

# Two Who Never Gave Up

Stories of a mother's love are legion, and J. Wilbur Chapman, a 19<sup>th</sup> century Presbyterian evangelist, told a compelling one.

An old woman tripped and fell from the top of a stone stairway in Boston as she was coming out of the police station. They called a patrolman who took her to the hospital, and the doctor examining her said to the nurse, "She will not live more than a day."

When the nurse had won her confidence, the old woman said, "I have traveled from California, stopping at every city of importance between San Francisco and Boston, visiting two places always – the police station and the hospital. My boy went away from me and did not tell me where he was going, so I have sold all my property and made this journey to seek him out.

"Someday," she said wistfully, "he may come into this hospital, and if he does, tell him that there were two who never gave up on him."

When the night came and the doctor standing beside her said, "It is now but a question of a few minutes," the nurse bent over the old woman to say, "Tell me the names of the two, and I will tell your son if I see him."

With trembling lips and eyes overflowing with tears, she said, "Tell him that the two were God and his mother," and she was gone.

Is there any human love like a mother's love?

On this Sunday, Mother's Day, if your mother is still alive, honor her with your presence or, if that is not possible, with a telephone conversation. That is the gift she most prefers – time spent with you.

Value the opportunity, for the day will come – as it has for me – when that is no longer possible.

– Beecher Hunter

