



Mother's Day Christian Poems

- A mother who always cares, A mother who's always there. A mother who always prays, A mother who always stays. When things get rough, When life gets tough, When all is just too much to bear, God's Word she shares. God's light she shines. So blessed God made this mother mine. — Author unknown
- God took the fragrance of a flower ... The majesty of a tree ... The gentleness of

morning dew ... The calm of a quiet sea ... The beauty of the twilight hour ... The soul of a starry night ... The laughter of a rippling brook ... The grace of a bird in flight ... Then God fashioned from these things a creation like no other, And when his masterpiece was through He called it simply Mother. —Herbert Farnham

- Motherhood is more than a stage—it's a lifelong calling from God. With it He gives us hearts that love deeply, hands that serve

tirelessly, and vision to see, His blossoming image in the precious ones entrusted to our care. We just want to thank the Lord.

For a Mother such as you, You were there throughout the years Whatever we went through And we just want to say that we Love you so very much And we're praying that the Lord Will shower you in love. —M.S. Lowndes

- We just want to let you know, How much that we love you, As a Mother and a Grandmother, You've shown what love can do, For you are a true example, Of a Mother's tender love, And a demonstration of Godly faith, That you've passed down to us. —M.S. Lowndes

God's Helpers

- God could not be in every place, With loving hands to help erase, The teardrops from each baby's face, And so He thought of mother. He could not send us here alone, And leave us to a fate unknown; Without providing for His own, The outstretched arms of mother. God could not watch us night and day, And kneel beside our crib to pray, Or kiss our little aches away; And so He sent us mother. And when our childhood days began, He simply could not take command. That's why He placed our tiny hand Securely into mother's. The days of youth slipped quickly by, Life's sun rose higher in the sky. Full grown were we, yet ever nigh, To love us still, was mother. And when life's span of years shall

end, I know that God will gladly send, To welcome home her child again, That ever-faithful mother. —George W. Wiseman

To Mother

- You painted no Madonnas, On chapel walls in Rome, But with a touch diviner, You lived one in your home. You wrote no lofty poems, That critics counted art, But with a nobler vision, You lived them in your heart. You carved no shapeless marble, To some high-souled design, But with a finer sculpture, You shaped this soul of mine. You built no great cathedrals, That centuries applaud, But with a grace exquisite, Your life cathedraled God. Had I the gift of Raphael, Or Michelangelo, Oh, what a rare Madonna, My mother's life would show! —Thomas W. Fessenden

A Mother's Love

- There are times when only a mother's love, Can understand our tears, Can soothe our disappoints, And calm all of our fears. There are times when only a mother's love, Can share the joy we feel, When something we've dreamed about, Quite suddenly is real. There are times when only a mother's faith, Can help us on life's way, And inspire in us the confidence, We need from day to day. For a mother's heart and a mother's faith, And a mother's steadfast love, Were fashioned by the angels, And sent from God above. —Author Unknown