

19 To Every Mother Who Was Never Thanked Enough A Mother's Day Special Edition

May 10, 2026

This week our family said goodbye to Don.

My father-in-law. Dawn's dad.

He was 87 years old and had been battling congestive heart failure. We knew it was coming. But knowing doesn't always make it easier.

What made it sacred was this:

Dawn was with him in his final moments.

She prayed over him – asking the Lord to ease his suffering and welcome him home.

And in that moment, as the prayer left her lips, he breathed his last.

Coincidence?

Possibly.

But I think not.

I think that was the Lord's answer to a daughter who loved her father well.

A quiet, tender, unmistakable whisper: **I heard you. He's home. No more pain. No more suffering.**

Revelation 21:4 promises: “He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed away.”

Don is living that promise today.

And so this Mother's Day arrives in our home wrapped in both grief and gratitude.

Which is possibly where many of you are today too.

Mother's Day Is Complicated

For some of you today is pure celebration.

But for others it arrives with an ache.

A mother who has passed. A relationship that was hard. A loss that is fresh.

Mother's Day has a way of surfacing all of it at once – the love, the grief, the gratitude, the regret, the longing.

And I think that's okay.

Because the truest honoring of mothers doesn't pretend everything was perfect.

It looks at the whole of who they were and says: **thank you.**

Scripture is clear on this.

Exodus 20:12 says: "Honor your father and your mother."

Not "honor your mother if she was perfect."

Not "honor your mother if the relationship was easy."

Honor your mother.

Because no mother is perfect.

But your mother is your mother.

And this life is short in comparison to eternity.

So if she is still here – tell her today.

If she has passed – honor her memory today.

Either way, don't let today go by in silence.

The Mother Who Never Got Enough Credit

I want to tell you about Dawn.

My wife. My partner. The mother of our children.

Dawn lost her own mother – Angeline, known to everyone as "Toni" for her middle name Antoinette – in 1990.

Unexpectedly.

Toni was young.

And just like that, Dawn was navigating life without her mother by her side.

Think about what that means.

Every hard day of motherhood that followed – and there were many – Dawn faced without the person who would have understood it most.

Every sleepless night. Every difficult decision. Every moment of doubt and exhaustion and wondering if she was doing it right.

She carried it without her mom.

And yet.

She became one of the most remarkable mothers I have ever known.

When we discovered that some of our children were neurodivergent – wired differently, learning differently, needing more than a standard classroom could offer – Dawn didn't hesitate.

She made a decision.

She set aside a career.

She stayed home.

And she built our children a sanctuary.

For years she homeschooled every one of them – tailoring her approach to each child's unique learning style, fighting for their confidence when the world might have labeled them as less than, pouring out her time and energy and love in ways that will never appear on a resume but will echo through generations.

She made raising and loving our children her career.

And she has never once asked for the recognition she deserves.

I am deeply and profoundly grateful.

Toni – I never got to know you the way I wish I could.

But I want you to know:

Your daughter is extraordinary.

Whatever you poured into her in the years you had together took root in ways that outlasted your time here.

She carried it forward.

She is carrying it still.

I have no doubt you are watching.

And I have no doubt you are so incredibly proud.

What Mothers Actually Do

Mothers give life.

Then they spend the rest of their lives giving more of it.

The sleepless nights nobody sees.

The prayers whispered in the dark when everyone else is asleep.

The hoping and hurting and waiting and rejoicing.

The meals made, the wounds bandaged, the tears wiped away.

The sacrifices that were never announced because that's not why they were made.

The years of showing up – not because it was easy, but because you were theirs and they were yours.

No mother is perfect.

But the love of a mother is one of the closest reflections of God's love we will ever experience on this earth.

Proverbs 31:28 says: “Her children rise up and call her blessed.”

Today is that day.

Rise up.

Call her blessed.

The Beach and the Sandpiper

I want to share a memory of my own mother.

I was sixteen. Desperate for a job. I had looked and looked and come up empty every time.

The discouragement had settled deep.

My mother saw it.

She didn't offer advice. She didn't give me a pep talk. She didn't tell me to try harder.

She took me to the beach.

Our haven. Our sanctuary.

We stood at the water's edge watching sandpipers dart back and forth with the waves – rushing up the shore as the water retreated, searching for whatever the ocean left behind.

We watched one bird running frantically and noticed it dropped something.

We both looked at each other.

And ran.

Desperate to see what treasure the sandpiper had found before the next wave washed it away.

We arrived breathless.

And discovered it was the bird's own poop.

We had sprinted across the sand to examine a sandpiper's poop.

We laughed until we couldn't breathe.

And in that moment – that ridiculous, unplanned, perfectly timed moment – the weight I had been carrying lifted.

Not because the job situation had changed.

But because my mother knew what I needed before I knew it myself.

That is what mothers do.

They read the room when no one else is paying attention.

They know when you need the beach instead of advice.

They find a way to make you laugh when you're drowning.

And sometimes the most profound thing a mother can give you isn't wisdom or answers.

It's just her presence.

Our Life Here Is Short

Don lived 87 years.

Toni left far too soon.

Both are reminders of the same truth:

The time we have with the people we love is not guaranteed.

Our life on this earth is brief in comparison to eternity.

So whatever you need to say to your mother today – say it.

Whatever thanks has been living in your heart unspoken – speak it.

Whatever distance has grown between you – consider closing it.

Not because she was perfect.

But because she was yours.

And because one day – whether it comes suddenly like Toni, or gently like Don at the end of a long life – the moment will pass.

Dawn got to pray her father home.

That gift – that sacred, unrepeatable moment – came because she was present.

Be present today.

Honor your mother.

Thank her for the sleepless nights she never mentioned.

Thank her for the prayers you never heard.

Thank her for the sacrifices that never made the headlines.

Thank her for showing up – imperfectly, humanly, faithfully – year after year after year.

And if she is already home with the Lord, honor her memory today with the same tenderness Dawn carried into that hospital room.

Because the love of a mother doesn't end.

It echoes.

Happy Mother's Day to every mother who was never thanked enough.

And to Don – thank you for raising a daughter who knew how to love well.

We will see you again.

If you're struggling:

- Christian Faith-Based Resources: <https://mentalhealthhotline.org/christian-faith-resources/> or call 1-866-903-3787 (24/7)
- Crisis Text Line: Text HOME to 741741
- National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 988 (call or text)

You matter. Your mother's love mattered. And if grief is what today brings – that grief is evidence of love well received. Please stay.

William James Meyer is the author of “Do You Live in a Castle? Breaking Free from the Walls That Hold You Hostage.” He writes from a Christian perspective as a husband who is still learning how to adequately thank the woman who built their children a sanctuary – and as a son who will never forget a sandpiper on a beach.

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