



10 May 2009

Dear Parishioners,

Last Sunday, I was talking to a parishioner who is a mother of twin girls and a young boy. With her husband, she takes the kids on bike rides: he pulls the twins in a carrier while she has their son attached to the back of her bike like some kid-friendly tandem.

Recently, she mentioned to her son that he would be getting his own bike so he can ride independently. And, in so many words Benjamin responded: 'Because of the umbilical cord I'll always stay attached to you.' From personal experience I know this little guy possesses a love for big words and has an amazing vocabulary for his age. A budding Ob-Gyn, perhaps?

Mother's Day reminds us of this life-long attachment, no matter our age. And what we need to remember is that this attachment is more than biological. It is of the heart. Any true mother cares and nurtures for her child in countless, selfless ways that mirror the maternal heart and face of God. And such attachment can never be severed, even though the mind may no longer remember.

My own mother no longer remembers me. She no longer recognizes my face. When I bend to kiss her face, she looks at me and asks: "Who are you?" And I will say: "Mom, it's Tim!" And, most times she responds: "Tim...I love that name."

Now she may not recall who I am, but she can remember the lyrics of songs from the past. Once as I sat near her, feeling bereft and frustrated over this disease, she smiled, and out of the blue sang: "*I'll be with you in apple blossom time...*" And it was like revelation: I was made to see that, despite the dementia and vicissitudes of life, there still exists within my Mom a love that remembers. And in that fleeting moment, I sat there listening: holding on to the hope and mysterious wonder of it all.

Happy Mother's Day to all who give us life and help us hold on...

*Fa. Tim Clark*