

My dear brothers and sisters,

This Sunday we are celebrating Mothers Day. When I started to write something about Mothers Day, I thought why I don't make it something personal, what was my mother to me and how she helped in my formation, especially because it is going to be two years on the 15th of this month, since she left us for her eternal reward and I was planning to be there with my siblings and loved ones to offer Holy Mass and pray at her grave side, but due to the lockdown it did not become possible. Today let each one of us think about one's own mother and thank God for such a great gift.

My mother:

In my childhood the Mass was in Latin and it was so to say the action of the priest and the altar server. Since the language used was Latin and people did not understand it, they used to pray rosary during Mass; the priest would say the prayers and the altar servers had to respond. At the request of our Parish Priest my mother started teaching my brother and I too memorized the prayers and started serving at the Mass at the age of five. She used to talk to me about Mass and how great a privilege it is to be able to serve at the Mass. Later she often talked to me about the dignity of priesthood and religious life and gave me periodicals from the mission fields. Thus, she was the one who sowed the seeds of vocation in my mind as a result after my studies I joined a Religious Congregation and became a missionary priest.

When I was in the high school, I had to walk ten miles every day to and from the school. When I reach home, my dress would be dirty with sweat and since I had only one set of dress I had to wash everyday and she would press it every day, not with electric iron but by a steel pot with hot water in it. Thus, she taught me to be neat and tidy in any situation.

Those days we were not rich but there would not be anybody starving in our neighborhood because she would reach food for them in secret. All the children would gather around her to get candies. But once it choked in the throat of a child it was the end of her distributing candies. The money or gifts she used to get, she never used for herself but was given to others, no needy person would go empty handed from her presence.

When she became ill and not able to go to the church for Mass and there was no Mass broadcast on the TV, she asked me to record my Mass and give to her and thus she was attending the Mass everyday until her sight started failing. Then she started praying the Rosary and Divine Mercy. We could see her throughout the day sitting on her chair or bed praying the Rosary. As a result, the fingers of her right hand remained every time as if holding a rosary, no one could separate them.

There are many more things I could write about my mother, but I'd shorten it in one sentence - my mother is the one who played a big role in my formation and life. Her unconditional love and selfless sacrifices and her prayers have made me what I am. I am always thankful to God for giving me such a great mother.

I know each one of you are also blessed with wonderful mothers. Today let us spend some time in thinking about our mothers and thanking God for them. Let us also express our appreciation and love for them by doing something special for them today. God bless the mothers, living and dead!

Fr. Francis Thekkumkattil.

