



INSPIRATION DEPARTMENT

Mother: Queen o' the World

Inspiration, May 1926

“No girl can ever truly appreciate her mother until she has children of her own and finds herself loving, planning, sacrificing for them. Then she can understand how her mother felt and will be grateful and humble and appreciative in proportion.”

—Mary Brooks Picken

Maytime is a *happy* time of the year. For isn't it the time of kite flying? And flower and garden planting? And May-pole dancing? And May-basket giving? And June-wedding planning? And sweet-girl graduating?

Maytime is a *beautiful* time of the year, too. For isn't it blossom time, when the apple and the cherry and the peach trees fill our yards and our hillsides with their fragrance and their delicate blooms? And there's balmy air, and gay wild flowers, and much bright sunshine.

Besides all this happiness and beauty, May-time sets apart a far more significant event—

Mother's Day. The day when we pause in the midst of our busy lives to pay honor to our Mother. For she it is, who develops for us an affection that has never been equaled nor even approached. An affection so big and so flexible that she can appreciate and enjoy with us our greatest triumphs and can understand and help us to bear our deepest sorrows. It's fitting, then, that in this blossom time of the year, we show our gratitude for mother love—love that surpasses every human deed and word and thought in its all-encompassing nature.