
Sunday, May 14, 2017
Did You Know?

“A Tribute to My Mother”

If you've been reading these DYK columns you know that I don't like to speak too much about my personal life. It's not because I'm a private person, rather it's because my life just isn't that exciting. The other reason is that there just isn't enough space, so I have to get to the point, but because today is Mother's Day I'm going to speak about my mother and the influence she had on me. My mother died in February, 1998 at the relatively young age of 57, when I was just a wee 29 years old.

Though my mother wasn't perfect, she was a godly woman. She always carried around a big purse, which appeared to contain all the contents of her life, but I realized her purse was so big because she always carried her Bible/hymnal. Wherever she went, her Bible went with her. She loved the Scriptures.

She wasn't the most spiritually gifted woman, but she did have some spiritual gifts. She wasn't a powerful evangelist or communicator, but the one gift that stands out to me was her generosity. You see, my dad kept really tight purse-strings on the money, so my mother had to save whatever cash that came her way in some secret place, which wasn't that secret as we all knew it was her sock drawer. Her generosity seemed to spill over mostly toward missions. The Cambodian missionary we support, Kreg Mallow, was her colleague back in the day, and before his departure, my mom and dad took them out for dinner and handed them an envelope.

God spoke to her on occasion through her dreams. One time when I was in high school, living in sin and drinking on the weekends, my mom said to me, "Peter, I had this dream and in it, I saw you drinking. Do you drink?" Of course, I flat out denied it, but man did that give me a scare. I think I told God to stop doing that, but here's a more significant dream. When my brother and I were around 10 years old (give or take), my mom told us this dream she had. In the dream my brother and I were laying in the floor of the basement of the church. We were alive and we weren't on the floor, but in the floor. So, she says to us. "John, Peter, (in Korean, Kwangeun-ah, Kwangkook-ah) I think when you guys get older, you will be foundations in the church." What is a ten-year-old to make of a dream like that? Well, I tucked it away and forgot about it, and then after university, when both my brother and I were called into pastoral ministry, I remembered what my mom had told us.

Well, that's a little tribute to my mom. To all the mothers reading this, you cannot imagine how much your faith matters to your children. It's not just the one-time huge things that you do. In fact, I believe what speaks even louder, are the million small things that you do. Those million things paint a picture for your children of genuine faith and love for Christ. So hang in there. Thank you, God, for mothers!

Soli Deo Gloria!

Pastor Peter