



HOUSTON VISITING CHRISTIAN SCIENCE NURSE SERVICE, INC.

Our mission is to heal through practical, operative Christian Science.

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Cherishing Motherhood:

Steve Hartman is a well-known broadcast journalist whose human-interest stories are often featured on the CBS Sunday Morning show. This one appeared on April 22nd—just in time for Mother’s Day. Here’s the synopsis:

Twenty-five years ago, an inmate serving a life sentence in a Missouri prison wrote to a church outside St. Louis, hoping that someone would write back. Ever since, Ginny Schrappen corresponded with Lamar Johnson, convinced that his murder conviction was wrong.

After [watching](#) the beaming smiles and bear hugs that finally-found-innocent Lamar and Ginny exchanged upon his release, we can all agree: The ways selfless motherhood expresses itself are infinite—and profoundly moving.

Mary Baker Eddy defines Mother (capital “M”) as divinity itself:
“**MOTHER.** God; divine and eternal Principle; Life, Truth, and Love”
(*Science and Health*, 592:16–17).

Because we are all children of this one Mother, Mrs. Eddy’s definition speaks to the spiritual identity of each human mother, including my own.

My memories of Rosemary Daniels don’t include any awesome life-changing accomplishment. You could say her time here consisted of many little but meaningful-to-me moments. In that sense, she was like most mothers.

My mom’s background in theater was an outgrowth of her boundless creativity. My sister Deb and I credit our love of reading to Mom, who every evening read us classics like *Robin Hood*, *Little Women*, *Treasure*



Photo: Courtesy of Dave Daniels

Rosemary Daniels

Continued ▼

Island, Huckleberry Finn, The Wind in the Willows, to name a few. She would channel each character's voice, sounding just like the Sheriff of Nottingham . . . Jo and Amy . . . Billy Bones . . . Huck and Tom . . . Toad and Mole. It was magical. We'd hang on every word, begging for just one more chapter! Then, Mom always made us say a special bedtime prayer (*Miscellaneous Writings* 400:14–18) before kissing us goodnight:

Father-Mother God,
Loving me,—
Guard me when I sleep;
Guide my little feet
Up to Thee.

We always felt warmed inside and out by this prayer, a gift from Mrs. Eddy to “the little children.”

Deb and I remember Mom had a paint-speckled wooden box stuffed with art brushes, a multi-hued pallet, and a gaggle of well-used oil paints, which she'd haul out any time inspiration struck.

Such was the case one snowy Christmas at the farm. I was nine or ten that year. I was playing Civil War on the floor with my new plastic soldier set I'd gotten that morning. I saw Mom set up her easel by the window behind me. Out of curiosity, I kept an eye on her sketch—a view of the corncrib and barn visible from her perch. Soon, I became enthralled watching her blend colors on the pallet and bring the buildings to life by just dabbing and brushing them into existence.

Suddenly, Pop, my grandfather, appeared. He headed outside carrying a bucket of hot water to thaw the frozen water trough and feed the sheep. Just like that, Mom painted him into the picture. It remains one of my favorites, because I watched it happen!

My mother absolutely expected us to attend college. Her mantra was that she wanted us to avoid her mistakes, like dashing off after high school to be stage actors in New York, as she had. When our parents divorced, Mom needed a job. So she enrolled as the oldest freshman at a small local college to earn a teaching degree.



Photo Courtesy of Dave Daniels

Many a night when I went to bed she was still up studying or researching a paper for college. It amazed me to see her still at it the next morning. All her hard work paid off when Mom graduated and actually got a job teaching English—in *our* high school. *Surprise!*

We didn't see our mom for the next three summers. She went on to earn a master's degree at Northwestern University in Chicago. Even though we missed her, we supported her decision, for we knew she loved us. Which brings to mind:

A mother's affection cannot be weaned from her child, because the mother-love includes purity and constancy, both of which are immortal. Therefore maternal affection lives on under whatever difficulties (SH 60:8).

A few short years later, Mom passed on at my house. Though someone was with her, I felt terribly guilty that I was at a required work function instead of with her. So deep was my regret that within a couple of weeks I became ill myself—to the point where I thought I, too, might pass on.

I called a friend who was a Christian Science practitioner and teacher. She emphatically declared, "*There is no beckoning!*" In an instant, I realized that guilt and separation are no part of God's kingdom. The grief and guilt were gone. After that, the walking pneumonia quickly cleared up. I realized that my mother was moving forward, far beyond my limited human capacity to remember how she looked. By releasing her as God's precious spiritual child, I, too, was free.

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Christian Science Hymn 324