkins (*inspired by the story of the
man born blind, John 9:1-41*)**