How Mothers Are Made


BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN

Mother love requires greater attention to individuals of the species. A mother must love each offspring as if it were the only one in the world. This means recognizing that human beings are not just individuals, but persons. In the animal order there are individuals; in the human order there are persons. The difference between an individual and a person is this: individuals are replaceable, and persons are not. For example, you go to buy oranges in a store and say, “No, this one is bad. Give me another.” But you cannot say that about children. A child is a person — unique, incommunicable, irreplaceable—that is why there is so much sorrow in a mother when one is lost. It is a person and an immortal soul that has departed.

This, incidentally, is why every mother gives to the child a name which implies dignity, uniqueness, and apartness. There is no greater refutation of Communism in the world than a mother. Because Communism denies the value of persons, it affirms that we are like grapes who have no other destiny than to have our life ground out of us for the sake of the collective wine of the state. Every mother arises to protest and proclaim, “This child of mine is a person and may not be submerged in any totality of a class or a state or a race; he is unique; he has a name; he is my son!”

That is how mothers are made. Nature had to prepare for them through millions of years by getting a love that would freely desire children, a love that would educate them, and a love that would sacrifice for them because of their sovereign worth as persons endowed with immortal souls. Such love could not come from the beast, for that kind of love is a gift of God.

Motherhood is too noble to be without an ideal. God, Who became Man, preexisted His Own Mother, as an artist preexists his own painting.

This Mother gave further example to all mothers by caring both for the Body and the Soul of Her Son. She cared for His Body, for she wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger. She cared for His Soul and His Mind, for He was subject to her. What a lesson for children to learn! This Child, Who was subject to His Mother, was also the Creator of the world. Every mother, when she picks up the young life that has been born to her, looks up to the heavens to thank God for the gift which made the world young again. But here was a Mother, a Madonna, who did not look up. She looked down to Heaven, for This was Heaven in her arms. This Child came not to save people from insecurity, or to make them rich and powerful, but to save them from their sins. Hence He was given the name of Jesus, which means Saviour.
TONIGHT, in Daisy Dell, the River Valley Club will be shimmering with excitement. There'll be talk of hormones. Tonight. Here in the Valley of Promise, the Snail Hall will be cooing with the rhythm of the James Boys. There'll be talk of weddings. Freshman in B-P will listen at their windows and plan their night out next week. This time of year seems more than somewhat occupied with plans for social events—few of which are sacramental. Take the Dunes parties, for instance. Maybe it's true that trudging barefoot along sandy beaches is good for curing "athlete's foot." But, playing stickball for seven innings can bring on a few other athletic aches and pains. And if a Jeroboam of champagne is left to cool while the game is in progress this can pave the way to numerous other non-academic complications with John Law, Jimmy Cricket, and Suzie-Belle. Too often under such circumstances the "love" bespoken between the man and his date becomes a meaningless gazing at each other instead of a looking together, a walking together in the same direction.

"Love under such circumstances" often becomes biological instead of intellectual and personal.

Need more be said?