Will You Be My Mother?
By Maureen Williamson

I woke up this particular day with a real urgency that I needed to visit an elderly lady whose husband has been sick for about a year. They live about a quarter of a mile from us, in Deer Creek. I asked Bill if he would like to walk with me, Bill said, ‘Yes.’ I hurried to pick some roses and then off we went walking, holding hands in the warm sun of this glorious day that God blessed us with.

That particular visit was NOT the reason for the urgency, it was something quite different, and quite unexpected.

Bill and I were returning home and just before Lucky Lane, (our street), we saw a water company truck stop at one house. Because Bill and I are naturally observant, we noticed the man get out a very long metal stick and put it in the unit. I asked Bill, ‘what is he doing?’

Bill sighed and said, 'sad to see, and sorry to say, but their water is being turned off.'

I went cold because I know a man who recently lost his job lives in that house, and there are four children less than ten years old who plays in that yard.

Bill had to get back to something he was doing so I went to Dorothy, who is 80 years old and comes to our bible study. She loves the Lord and has an adventurous spirit. It is easy to see that she wants to be available to make a difference. ‘Dorothy,’ I said, 'Do you want to come on a Jesus mission with me?'

Without any hesitation Dorothy smiled and said, 'yes.'

‘Okay, take those curlers out your hair and lets go now,’ I said, smiling.

The fact that this family's water was turned off really upset me as I know how vital water is. Water is a life line, and how would the children manage without water? It's impossible to cook without water, so how will they eat? How will they drink without water? How will they bathe without water? A person cannot live without water. I shared my thoughts with Dorothy and she agreed, by the name of Jesus something must be done.

As if on a mission, and really it was a mission, Dorothy and I marched over to the house and I rang the door bell. After a few seconds a young man, who looked no more than thirty years old, peeped out the crack of the slightly open door. I greeted him and said, 'My name is Maureen, and this is my friend, Dorothy.'

'Yes,' the young man said.

‘I live in the house up that road,’ I said, and pointed up our lane. ‘My friend, Dorothy, also
lives on the same road.'

'Yes,' the young man said again. 'We are Christians,' I said, 'and we have come to find out if you and your family are all right.' I went on to say, 'my husband, Bill, and I, were walking past your house a few minutes ago and noticed the water company turning your water off. I was very concerned because I know you have children, and I am here to invite you and your children to come to my home if you need to bathe, or shower. Come to my house if you would like a hot meal, come for anything that you need, and we will help you if we are able.'

By this time I noticed that the door was opening wider and the young man was smiling. His words were soft and kind and he was no longer suspicious. The young man said, 'I stopped the water company from turning off the water. I am in financial difficulties and lost my job, but I gave the man my last one hundred dollars not to turn the water off.'

I sighed noticeably. So did Dorothy. By this time he had let the door go completely and a big dog rushed to his side. I could now see inside the house clearly, and there was very little furniture within eyesight.

The young man's name is, Casey, and he said two of the kids are his girlfriend's children. The other two are his. Casey also told me that he is studying hard to become a Policeman.

I invited Casey, and his girlfriend, to come to our weekly Bible Studies, and to bring the children with him, on Wednesday evenings at 7pm. I could see in his face that he trusted us. We left after showing him where we lived, and adding that if there is anything we can do please tell us.

Dorothy and I waited for the weekend, figuring that the children, who go to school in Payson, would be home then. We hoped to meet them personally. Dorothy purchased a gift card from Wal Mart, and I had a marvelous new hard cover Bible in pictures for children, not to mention a fist full of sweets in a pretty heart shaped plastic basket. Off we went to the house again, and Casey was very happy to see us. 'Here we are, your friends,' I said, 'come to visit you again.' The children came out of the house one by one to stand in front of us, and how very lovely they were.

The eldest is, Daisy, followed by, Daniel, Jonah, and finally Lily, the youngest, who came out, ran up to me, and held my hand. After a little chit chatting and lots of smiles, we gave the gifts and I asked if the children could come to my house for a tea party.

Casey thought for a moment and said, 'They are not suitably dressed, how about next week at this time?'

We agreed, and smiling, left, a mission accomplished, Hallelujah!

That same evening, as Bill and I were sitting down to dinner, there was a knock at our door. Bill went to the door. I heard children's voices, and called, 'Are those my new friends?' The two children ran under Bill's arms, and into mine, with smiles on their beautiful, young, and tender faces.

'We need a pot to make spaghetti,' Daisy said.

Bill pulled out a nice deep pot that somebody had given to us that we had never used. He gave it to them. Meanwhile, I said, 'Come, let's pick a few roses for you to give to your Dad.'

As we approached the rose garden, Daniel pressed close to me and said, 'Why must we have to wait for next Saturday, why don't we have the tea party now?'

I smiled and gave his hand a squeeze, and said, 'Let's do as your Dad said.'

Then dear Daniel said, 'Do you know that my step brother does not respect me?'

'Really,' I said, 'and why is that?' I smiled to myself knowing that his brother probably does not even know what 'respect' is.

Then in Daniel's excitement, as we were picking roses, he said, 'I don't like these.' He was
looking at one of our Agave plants, a magnificent desert plant he was standing near.

He said, 'I don’t like them, and I kick them all the time.'

'Why would you kick them,' I asked? '

'Well, because they are so spiky,' Daniel said.

I took his little hand and put it against the agave, away from the spiky part. ‘See how soft it feels,’ I said. Daniel looked surprised. 'Did you know,' I went on to say, 'that this is a very beautiful plant that has a fabulous flower just before it dies? This plant is living, Daniel, and should be treated kindly, don't you think?'

Daniel stood there for what seemed like a long time staring at the plant and then said softly, 'I won't kick it again.'

From that day to this, I've gotten more involved with this family. It turns out that the two families are this: Casey, and his two children, Daisy and Jonah, and Debbie, and her two children, Daniel and Lily. Debbie is the mystery girlfriend.

Months passed and Debbie confided with me over a cup of tea, she was pregnant, and with Casey’s child.

In the meantime, Debbie had a real conversion to Jesus Christ by accepting Him as her Lord and Savior. She was growing in her new walk through life. She was learning that lifestyle changes were required. We talked often by phone and our friendship grew rapidly from good too wonderful. A few days before her baby was due to arrive, she phoned and said, ‘I have something serious to ask you, Maureen.’

I said, ‘That’s fine, ask away.’

Debbie said, ‘Please, will you be my mother?’

Stammering a little, I said, ‘do you know what you are asking of me?’

‘Yes, I do,’ she said in a very emotional state of mind.

In between sobs, Debbie said, ‘I am thirty-two years old and I have learned more about how to live life in the one year I have known you, than in the rest of my years. My own mother has so many problems of her own that she is disinterested in me and my children. I need you to be close to me like a mother should be. She went on and on, and my heart ached for the pain that this beautiful young lady had absorbed in her young life.

And yes, you guessed it, I agreed to be Debbie’s mother.

Debbie’s new baby is named Micah, and he is equally beautiful. Is it possible to become a mother, and a grandmother, to three in one day? The answer is, ‘yes,’ because that’s what happened to me.

I hope and pray we will all live happily ever after.