

'We'll Have a Good Time Then'

As Mother's Day approaches, it's a proper time to consider the strength and depth of a mother's love.

The emotional bond between a woman and her offspring is one of the great mysteries of life: It is indefinable, unquantifiable and pure. A mother's love endures, forgives, encourages, inspires and never loses hope. It provides a glimmer of the love of the Heavenly Father.

Mothers, God bless them, are the central figures in His grand plan of creation. Naturally, they are essential in the reproductive process, and they are principal in shaping attitudes, personalities and values.

The lessons they impart are ingrained in the human psyche forever. Their love continually washes – and cleanses – the fabric of human existence.



Rebecca S. Hunter

When I was 5 years old, my mother, Rebecca S. Hunter, presented me to Miss Hazel Fitzpatrick, first-grade teacher at Seventh Street School in Cookeville, Tennessee. When she started to leave, and I bolted to follow her, she said, "Just remember, son, I'm proud of you. You'll be coming home soon, and we'll talk about what's happened. We'll have a good time then."

The years passed quickly, bringing high school, college and marriage. In 1962, I accepted a job as news editor of *The Cleveland Daily Banner*. It was time to leave my hometown and set out in the world to see where my career would take me.

My mother, saddened that 120 miles would now separate us, said, "Just remember, son, I'm proud of you. Come home as often as you can, and we'll talk about what's happened. We'll have a good time then."

In 1985, as my father was dying from the stroke he had suffered, and the family stayed close to his bedside at Cookeville General Hospital, I had occasion to be sitting alone in the hospital cafeteria. Glenn Ramsey, president of a Cookeville bank and longtime friend, stopped by and joined me for some food and conversation. "You have a pretty special mother, you know," he said.

"Well, I know that, but why do you say so?" I asked.

"I promised her I wouldn't tell you this, but I think you need to know," Ramsey replied.

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“While you were in college, three or four times your mother came to the bank for a loan. ‘Beecher needs some money for school,’ she told me, and, of course, I gave it to her,” Ramsey said. “Every time, she repaid the loan without missing a due date. I thought you ought to know.”

Although I had a part-time job, I remember her timely gifts of money and how much it helped. She was working the second shift at Wilson’s Sporting Goods in Cookeville. She had taken that job, she announced to the family earlier, to help her three sons go to college. It was a goal denied for her because both parents died while she was a teenager, and she had to drop out of school to care for three younger siblings – two girls and a boy.

My mother died on Sept. 2, 1999. In 11 days, she would have been 84 years old.

I’ve come a long way down this road called life, and every day brings me closer to its end. On Mother’s Day, sometime during the worship service at First Baptist Church, one of the pastors will ask all mothers to stand and be properly saluted with applause by the congregation.



When that happens, deep within my soul, I will be saying, “Just remember, Mama, I’m proud of you. I’ll be coming home before long. We’ll talk about all that’s happened, and we’ll have a good time then.”

Her children rise up and call her blessed (Proverbs 31:28 ESV).

– Beecher Hunter