

## Homily for the 6th Sunday of Easter



My Saint Augustine Family, we are in a Church full of mothers who have poured themselves out day after day, year after year with love that never clocks out, faith that never gives up, and grace that keeps showing up even on the hardest days. Mothers know that this moment belongs entirely to you. We are so glad you are here. I want every single one of you to leave knowing three things: you are seen, you are celebrated, and you were called by God Himself to do exactly what you do.

Now I want to say something, and I want you to really receive it. Your motherhood was not an accident. It was not a coincidence. It was not something that simply happened to you. Before the foundation of the world, God looked through the corridors of time, and He chose you specifically, intentionally, deliberately to be the mother of your children. Think about that for a moment. The God who spoke galaxies into existence, who set the stars in their courses and called them each by name that same God pointed to you and said, “That one. She’s the one I want for this assignment.” Not because you were perfect. None of us are. But because you were purposeful. Because He placed something inside of you, a love fierce enough, a faith strong enough, a spirit willing enough to walk out this calling with everything you have. And here’s what I love about the way God works. He doesn’t wait until we feel ready. He doesn’t call the qualified He qualifies the called. Every time you felt like you weren’t enough, God was already working through you in ways you couldn’t even see. Every prayer you prayed over your children He heard it. Every sacrifice you made quietly, with no applause and no audience He saw it. Every tear you cried in the middle of the night because you loved them so much it hurt; He counted every single one. You were called to this. And there is no higher calling on this earth.

Now thousands of years ago, a wise king sat down and tried to put into words what a woman of God truly looks like. And what he wrote has never stopped being true. Proverbs 31 tells us she is clothed with strength and dignity. She is not frail. She is not fragile. She is fortified by God Himself. Strength and dignity are her garments and mothers, that is your wardrobe, every single morning you get up and do what you do. It tells us she speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue. You know what that is? That’s the mother who teaches her children to pray before they know how to tie their shoes. That’s the mother whose voice is the first voice a child hears quoting Scripture. That’s the mother whose words become the inner voice her children carry into adulthood. It tells us she watches over the affairs of her household and does not eat the bread of idleness. She is diligent. She is attentive. She is present. Sound familiar? And then and this is where it gets glorious it says: her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her. Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all. Mothers, that verse was written about you. Not a mythical woman. Not an impossible standard. You right here, right now, at this table you surpass them all. The world may not always give you a standing ovation. But heaven has been applauding you all along.

I want to talk for just a moment about something we don’t say nearly enough. The most sacred work in the world doesn’t always happen in a pulpit or on a stage. Sometimes it happens at 6 o’clock in the morning, packing lunches and whispering a prayer over a backpack before a child walks out the door. Sometimes it happens in the carpool line. Sometimes it happens over a kitchen table with a math problem that neither of you quite understand but you figure it out together. Sometimes the most holy moment of the day is a mother sitting

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on the edge of a bed at night, stroking a child's hair and saying, "You are loved. You are enough. God has a plan for your life." That is not a small thing. That is eternal work. The world will try to tell you that motherhood is ordinary. That it's background noise to more important things. Don't you believe it for a single second. What you do every day is not ordinary. It is extraordinary. It is sacred. It is the work of building human beings who will carry the love of God into a world that desperately needs it. Every meal prepared, every wound kissed, every lesson taught, every boundary held, every "I love you" spoken it all counts. Every bit of it. God sees the details that the world misses, and He calls it holy. So, as we close this welcome and open this beautiful morning of celebration, I want to do something. I want to do what Proverbs 31 says: I want to rise up and call you blessed. Not just because it's Mother's Day. Not just because it's a nice thing to say over breakfast. But because you have earned every word of this blessing, and because God's Word declares it over your life. So, mothers, hear this: You are blessed in your rising and your resting. You are blessed in your going out and your coming in. You are blessed in the quiet moments no one sees and the loud ones everyone remembers. You are blessed when you feel strong, and you are blessed when you're running on nothing but faith and a cup of coffee. You are a Proverbs 31 woman. Clothed in strength. Speaking wisdom. Watched over by the same God who called you, equipped you, and is still walking every single step of this journey right beside you. The Bible says her children arise and call her blessed. So today, your church family rises with them. We call you blessed. We honor you. We celebrate you with full hearts and grateful voices. Mothers we see you. God sees you. And what He sees when He looks at this room is something beautiful. You deserve every moment of it. Now let's celebrate!

**Rev. Fr. Stephan Brown, SVD**