A Tribute To My Mother  
by Rosella Stevenson

If life ever seems no longer living, then hop in your car and drive to Painesville, and meet a warm, supportive friend who I am honored to be able to call Mom. Her name is Vonna. She has never said “No, I’m busy” when I’ve needed help. She has persistently welcomed me with open arms and has adopted me as her child.

Mom is short, about 5'3" tall, and a little toward the heavy side. Her eyes are full of love and compassion when we are hurting; a twinkle reigns in them when we’ve done well, but they sure seem to flash fire when we get her angry. She has short brunette hair which gives her round face a mature yet childlike appearance.

In my home, I feel alone and deserted when I need help. My husband Al and I are worlds apart on certain issues. He carries a “hands off” attitude on issues that mean a lot to me. In Mom’s home, I can be me and I can discuss questions of church or the Bible that I can’t discuss with my husband. When I was a child, feelings of love, security, and the warmth of a family unit were unknown. Vonna offers this and more. She is the mother I never had. She has many problems but she is ever ready to help someone in need.

To look at her, you would not detect the perseverance and steadfast nature of this short, stout woman. She is a true Christian. Regardless of the time and her own needs and wants, she is available when we children need her. There are times I drop in to see her at a moment’s notice to sorrow and sob on a warm shoulder. When any of us children need her help in any way, time suddenly has no meaning. She may have been walking out the door, but she sits down and takes the time to listen and to calm me. She is also there for me in a spiritual sense because my husband knows very little of Biblical truths. Mom and I both attend the Church of God of Prophecy. My husband, on the other hand, does not attend church. We do not talk about this subject, but he does support me in church-related activities such as preaching and teaching the children. Mom is involved in the church extensively as a Sunday school teacher, prayer band leader, children’s church teacher, missionary leader, singer, Vacation Bible school director. She is always on hand when I need spiritual advice. She has little money and few possessions, but she possesses the greatest wealth a person could desire because she has a solid relationship with Jesus Christ. Her love for and acceptance of people regardless of sex, race, or creed is amazing. She believes that all people are good at heart until they prove they’re not. She treats each of us, her children, the same. One does not get favored more than another.

Some of Mom’s favorite sayings are: “I told you not to do that but you had to go ahead and do it anyway,” “Dad and I love you and we will always be here for you but the decision has to be yours,” or “Come on, honey, let it go, go ahead and cry.” We all consider Mom’s couch to be the same as an altar in the church because it seems like when we need to pray, we end up kneeling by the couch with Mom and Dad by our side. Therefore, when she knows we need to pray, she says, “There’s the couch—you’re welcome to it.”

She is the mother of four children but is also a “mother” to more than twenty children. I have known her for over six years, and I would not trade one moment of this time for all the superficial friends one may come to know in this life.

She is described in the last half of the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. She talks to us and only wise counsel comes from her mouth, the Law of kindness is in her tongue, she really does care for her household, and does not know how to be idle. We, her children, love her and call her blessed but we feel we are the ones mightily blessed in having her for a mother.

So, if you’re ever in need of a friend or if you’re ever at the end of the proverbial rope, I hope you find someone as special to you as my mother, Vonna, is to me.