

**Mother's Day Sermon**  
**Gabrielle Doyon – Mother's Day, May 13, 2007**

I'm a senior in high school. I will be graduating in about a month, and in August I will be going away to college. Lately, I have been joking around with my mom, telling her to make the most of the next couple months. I con her into doing little things for me, like making me snacks or cleaning or putting things away for me. You know, those little tasks associated with being a "Mommy" When she tells me I'm almost a college student and I can do it myself, I respond with, "Come on, Mom! I'm not at college yet. You're still my mommy. That's what mommies do!" And there is a slight bit of truth in these words of jest: when I am away I won't have my mommy there to cook or clean or organize things for me. But those little "mommy things" aren't all that mommies do.

At a very young age in the Christian church, we are taught about the love of God. God loves all of his children, no matter what. God's love is unconditional and everlasting. In order to embody his love to each and every one of his children, God blessed us all with mothers and fathers.

A mother's love begins before a child is even born and lasts until the end of time. As babies, we are pretty easy to love. But, as we get older, we put the love of our parents to the test. These tests begin at about... 4 years of age. Tantrums, little defiant gestures, never behaving in public... you know the drill. And as much as mothers will scold and make use of "time out", they are always there to tuck their babies in at night, give them a kiss on the forehead, and tell them how much they are loved. Then there are the early teen years, where for some odd reason, it's not cool to be happy or something like that. I was there, and as I look back, I still don't get it.

However, I do know that many, many adolescents rebel, are angry all the time, and blame their parents for pretty much everything. There are plenty of fights in most households where the words, "I hate you" are thrown around quite a bit by the children in the family. For me, as many times as I claimed that I hated my parents, and that they did not love me, my parents insisted that they loved me twice as much. And I have never been able to forget that.

I do not know what I would do without my mother. I do know that I would not be standing here before you if it were not for her. I would not be the motivated individual that I have grown into. I would not appreciate life like I do and I probably would have never become a member of this parish. I am sure God would have found some other way into my life, but I could not be happier that he chose this path over any other. God sure knew what he was doing when he gave us mothers. He made no mistakes there. Personally, I cannot even begin to imagine what life would be like if he had done it any other way...without mothers.

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Think about it: How much would we miss out on if we were not blessed with mothers? As children, we would have had no one to cry to when we scraped our knees. Who would teach all of us girls how to put on make-up and jewelry while we were playing "dress-up"? And just imagine the ridiculous decrease there would be in creative kindergarten art! Crayons just may have gone out of business. There would be so many less people to make pretty pictures for without mothers. Finger-painting would lose half of it's appeal. Not only would there be less people to make beautiful artwork for, but there would be no one around to get angry when the paint ended up not only on the paper, but also on the carpet, on the walls, in hair, on noses, between toes... what fun would it be?

Then, as we all grew, and began having little disagreements with friends in school... who would we have gone to for advice? Where would we have all turned when we needed help with schoolwork? And as we grew even more, who would we blame stuff on? When life didn't turn out as we had always hoped, there would be no one to blame except ourselves. As a thirteen year old in today's world, that just doesn't cut it. If we lived in a world without mothers, there would be two less shoulders available for crying on after our first experience of heartbreak. Who would explain to us that we deserved better? Who would edit all of our school papers in middle school? Who would embarrass us in front of all of our friends? Who would we make fun of for wearing ridiculous clothing back when they were young? Who would we take all of our anger out on? I mean, who else's love is as unconditional as the love of a parent? Who else would teach us the importance of saying we were sorry? Barney and Big Bird do both impress the importance of apologizing to their audiences... but I don't think they get the meaning across quite as well as a mother would.

More importantly, who would introduce us to the healing powers of chocolate? I think a majority of, at least the women out there, will agree that chocolate is a vital staple in almost any girl's life. Without mothers, we could very well all be ignorant to the remedial abilities of chocolate. There are so many things in life that we would miss in a world without mothers. Above all without mothers, who would teach us about love? Love. That's what mommies do. And I just hope that all of the mothers out there realize how much they are appreciated, and how much we love them too. No matter how far away we go, nothing can interfere with the love between a mother and child. So, Mom, even when I am four hours away next year and I don't have the opportunity to talk to you as much as you would like... always remember: "I'll love you forever. I'll like you for always. As long as I'm living, my Mommy you'll be ".