

## HONORING MOM

(Ex 20:12; Mk 7:10-13; Eph 6:2)

### Honoring parents is a key part of the Judeo-Christian tradition, but can be hard

*Honor your father and your mother, so that you may live long in the land the LORD your God is giving you. (Exodus 20:12)*

*For Moses said, “Honor your father and mother,” and, “Anyone who curses their father or mother is to be put to death.” But you say that if anyone declares that what might have been used to help their father or mother is Corban—that is, devoted to God—then you no longer let them do anything for their father or mother. Thus, you nullify the word of God by your tradition that you have handed down. And you do many things like that. (Mark 7:10-13)*

*Honor your father and mother—which is the first commandment with a promise. (Ephesians 6:2)*

### How can we do it well?

- Contextually
- Realistically
- Obediently
- Continually

## QUOTES OF NOTE

“Honor your father and your mother,” says the Fifth Commandment (Exodus 20:12). Honor them for having taken care of you before you were old enough to take care of yourself. Honor them for the sacrifices they made on your behalf, including the ones you would have kept them from making if you’d had the chance. Honor them for having loved you.

But how do you honor them when, well-intentioned as they may have been, they made terrible mistakes with you that have shadowed your life ever since? How do you honor them when, far from loving you or taking care of you, they literally or otherwise abandoned you? How do you honor them when physically or sexually or emotionally they abused you?

The answer seems to be that you are to honor them even so. Honor them for the pain that made them what they were and kept them from being what they might otherwise have become. Honor them because there were times when, even at their worst, they were doing the best they knew how to do. Honor them for the roles they were appointed to play—Father and Mother—because even when they played them abominably or didn’t play them at all, the roles themselves are holy the way the priesthood is holy even when the priest is a scoundrel. Honor them because, however unthinkingly or irresponsibly, they gave you your life.  
(Frederick Buechner, *Wishful Thinking*)

Some way there must be of my not forgetting,  
And thither thou art leading me, my God.  
The child that, weary of his mother’s petting,  
Runs out the moment that his feet are shod,  
May see her face in every flower he sees,  
And she, although beyond the window sitting,  
Be nearer him than when he sat upon her knees.  
(George MacDonald, *The Diary of an Old Soul*)