



WEEKLY
CHRISTIAN
FOCUS

LESSONS FROM MY MOTHER'S LIFE AND DEATH

Do we really know our parents?
What lessons can we learn
from the life and death of our
Parents, and other significant
people in our lives?

Ecclesiastes 1:4

One generation passeth away,
and another generation cometh:

Warm greetings.

- ✠ SIGNIFICANT LESSONS OF OUR LIVES ON THIS EARTH AND THE MOMENT OF DEATH.
- ✠ WHAT WE DO HAS ETERNAL VALUE.
- ✠ HOW GOD CAN HELP US OVERCOME OUR OWN STRUGGLES WHILE WE ARE HERE, BY HIS GRACE AND LOVE.
- ✠ HOW OTHERS REMEMBER US AND OUR LIVES, AND WHY THAT IS IMPORTANT.
- ✠ THINKING ABOUT OUR OWN LIVES HERE WHICH ARE SO TEMPORARY

HERE IS A LITTLE SYNOPSIS OF MY MOTHER'S LIFE. She died in September 2025 in a Nursing home in Sussex, England. She was almost 98!



SHE WAS BORN IN 1927.

(Any phrases in 'and ' are her actual words that I remember!)

She excelled apparently in School and mastered French. Her first name is Mary.

She grew up close by to the Yorkshire town of Wakefield, in the north of England. She went to a small school and 'walked four miles a day to school and back', along with her sister. She had a good childhood in general, but was not from an especially wealthy family. (photo below of her parents)



Edwin and Ellen, the parents of Mary, in Yorkshire, England. Circa late 1920's. My Yorkshire Grandparents.

The second world war broke out and she went to Portsmouth and eventually became a 'WREN' (Women's Royal Naval Service. [Link below](#))

After the second world war, she remained in the South of England and took training as a nurse. She became a state registered nurse and worked in a major hospital for some seven years or so.

Marriage and Divorce.

Then she met my father, who already had a reasonably paid job in newspapers in Fleet Street London**. She 'forsook' nursing at the time and married my dad, and they had two sons in quick succession!

Some 19 years of marriage passed by. Our family had a car, one of the very first black and white TVs and a really nice house with a lot of apple and pear trees. My mother ensured that we went to a very good school, first in primary and then in a 'Grammar school' of the local town. My mother appreciated the value of a 'good education'.

Often we had cousins and our aunt or uncle staying with us from Yorkshire or elsewhere during the holidays. We enjoyed being with them. Two of my cousins still comment positively about

this today, and love my mother's spirit and sense of humour and compassion she had towards them when they were small children.

We are now approaching 1971. That's when God intervened in all our lives, even though we barely believed in Him.

Suddenly my parents divorced when I was 17 and my brother was 18. He had left Grammar in that divorce summer and went to college. My father disappeared off the face of the earth

it seemed, for some months and I was put into digs, or a rented room in a rich lady's house, about a 30 minute walk from the school to finish my last year.

The house was put up for sale, and my mother went to live with her sister on the south coast, while she needed space to know what on earth to do, and starting her life over at 44 years of age!

When you are young, as my brother and I were, we had no ability really to understand what was really happening, we were only conscious of our own little teenage lives, the music of the day, sports (for me) and occasionally a lovely young teenage girl. Such adult problems remained in a totally different universe, and we were really incapable of understanding very much of such gargantuan problems, or even knew the details of them.

A NEW LIFE FOR ME.

That summer of 1971, was the summer I met Jesus Christ; this is a long story and I attach a file about this period of personal history.

In early 1972, I joined a Bible study training in London and over the next 45 years, I spent about 34 of those years in various mission fields in over 20 countries. I think on average I

saw my mum every 3 years and sometimes visited her often while I was back in my birth country, as well as my dad, before his seemingly untimely death at the age of 67. My brother and I saw him during the two days before he passed away from cancer.

When I met Jesus in such a dramatic way, my mother was greatly disturbed about the huge change in my life and thought it was her fault that I had suddenly become a really different person. She threatened to take me to a 'psychiatrist' who would 'sort me out', but instead settled with a letter to the local Church of England Vicar, to ask for him to come and visit me, which he duly did. He concluded that I was perfectly sane and that my 'conversion' to follow Christ, had been so far an excellent example to the school and some of the church and the staff of the school! He told her not to worry at all, and that this was a great thing. I still retain today the faded original copy of his reply letter to my mother that same year, typed on an actual typewriter!

So, suddenly, after 17-19 years together our family, once all living together, were scattered to the four winds!

Life on earth, at the exact same time, was changing in the new age of the hippies, the sexual revolution, increased global travel and so many other things and scientific knowledge being increased. (Daniel 12:4)

THE NEXT PHASE OF MY MOTHER'S LIFE.

My mother eventually WENT BACK TO NURSING AFTER RE-ENTERING A YEAR OR MORE

OF TRAINING TO CATCH UP OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. SHE ENDED UP as a senior nurse in the south of England and taught and trained student nurses from many countries of the Commonwealth ++ and nurses from south east

Asia and Hong Kong etc. She was immensely popular with them and had high standards. Mother was 'old school'.

My mother did not believe in anything 'lax'. She often said; 'we have become too lax in this country!' She often spoke to me about how attitudes had changed and people were no longer, generally speaking, as diligent as they used to be. How right she was.

I should note, at this juncture, that these years directly after my mother divorced were truly traumatic for her. My mother, like many Yorkshire people, was stubborn. I was eager to lead her to Christ, so she could know the joy and understanding I had received, and tried many times with no success. Finally after 6 years on a Christmas day, my mother in a state of desperation prayed with me and asked The Lord (Jesus) into her heart. (1978 or 1979).

From that moment things began to change with her. I cannot say that she followed on to know the Lord as the Bible says. But now becoming one of God's daughters, she had potential access to the blessings of God in her earthly life.

As my mother continued her life in Sussex in a beautiful apartment, she was an influence, of love and caring to her neighbours, and relatives, and over time, in her sixties, she began a 21 year relationship with a man of similar age and they were a huge help to each other and complemented each other's lives very well. This man, John, was a retired insurance broker and he also during a trip to Switzerland received Jesus in his life on a walk with a missionary sister near the famous Bern Mountains.

This precious man John, passed away I believe in the first decade of the twenty first century.

I even made the trip back from China to attend his funeral.



Myself, Jerry, with John and Mary in 2005 in Switzerland.

I returned to China for the next five years in my work. In late May 2010, I had a strange feeling that all was not well with my mother.

I tried the next day to get hold of her, as we spoke once a week usually for a few minutes. But this time, no one picked up. I let it pass in my mind, but during the night, I felt a strange and strong urge to call again. Receiving no reply, the Lord reminded me I had the phone number of her neighbours, so I called them and asked them to go in and see if she was there, as they had a spare key. On going in, dear neighbour Malcolm found my mother on the floor by a radiator, she had had a stroke and apparently had been on the floor already for 36 hours! Truly if I had not finally obeyed the Lord's prompting, it's possible she may have passed away, now 15 years ago. We should always try our best to obey such voices or impressions, they can truly save lives.

I returned to England at this time for some years and during that time my mother had several falls and accidents, and became weaker. Finally after four more years in her home, she was assessed by nurses and a doctor and they released her into a care home, and then later on into a nursing home, where she spent about 8 years in total.

She passed away, as I have said a couple of months ago.

During her funeral attended by as many as could make it of friends and relatives, I was truly impressed by the huge amount of positive things people said about her, kindness, love and care and cheerfulness, and the 'Celebrant' who conducted the funeral, said he had never overseen a ceremony so spiritually moving in all his years! He said he just felt so much spiritual power and it affected him, even to tears! Praise the Lord.

The manager and senior staff member of her nursing home were also in attendance. God bless them.

In closing:

Now, I am not saying that my mother was a saint by any means, in growing up under her tutelage; I remember quite a strict lady and definitely in need of Jesus, (I later thought), as

she was very opinionated. She also at this time distinctly failed to make much effort to grow near to God, but then, I have to say, over the years, she changed considerably, supported missions in India, China and Brazil, she was always there for her two sons, and left behind a large group of people who saw Love and Kindness in her life, as well as bravery and the ability to 'get on with it', that is endure all kinds of pain and difficulty when needed.

Hosea 6:3

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the LORD: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth.

I share all this to say; 'do we really know our parents, who they really are?' we know some things about them, but actually, just like everyone on earth, we do not all of their struggles, victories and thinking. This is reserved ONLY to them and God Himself. Even those we hope to be closest to,

God reserves that special place only for Him. When we pass out of this life, we will see the fruits of our labours and rewards for the kindnesses we have done to others, especially for the cause of Jesus.

For those many who knew the Lord and His Word a little, like my mother, God takes a great deal into account and rewards them according to the light they had received from Him during their lives. Finally, every man (and woman) must give account of themselves to God.

No one else can do that or even know what that will look like in the eyes of the Lord.

Today I am confident that my mother has gone to be with Jesus, as that is God's plan for every human and all those who have received Him on this earth will make it there, to that bright land. I expect she will meet her former husband (my father) there at some point and be reconciled in some way.

I encourage anyone reading this to have faith for their relatives and remember that it is God who knows the hearts of all people. Pray for them, treat them kindly and believe for their salvation, as the Book of Acts so clearly says:

Acts 16:31

And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

God's purpose is to bring all of us into unity with Him, as His creations. It may take a whole life time to accomplish this, or just a short time, but however long it is, that's God's ultimate plan.

I pray this message today is a blessing to you.

I close with a whole new section about a time when my mother gave to God's work, taken from my book, 'Shake off the Dust'. I pray

this also is inspiring for you.

Until next week, God willing,

Jerry for the WCF Team

A giving testimony.

Giving is one of the greatest joys for a Christian or even for any human really! It truly is 'more blessed to give than to receive.'

This book doesn't pretend to be a Bible teaching or Bible study book, but you can read more about giving in the excellent book about finances and giving is called 'Financial Stewardship' by Andrew Wommack.

I'm just here to tell you a couple of things that happened to me. There are so many factors involved in giving to God:- faith in the Word, joy, attitude of our hearts, stewardship, vision, diligence, love, obedience and quite a few more!

I had always been aware that I should give to God and that the tithe (10% of our income) was not the ceiling to reach in my giving but the floor from which to stand on, and from there to give even more.

Sadly millions of Christians have not reached even this floor of giving, perhaps if we all had, a lot more of this world would practically be Christian by now. Funding would be available exponentially for the funding of the Gospel. The Word of God would flow freely and massively across the nations.

Hab 2:14

For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.

Throughout our missionary life, even though we were sometimes 'poor', we still tithed as the tithe is a percentage, so you can always give 10% of your income to the Lord's kingdom.

Above the tithe there is something else called 'offerings' which are well over and above and which the Word of God also encourages us to give.

This is part of my story. Sometimes the Lord just loves to surprise you.

Sometimes like the widow in the New Testament we can even 'cast (throw) in all our living and money' and God will give us back.

Act_20:35

I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Mar_12:41

And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much.

Mar_12:43

And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury:

This came alive to me when I was visiting my mother in the UK in the winter of 1991-92 Two years before the Berlin wall in Germany had fallen and now the old Soviet empire had also splintered. Due to this, thousands of missionaries and Christians were rushing into the old soviet areas and into Russia itself to take advantage of this unique opportunity to pass out tracts, Bibles (for a limited time only!) and preach to the people who had only known communism for decades, in a new initiative.

In light of this, a Christian organization that we contributed to also appealed for funds to print millions of pamphlets, New Testaments etc, to be passed out across Russia. Sensing, like many others, this was a golden

opportunity not to be missed I decided to go to the bank and give what ever my family had left in the account for this worthwhile project for the Lord. I told my mother I was off to the shops. I didn't want to tell her I was about to give all our money to strangers in Russia of all places! So she had no idea of my intentions.

We agreed to meet later in the centre of the town where she lived. I found there was £250 in my account. I emptied it and transferred it to the account provided for the Russian initiative. I felt so good. It was literally all the money my family and I had left at the time. (Wow! we were poor sometimes you may think!)

I knew this giving was the Lord's idea as his peace came on me in a big way. I walked around the town joyfully biding a bit of time before I met mother. Oh! There she came, walking quickly across the town square with her stick. She seemed to be almost running! I was concerned she shouldn't be walking that fast at her age. She beamed at me, and grabbed my hand; I could feel a large wad of money being stuffed from her hand into mine.

'You know' she said cheerily, 'I was just thinking after you went out, that it's been a long time since I gave you any money, so I just went to the bank and here, I want you to have this little bit of money, I know it's not much, but please take it for you all, and make sure you spend it on yourself.'

'Are you sure, mum', I said. 'I'm fine really'.

'No I want you to have it. There.' So that was the story in brief. Not wanting to be rude I didn't flash out the wad of money and count it right there in front of my mother, but later

(at the first opportunity) I did.

Yes, you guessed it right already, it was 250 pounds.

2Co 9:6

But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

2Co 9:7

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

2Co 9:8

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

2Co 9:9

As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever.

2Co 9:10

Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness;

2Co 9:11

Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

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[** Fleet Street. You can still find it on the Monopoly board game!](#)

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[Hayde Bluegrass Orchestra - Wayfaring Stranger | Live at John Dee One of the songs that was sung](#)

Gone From my Sight

I am standing upon the seashore.
A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze
and starts for the blue ocean.
She is an object of beauty and strength.
I stand and watch her until at length she hangs
like a speck of white cloud
just where the sea and sky
come to mingle with each other.
Then someone at my side says: "There, she is gone!"
"Gone where?"

Gone from my sight. That is all.
She is just as large in mast and hull and spar
as she was when she left my side
and she is just as able to bear her load of
living freight to her destined port.
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.
And just at the moment when someone at my side says
"There, she is gone!"
there are other eyes watching her coming,
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout,
"Here she comes!"
And that is dying.



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