

### "Jump On It!"

"Jump on it, and keep on jumping, and don't get scared!" I got on the pile, and not knowing why she was having me do this, and when she started shooting, I was sure she was going to shoot me, because she was shaking that gun around and the bullets were hitting the dirt. I kept on jumping more from fright than from anything else. Then she told me to come down.

She sat down on the ground and put her head in her hands and sobbed. I put my arms around her trying to stop her from crying, saying, "You tried, you tried." She took my face in her hands, and looking deeply into my eyes, said, "**All we have got in this life is our faith, and even if you only have faith of a mustard seed nothing is impossible.**"

That was when I heard my sister screaming, "Look, mother got three rabbits." Yes, our mother had managed to shoot three rabbits. That night we had a fire, and the best rabbit stew mother had ever made. With our tummies full, we gave thanks.

I knew that we had been led to that spot because mother had believed. For two more months we used the wood sparingly, and going back and jumping on the wood pile, mother sometimes managed to get us a rabbit. Father was finally able to send for us and we came to America.

We were to go through many trials in our new land, but I would never be that same little girl, for I had witnessed a prayer answered. I had seen what real faith had done. My mother gave me a gift that night, when she lit that candle and I heard her ask her friend, the Blessed Mother, to pray for her, and she knew without a doubt that she had been heard. It was a gift she gave to me, and I would give it to my children, and they, to theirs. Mother's old statue of the Blessed Mother stood on her kitchen table her whole life. Now She is mine...a constant reminder of true faith and the power of a mother's prayer. \*(as told to Margaret L. Tauber from Queen Magazine)



### *The Parable of the Mustard Seed*

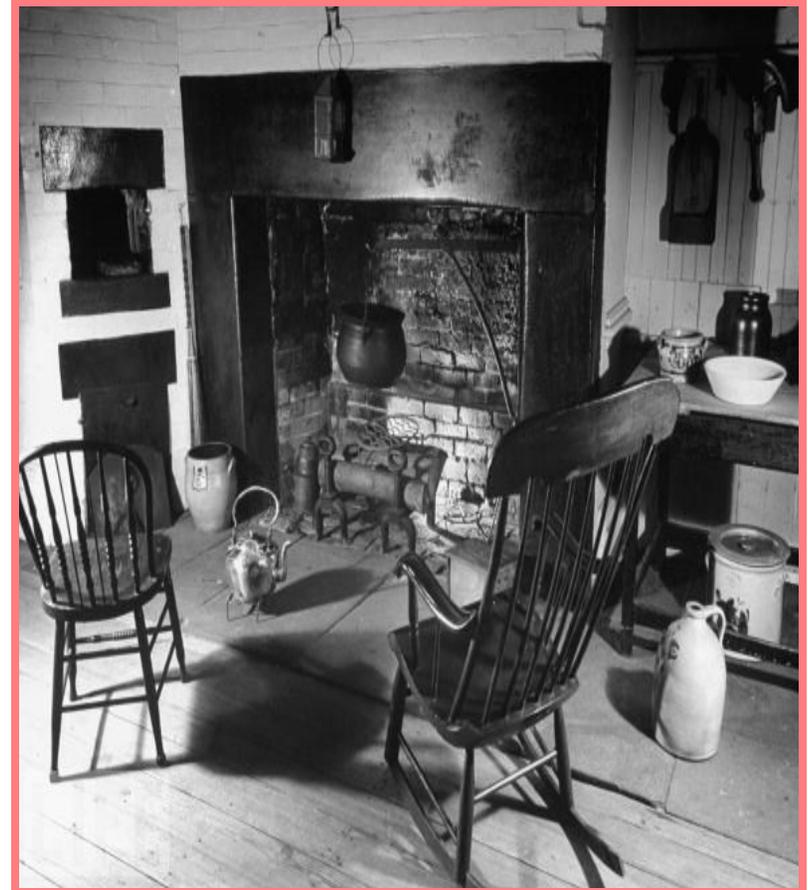
"The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed, which a man took and planted in his field. Though it is the smallest of all your seeds, yet when it grows, it is the largest of garden plants and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and perch in its branches." (Matt 13:31-32) When Jesus told this parable He compared it to loving God. When children or adults begin to love Jesus, their love is like a tiny mustard seed before it is planted in the ground. It starts out very small at first. Then when you keep on listening to what Jesus says and obeying Him, then the love grows bigger and bigger. Soon it will grow like the big mustard tree.

**"I tell you the truth, if you have faith as small as a mustard seed,  
you can say to this mountain,**

**'Move from here to there' and it will move.**

**Nothing will be impossible for you."** (Matthew 17:20)

## *'A Mother's Prayer'*



***We found nothing, not even enough to keep a fire going,  
Mother said that...***

***"All we have got in this life is our faith and  
even if you only have faith the size of a mustard seed  
nothing is impossible... "***

## **A Mother's Prayer**

*\*There were five of us children, three girls and two boys... I, a girl, being the oldest. Times were very hard for my parents. Our home was in Ireland and it took everything my father and mother had, to keep food on the table. We learned very early how to work and work hard, but we also learned the joy of being a big family. Now looking back I know we were very blest for what we learned in those early years*

### **I knew Something Bad Happened**

*I can still remember my father's face the morning I saw him sitting at the kitchen table, when he should have been at work. I got a sick feeling when he told us to come and sit around the kitchen table. A fire was burning in the hearth and the flames flickered on his face. I could see the reflection of the flame in his eyes as he stared into the fire. I knew something real bad must have happened. Then he told us we were going to leave Ireland and would be going to live in a new land, America. We all cried, saying we didn't want to leave.*

*Father's voice was stern as he spoke, saying, "The crying will stop," and stop it did. Then he told us the landowners no longer had work for the men, and that the crops had failed, and there was no money to pay the workers.*

### **My Father Cried**

*I had never seen my father cry but that night as he looked around the table I could see the tears trickling out of the corner of his eyes. His voice was firm as he spoke, "America is a fine great land. There is plenty of work. Your uncle is sending me a ticket, and just as soon as I make enough money, I shall send for you all. Now that's all to be said on the matter." Mother gave us that look that told us father meant what he said. We held hands and prayed and mother led us in the Rosary.*

### **Our Lady, On The Table**

*Three weeks later our father was off to America. Mother kept us busy all day, and at night we would sing...and we always said the Rosary every night. She had taken the old statue of the Blessed Mother that had always stood on her dresser and had put it on the kitchen table. We grumbled about it being on the table because mother would be cross at us for horsing around, saying we were going to knock it over. When I asked her why she had to have it on the kitchen table, she said, "She is my help and my best friend, for when I get cross at you children, She is there to remind me that you're not to blame for the hard times. She is always praying for us."*

*As the weeks turned into months and the weather got colder, the little ones got real sick with the croup. Mother had us all sleep near the fire, all in one bed to keep warm. We would pray the Rosary together and the little ones were asleep before Mother had gotten half way through it. I knew*

*things were bad for I could see the drawn look on my mother's face. She ate almost nothing so there would be more for us. We now had very little to burn. We were now out of meat, and had only a few potatoes.*

### **"It's All Right. She Hears Me."**

*One night I awoke to see my mother sitting at the table. She had a blanket wrapped around herself and she had lit a candle by the Blessed Mother. She was talking to herself. It scared me because I thought she had the fever. I got out of bed and put my arms around her. I was crying, as I asked her, "What are you doing, Mother? Please come to bed." When she turned to look at me, her eyes were brimming with tears, but she was smiling, as she said, "I was telling Her how bad things are and how we must have Her help now. It's going to be all right. She hears me."*

*I remember looking at my mother, then at the statue of the Blessed Mother. I watched as the candle flickered and the flame left different colors that were real pretty, as they played on the face of the statue. All I could think of was, how could she think we were going to get meat and heat, and where did she think we were going to get it? It was winter and there were no trees to cut down. We had no man to hunt, no traps to set. We lived on the moor; as I looked at my mother I wondered if maybe she didn't have the fever.*

### **There Seemed To Be No Chance**

*The next morning our mother said she was going with us to look for something for the fire; she took father's gun. She was so excited that I wanted to cry, because I knew we had no chance of finding enough to burn to keep the fire going, and as for meat, mother had never shot a gun.*

*We picked up anything we could get our hands on that might burn. By the late afternoon we were all cold and tired. We had found nothing, not even enough to keep a fire going for a day. We begged to go home saying we would try again next day, but mother wasn't going to give up.*

*She kept having us poke every mound of turf and heather we came to. She spied a mound that was bigger than the others, and at first it looked like all the other mounds, but when mother started to move the turf, we found that it was what must have been an old shack. It must have fallen down years ago and the roof had caved in and was now covered in turf and heather.*

*We were all shouting and screaming and jumping around, we were so happy, but mother just smiled saying "Now that we have got something to burn, now we need meat." Just then a rabbit ran from under the turf pile. We all shouted, "Shoot it!", but mother just watched it as it sped out across the moor. My stomach was screaming for what she could have done with the rabbit. Mother was just staring at where the rabbit had run from. She put her finger to her lips and whispered as she pointed to the turf pile.*