

Mother's Day I'll Never Forget
By Kenn Edwards



It was a Mother's Day I'll never forget; May 10, 2015. It was the last visit I had with mom. Her health had been failing for some time. She had suffered several mini-strokes which made it almost impossible for her to talk.

Each visit was special because we did not know if this would be our last. A card table had been set-up in mom's room for our private Mother's Day lunch. I cherished every minute.

As my time with her came to a close, I suggested that we pray. When I reached across the table to take hold of her hands, Mom immediately began to pray in a weak, broken voice. Her words flowed much better as she talked to her Savior. That Mother's Day she prayed for God's hand to be upon each member of her family by name.

As I wiped the tears away from my eyes, I was reminded why I needed to give my family that same kind of legacy.

Excerpt from, My Footprint For God, By Kenn Edwards