

The Fellowship of Mothering
(At Mary's Table)

Oh Sister, Mother, Mary, Friend,
This holy call that doth us rend,
You teach us how to brave attend
With thee

I, Eve, the first to bear a man
First, too, to hurt, to mar God's plan
But soothed to know my bairn's heel sin
Will crush!

I, Sarah, yearned for mother's worth,
For child of promise, child of mirth
'Til by God's word, miraculous birth
I knew

Jochebed, a mother bearing in chains
Delivered a deliverer, Moses by name
Raised to lead Israel from slavery's shame,
By God

No husband's love my ache could quell,
Before God gave me Samuel;
I, Hannah, a prophet to Israel
Presented

We're gentile moms, Rahab & Ruth,
Drawn in the line to Jesse's root.
Our sons Boaz, Obed, helped bear Truth
To All

Though Jesse's wife, not known by name
Except by my son, David's fame
My humble place I still do claim,
At th' table

As do mothers of the exiled ones,
Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, our sons
Supped more than our milk, so as stars they shone,
In exile

So, through lines and deeds bright and dark, we've borne

Our hearts we have rent, our souls have been torn;
The moms of the ages to nurturing sworn
By Love

But Mary, Mother, you excel us all;
Your yield to the Spirit, you answered the call
To carry the One who'd redeem the Fall,
Our Saviour!

Your virginal womb, your pondering heart,
Your sword pierced soul — these set you apart
From us who taste motherings' fruit- sweet and tart;
We salute you.

Denise Stair-Armstrong
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