

May 14, 2023

Happy Mother's Day

A Mother Unlike Any Other

Matthew 1:1-5; Ruth 1:6-18

- Matthew 1:1-3
 - Tamar and Judah
 - Genesis 38
 - Matthew 1:4-5a
 - Rahab the harlot (except here)
 - Romans 8:1
 - Joshua 2, 6; Hebrews 11; James 2
 - Matthew 1:5b
 - Ruth
 - Ruth 1:6-18
 - Ruth's Response (verse 16)
 - She says, "Do not urge me to leave you or not to follow you"
 - The word "urge" in today's vernacular would be "don't come at me with that nonsense"
 - In other words, it's useless to say it, it won't end well—just stop
 - Then she says, "where you go, I will go"
 - Ruth loves this woman and trusts her to make good, solid decisions
 - Then, "Where you lodge, I will lodge"
 - She's not going with Naomi just to see the sights and enjoy a vacation, this is a lifetime commitment of not only
- living with her, but caring for her—ensuring of her wellbeing
 - Then, she says, "your people shall be my people and your God, my God"
 - Ruth has, undoubtedly, heard of the goodness of God and the remarkable story of God's people from Naomi
 - Then, she says in verse 17, "Where you die, I will die, and there I will be buried."
 - Not even death will separate her love for Naomi—"you may be dead, but I'll be right with you when it's my time"
 - Finally, "Thus may the LORD do to me, and worse, if anything but death parts you and me."
 - This commitment is sealed with a vow to the LORD—He is in charge of this relationship
 - This commitment to Naomi from Ruth illustrates perfectly the relationship that is to be had between husband and wife
 - Ruth and Boaz (Ruth 4)
 - Blessing from the elders include Tamar and Judah and their "descendants"
 - Hebrew word means "seed"
 - Genesis 3:15--"And I will put enmity Between you and the woman, And between your seed and her seed; He shall bruise you on the head, And you shall bruise him on the heel."

Mother's Prayer

I was but a youth and thoughtless, as youths are apt to be;
Though I had a Christian mother who had taught me carefully.
There came a time when pleasure of the world came to allure,
And I no more sought guidance of her love so good and pure.
Her tender admonitions fell but lightly on my ear,
And for the gentle warnings, I felt an inward sneer.
But mother would not yield her boy to Satan's sinful sway,
And though I spurned her counsel, she knew a better way.
She made my room an altar, a place of secret prayer,
And there she took her burden and left it in His care.
And morning, noon and evening by that humble bedside low,
She sought the aid of Him who understands a mother's woe.
I went my way unheeding, careless of the life I led,
Until one day I noticed prints of elbows on my bed.
I saw that she had been there, praying for her wayward boy,
Who for love of worldly pleasure would her peace of mind destroy.
Long the conflict raged within me, sin against my mother's prayers,
Sin must yield - for Mother never, while she daily met Him there.
And her constant love and patience were like coals upon my head,
Together with the imprints of her elbows on my bed.
And so at last the fight was won, and I to Christ was led,
And mother's prayers were answered
By her elbows on my bed.

--Author unknown