

## A daughter's love for her mom

Contributed by Kami Scott  
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I recently heard my mother, Corinne, speak to a women's group. I found out she was born in late November 1943 on a kitchen table in a small cement house, with animals coming and going and holes in the roof.

This house was on a farm in the sandhills of Nebraska. I could almost hear the whistle of the winter winds coming through the house as my grandma gave birth to my mom.

Mom also told how, as a young girl, she accepted Jesus Christ after watching a Billy Graham movie. After the movie, she knelt behind a potbellied stove in the community center where the movie was shown and prayed, asking Jesus to come into her heart.

As I listened to her stories — some known, some unknown — I thought, "Wow, God sure did a lot through that baby born on that table!"

I'll tell you straight away, this column probably won't make it past the publisher's desk, because my mom is the publisher. She has never been one to blow her own horn or be prideful about what God has done through her. I can only pray that she will see this column for what it is — a gift of love and admiration from her daughter.

My mom is a perfect balance of Martha, the worker, and her sister, Mary, who sat at Jesus's feet.

If you drive by the Living Stones News headquarters — my parent's attic — you often will see a light on in the upper window late in the evening and early in the morning. If it's late in the evening, she's either writing, editing or handling some other business aspect of the paper. If it's in the morning, she's reading the Bible and praying.

I know she prayed both her children back to Jesus. She has lifted my dad, our family, pastors and churches, my clients, community members, government leaders and other prodigals to the throne of our Lord. She has come alongside many families struggling with cancer and other forms of earthly struggles.

I heard a pastor once say, "If we had a church full for Corinnes, we'd get a lot done for the Kingdom."

My mom has a heart for family. I can't begin to tell you how many extended family members have lived with us through the years. Dad usually employed them and Mom housed and fed them. There was a whole lot of laughing going on in those days.

Even through times of tragedy, Mom is a leader and pillar of strength for us. I remember when my cousin, Shane, was murdered, and I went to view him for the first time. My knees buckled, and she was there to hold me. Those arms have been there for my entire 46 years.

One of my favorite memories is triggered by the brisk, cold air of winter mixed with the smell of my mom's perfume. I remember crawling onto my mother's lap, putting my arms around her neck and falling asleep on car rides home from church or through the country from our grandparents' house.

My mom has had her struggles, but you'll very seldom hear her complain. She had a stroke in one eye and a retina detachment in the other eye. Her sight is one of her challenges. She has to tilt her head a certain way to see the computer to edit and write. Even after many hours on the computer, she still relaxes with her favorite pastime, reading a good book.

She has fought and won a battle with cancer, has had threats of cancer and loss of eyesight. But never have I heard her say "enough."

She always will walk the path she has been called to walk.

I could write a book filled with tales of chokecherry picking, weekend adventures, cooking and baking marathons, laughter that made us pull off the road, numerous phone calls filled with great discussions on Biblical themes, tears over victories or lessons learned.

But I will end this column with heart-filled gratitude to God for giving me my mom. "His master replied, 'Well done, good and faithful servant! You have been faithful with a few things; I will put you in charge of many

things. Come and share your master's happiness!&rdquo;

&mdash; Matthew 25:21 Contact Kami Scott at [kami\\_scott@livingstonesnews.com](mailto:kami_scott@livingstonesnews.com)