

Good Housekeeping Magazine by
Temple Bailey in 1933

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is this the long way?" she asked.

The guide said, "Yes, and the way is hard. You will be old before you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning".

But, the young mother was happy and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years.

So, she played with her children. She fed them and bathed them, and taught them how to tie their shoes and ride a bike and reminded them to feed the cat and do their homework and brush their teeth.

The sun shone on them, and the young Mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then, the nights came, and the storms,
and the path was sometimes dark and
the children shook with fear and the cold
and the mother drew them close and
covered them with her arms and the
children said, “Mom, we are not afraid,
for you are near, and no harm can
come.”

And, the morning came, and there was a
hill ahead and the children climbed and
grew weary, and the mother was weary.
But, at all times she said to the children,
“A little patience and we are there.”

So, the children climbed, and as they
climbed they learned to weather the
storms. And, with this, she gave them
strength to face the world. Year after
year, she showed them compassion,
understanding, hope and most of all
unconditional love.

And when they reached the top they said,
“Mom, we would not have done it without
you.”

The days went on, and the weeks and the
months and the years and the mother
grew old and she became little and bent.
But her children were tall and strong
and walked with courage. And, the
mother, when she lay down at night,
looked up at the stars and said, “This is
a better day than the last, for my
children have learned so much and are
now passing these traits on to their
children.”

And when the way became rough for her,
they lifted her, and gave her their
strength, just as she had given them hers.

One day they came to a hill, and beyond
the hill, they could see a shining road
and golden gates flung wide.

As the Mother said, “I have reached the end of my journey. And now I know the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk with dignity and pride with their heads held high, and so can their children after them..”

And the children said, “you will always walk with us, Mom, even when you have gone through the gates”. They stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, “We cannot see her, but she is with us still.... A Mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence.”

Your Mother is always with you. She's
the whisper of the leaves as you walk
down the street, she's the smell of certain
foods you remember, flowers you pick
and perfume that she wore, she's the cool
hand on your brow when you're not
feeling well, she's your breath in the air
on a cold winter's day. She is the sound
of the rain that lulls you to sleep, the
colors of a rainbow. She is the
Christmas morning.

Your Mother lives inside your laughter.
And, she's crystallized in every teardrop.
A Mother shows every emotion..
happiness, sadness, fear, jealousy, love,
hate, anger, helplessness, excitement, joy,
sorry and all the while hoping and
praying you will only know the good
feelings in life.

She's the place you came from, your first
home, and she's the map you follow with
every step you take. She's your first love,
your first friend, even your first enemy,
but nothing on earth can separate you.
Not time, not space...not even death.