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My Mary and Me

I was taken care of by "My Mary" ... a wonderful black woman with arms of love.

There were seven of us children and over the years Mary dressed us, fed us, chased after us, walked us to school, learned how to read with us, broke up our fights, and soothed our hurts. She even had six children of her own, but we felt like she was our mother, too.

Now as I look back at my early years and think of her...
I don't remember the care-taking nearly as much as I remember the love-giving.

We are taught how to love by the love we are shown.

"We love because He first loved us." 1 John 4:19