

***Help Me,
Momma!***

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Anna M. Jarvis (1864-1948) first suggested the national observance of an annual day honoring all mothers because she had loved her own mother so dearly. At a memorial service for her mother on May 10, 1908, Miss Jarvis gave a carnation (her mother's favorite flower) to each person who attended. Within the next few years, the idea of a day to honor mothers gained popularity, and ***Mother's Day*** was observed in a number of large cities in the U.S. On May 9, 1914, by an act of Congress, President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed the second Sunday in May as ***Mother's Day***. He established the day as a time for "*public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country.*" By then it had become customary to wear white carnations to honor departed mothers and red to honor the living, a custom that continues today.

Ramona K. Cecil wrote this famous poem for ***Mother's Day*** entitled "*A Christian Mother:*"

*"God gives us many gifts,
But far above any other,
The first and best He gives us
Is the gift of a Christian Mother.*

*Her head bows over the Scriptures
Teaching children from God's Word.
Her hands are always busy
Doing service for her Lord.*

*Whenever her children need her
They know she's always there.
Her beauty's in the strength of faith
That she daily finds in prayer.*

*Her children love and bless her,
And in their lives we see
The lessons from the Savior
That were learned at Mother's knee."*

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One of the great preachers from the century past, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan (1863-1945) had four sons and there were all preachers. One day a close family friend came into the family study while they were all there. They saw one of the older sons, Howard, and asked “Howard, who is the best preacher in this family.” Knowing that Howard had a great admiration for his father he expected him to proclaim that Dr. Morgan was the best preacher, but Howard looked straight at him and said: “*My Mother!*”

There can be no argument, over the obvious fact, that a mother’s impact in the life of her children is gigantic! She is a leader, helper, lover, and comforter. Isaiah described the eternal City of Jerusalem as a mother:

“As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem.” Isaiah 66: 13

The impact of a mother upon a child is beyond measure, so is the impact of a child upon a mother. Listen to this anonymous poem:

*“One day as I was picking
The toys up off the floor,
I noticed a small hand print
On the wall beside the door.*

*I knew that it was something
That I’d seen most every day,
But this time when I saw it there,
I wanted it to stay.*

*Then tears welled up inside my eyes,
I knew it wouldn’t last
For every mother knows
Her children grow up way too fast.*

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*Just then I put my chores aside
And held my children tight.
I sang to them sweet lullabies
And rocked into the night.*

*Sometimes we take for granted,
All those things that seem so small.
Like one of God's great treasures...
A small hand print on the wall."*

The importance of the relationship between mother and child cannot be denied, should not be over looked, and must be pursued now, right now, more than ever before. Our children are wayward and adrift on the sea of a ultra – materialistic, mega – selfish, and astronomically wicked world. The pit – falls before them are innumerable. The opportunities for failure and destruction are everywhere. I can hear the children crying out now to mothers, grandmothers, and great grandmothers...*Help me, Momma, Help me!*

Today, *Mother's Day*, let's look at our text, evaluate our situation, and let the Lord speak, via the Holy Spirit to our hearts. Mommas the children need your help!

"And the inhabitants of Jerusalem made Ahaziah his youngest son king in his stead: for the band of man that came with the Arabians to the camp had slain all the eldest. So Ahaziah the son of Jehoram king of Judah reigned. Forty and two years old was Ahaziah when he began to reign, and he reigned one year in Jerusalem. His mother's name was Athaliah, the daughter of Omri."
II Chronicles 22: 1-3.

"Wherefore it came to pass, when the time was come about after Hannah had conceived, that she bare a son, and called his name Samuel, saying, Because I have asked him of the LORD. And the man Elkanah, and all his house, went up to offer unto the LORD the yearly sacrifice, and his vow. But Hannah went not up; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up until the child is weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may appear before the LORD, and there abide forever." I Samuel 1: 20-22.

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Here is some information from these two texts. Notice the meaning of some of these names:

- Athaliah – “*Jehovah has afflicted*” She was the daughter of Jezebel, and acted just like her mother! Her name shows that she blamed God for what had transpired in her life – ***God has afflicted me! It is all His fault!***
- Ahaziah – “*Jehovah has sustained*” She named her son after the thought: ***“Well, at least God gave me this child!”*** He was as wicked as his grandfather King Ahab (who God said was the most wicked King in Israel’s history to that point *I Kings 16: 33*), and God killed him by the hand of Jehu after he reigned for one year as king.
- Hannah – “*Grace and Compassion*” She is known as a wonderful mother, compassionate wife, and a surrendered servant to the Lord of heaven. As with most Bible names...her name describes her.
- Samuel – “*God has heard*” his mother prayed for a male child and when God answered that prayer, she named him for the Lord and surrendered him to the Lord’s house and service forever. Samuel became a Man of God with tremendous power of the Spirit and brought great hope to the nation of Israel.

Two different mothers and two different sons...all because they were two different mothers. The presence of God, in the family of Samuel, demonstrated by the life and actions of Hannah, his mother, made all of the difference in his life and his living. The wickedness of Ahaziah, demonstrated by his life and living, were installed by the wicked counsel of his ungodly mother, as noted in God’s holy Word.

“He also walked in the ways of the house of Ahab: for his mother was his counsellor to do wickedly.” II Chronicles 22: 3.

The impact of a mother’s counsel, teaching, or leadership of her children leaves a lasting impact on that child’s life, from childhood to adulthood...in every case!

Notice these important Biblical truths:

- It is the goal of God for humans to bear children – *Genesis 1: 28* and *Genesis 9: 1*. All couples may not give birth to children, but there are children for every couple. God set a goal for the earth to be filled with people...people that would worship and serve Him...to do that we must bear children.
- *Psalms 127: 3-5* tells us that children are a *heritage* from the LORD, also that they are a *reward* from the LORD. They are *blessings* and bring us *happiness*. There may be some argumentation with these promises sometimes and on some occasions, but I think we all say Amen to God's promises about children.
- *Deuteronomy 6: 6-7* God demands that we teach, direct, and lead our children according to His Words, His Way, and in His Will.

If we then have children, we must then also raise them...and therefore we must raise them right! The majority of today's chaotic/wicked issues did not begin in the White House, did not begin in the State House, did not begin in the Church House, they did begin in the child's house! In a meeting, just this week, with Congressman Andre Carson: he asked me, directly, what I believed to be the greatest issue with America's problems today. I told him, quickly, "Children." Children are the are the issue and the answer. The failures in the rearing of children have brought us to a place of no respect for any authority, not caring for anyone or anything but self, and a complete breakdown in society's moral compass (*Leviticus 19: 3*).

Mothers, here is where you-all come in. The greatest responsibility for the rearing of children has always been placed upon the birther of children...the mother. In *Isaiah 49: 15* the Scripture notes that a mother was given the ability to nurse her child...beginning a nurturing relationship like no other...starting at birth. No other person or thing can usurp that bonded position of a mother and her child.

Mothers...children cannot make it without you! Are there single dad parents...yes...is it easy for them...no...it was never meant for them to be in that position...they can succeed and many do and do so very well...but...it was meant for mothers to be in place, to assume their God given and anointed responsibilities.

What are those responsibilities:

1. Ecclesiastes 12: 13-14 – **To Fear God and Keep His Commandments.**
2. Proverbs 1: 8 – **To Assume the Position of Mother!** (Psalm 113: 9)
3. Phil. 4: 6 – **Adopt an Open and Obvious Life of Prayer.**

Mothers! We need you to step into the God given responsibilities like never before...Grandmothers...and Great-grandmothers too! God is calling you! America is calling you! The children...our children are calling you! *Help me, Momma...Help me!*

Thirty years ago, in one of my first revival meetings as a Pastor, an Evangelist friend from Ballard, West Virginia told the following story...I have never forgotten it nor the picture it indelibly printed in my mind and heart:

“While I was preaching a meeting, in a southern state, I was staying with one of the Church families. That family was a good family, but they had a teenage, wayward daughter. What I witnessed was that she was borderline out of control. She was very abusive toward her father and extremely mouthy toward her mother as well as totally disobedient to both. I tried to speak to the parents about her, but her mother, being very protective of her daughter, would not hear it. I tried to speak to the daughter, but she would have none of it. Each night, of the revival meeting, they attempted to get her to attend. Each night she had excuse after excuse, to which the parents gave in. On the final night of the meeting, they forced her to come with them. She openly cursed them, told them she hated them, and told them how much she hated the Church and unfortunately how much she hated the Lord.”

“I left before they did and was waiting in the entrance of the Church when they arrived. She was obviously angry and the parents obviously disgusted. They entered looking like they had been in a full-fledged fight. I shook the parent’s hands, the daughter walked right by. I had prayed for God to bring that little girl to that service, I had prayed for the opportunity to give her the gospel, and the chance to see Jesus change her heart. So, when the Pastor introduced me, I stepped to the pulpit and the Holy Ghost took over. He was preaching, I was listening just like everyone else. What was coming out of my mouth was not the message I had prepared, but it was exactly what was needed and exactly what she needed to hear. As the message went on, I thought to myself, it is all for her, this whole service has been all about her. I just knew God was going to break her heart and captivate her life and then call her to salvation...I knew she was going to come forward at the end...I just knew it.

The message ended. I gave the invitation and she did not move. I begged and pleaded and she just stared into space. I purposefully looked at her but she would not respond. Finally, I closed the invitation in despair. My heart was broken. I waited at the door to shake hands as the Pastor gave the closing prayer. She came, nearly running out of the service, but I grabbed her hand: ‘Young Lady, God was calling you tonight. Can you hear Him call you now?’ ‘No and I don’t care!’ she pulled away and ran out the door. There was a car full of teenagers waiting in the lot. As she pulled open the door her mother yelled to her. ‘Wait honey, don’t go! Come with us to take the Preacher out for supper!’ I will never forget the girls response: ‘No Mom, shut up, I’m not going with you, I’m going with my friends!’ The mother bowed her head in obvious defeat and turned to me and said: ‘Well, I tried, but that girl just has a mind of her own.’ She was 14 years old! We were standing, still shaking hands and talking, when a car slid into the parking lot. A young man came running to the door yelling that the car the young girl left in was in a bad accident just down the road. We all hurried to our cars and went to the scene. The car was over an embankment and on fire when we arrived. You could hear the cries of the teenagers inside. Several of us tried to get to the car, but we could not. The fire was too hot, the terrain was too severe. The young girl, still alive in the fire, was screaming out to her mother for help.

'Help me Momma...Help me!' 'Help me Momma...Help me!' Her mother cried back: 'We're trying baby, we're trying!' 'Hang on...we're coming!'

'Cry out to Jesus, honey...Cry out to Jesus to save you!' 'No, Momma no...I can't!' 'Cry out to Jesus to save you honey...hurry!' 'No, Momma, I can't...I'm already in hell!' Those were the last words that little girl ever spoke in this world...the very last words. I watched her mother collapse to the ground. We stayed there until the bodies were removed. I returned to the town and Church the day of the funeral.

We were standing near the grave as the casket was being lowered into it. The mother lifted up her swollen eyes, looked at me and said: 'I wish I had another chance...but I don't.' She dropped her head, took her husband's arm, and walked away. Her chance was over.

Momma, your chance is not!

Look into the eyes of your children. Hear them saying, with mouths closed, but hearts open: *Help me Momma...Help me!* Come quickly to their aid...accept your God given responsibilities. Turn your heart and life over to Him. Let Him lead you to the place of surrender, to the place of dedication, to the place of salvation if needed. But, come to Him today. Place your all on the altar. You have this chance...don't miss it Momma...Don't miss it!

Help me Momma...Help me!