

**Irish poet Evan Bolan**

The longer I live  
the more of your presence  
I find laid down  
weave upon weave  
within my life.

Something in you loved to inquire  
in the neighborhood of care;

Searching its transparent rooms  
for the fallen glances of God.

Then when the beauty of the whole thing overcame you  
you would gaze quietly upon me  
with the look of love.

When I came along  
you were no longer your own.

A new courageous you  
began to see me from the inside,  
for you proudly carried me under your heart  
when the world outside was not ready for me.

You were my shelter of warmth,  
my every flow and ebb that fed me with life.

Sometimes in our relationship with our mothers we adopt the attitude of the cat and take the love and care our mothers for granted. We take ourselves to be gods and mothers are simply there to serve us. On a day like this we are invited to adopt more of the dog's attitude and be thankful and grateful for mothers' love and care. I think the most beautiful thing that God ever created is a mother.

*There are three kinds of love: eros (sensual or romantic love), philia (serviceable or beneficial love), and agape (sacrificial or unconditional love). Which one of these best describes a mother's love. It is agape, unconditional, sacrificial, untiring love.*

A mother's love is unconditional. Mother loves us whether we are beautiful or ugly, smart or dull, able-bodied or handicapped, a success or a failure in society, whether we are grateful to mother or ungrateful. Sometimes the work of a mother consists literally in feeding the mouth that bites her.

A mother's love is sacrificial. Unlike the love of friendship where we look forward to some kind of reward, a mother's love seeks to give even to the point of risking her life. In the developing nations every pregnancy is a mortal danger because many women die in pregnancy and childbirth. Even in the developed nations it is still a risk. I remember in religion class of a case in Britain a few years ago of a woman who was found to be pregnant with eight babies in her womb. She was advised by her doctor that unless she did an abortion and removed some of them, her own life was at stake. She refused to abort any of them. Unfortunately she ended up losing all eight through miscarriage, but you can see how she risked her own life in order to give life to the unborn babies in her womb. This is the kind of love that made Jesus give up his own life to save us.

I can't earn love, but I can give it away. Does anyone know what authentic love look like? Well yes, everyone does look around look for a mother. She gives her blood during a pregnancy. She gives her milk after the child is born. She gives her sleep for the first two years; she gives immense amounts of her time and her sweat and her attention to her child. And in giving, she receives, perhaps not immediately, but she receives love. It comes not always from

the child, but always from God. Authentic love does not look much like what you see on television. It looks a lot more like what you see in your mother, and hopefully your father too.

This is why we love our mothers. You have taught us to love. You have given us the love you received from God, and have taught us to share it with another by your very sharing it with us. May we honor you, our mothers, by giving the love you have given us, even until it hurts. May we honor our Blessed Mother, who first received Love Incarnate, Jesus Christ, and then gave Him to us all.