Dear Mother

Danielle Kemp
Dear Mother

Dear Mother,
I spoke about you to my sisters in church today.
Some of them squirmed in their seats,
Others looked at me uncomfortably.
The teacher moved on quickly,
almost brushing you aside.
But the spirit came in,
for those who knew You.
I saw it in the eyes of an older woman,
A convert to the church.
I saw it in the eyes of a young mother,
As she wrestled her toddler,
soaking in as much as she could.

Mother,
why are so many of my sisters
so afraid to talk of You?
Why has Your name become so taboo?
We speak freely of Father,
We know that we are His beloved daughters.
But it seems silly for me to acknowledge
Father, without acknowledging You.

Mother,
Please bless my sisters,
that their eyes may be opened,
their hearts softened;
Please help them to know that
it’s okay to yearn for their Mother;
that as they learn of You
and speak of You
and feel of You,
they may begin to truly understand
the divinity within themselves,
reflected in their Eternal Counterpart.