

# A Christmas Eve For Mom

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In this story, a young woman named Maureen learns what happens when one is patient and trusting with the Lord in faith and prayer on this very special Christmas Eve.

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Nebraska native, Maureen Sinclair, an ad executive who now lives in New York, was just finishing her half-day workday on Christmas Eve when her colleague and best friend, Mitchell Kingsby peeked into her office and knocked saying, "**Knock! Knock! Maureen. It's your favorite Christmas goofball!**"

Mitchel always knew how to make Maureen smile, especially during the holidays when she would feel sad at the fact that she never knew her birth parents. Christmas was always the worst because of the fact that Maureen was born on Christmas Eve and immediately given up for adoption.

Although she was adopted by a very loving family; a family she believed in her heart to truly be her family, she always longed to know her birth parents, especially her mother.

After looking up from her work at Mitchell and feigning a slight smile, Mitchell said, "**Look, Maureen, I know how you feel about celebrating Christmas ... and I know I ask you every year, but ...**"

At that moment Maureen interrupted Mitchell and said, "**I know what you are going to ask Mitch and I am grateful. I truly am. However, I want to spend Christmas Eve as I always do at St. Patrick's Cathedral.**"

Ever since she moved to New York from Nebraska, Maureen immediately fell in love with St. Patrick's Cathedral. It is the one place she can retreat to away from the noises of the city where she could

spend time with God in prayer, and, **"Rest in His love,"** as she would always say.

Every year for the last eight years, Maureen walked to St. Patrick's on Christmas Eve, greeted the Lord, wished Him a happy birthday, and prayed for all who are in need, especially the poor. Maureen had a special place in her heart for the poor. She would always close her time with the Lord with this same request, **"Lord Jesus, if it is Your will, I would one day like to meet my birth mother."**

Maureen always concluded her prayer by trusting in the Lord's will, **"Lord, Your will be done. I am but Your servant. Let it be done to me according to Your word."**

Whether she met her birth mother or not, the Lord's will, loving God and serving others was always Maureen's priority. She expected this Christmas Eve to be same as it has been the previous eight Christmas Eve's -- spend time with the Lord, offer a prayer of gratitude for her blessings, and, if weather permitted, walk to Rockefeller Square to see the scenes of Christmas as only New York can produce them.

As she exited St. Patrick's, Maureen came across an elderly vagrant woman sitting on the cold steps wearing a badly worn coat and scarf with her shopping cart filled with her few meager possessions parked right beside her.

Maureen called out, **"Ma'am! Ma'am! Are you okay?"**

As the old woman turned around to see who was speaking to her, Maureen asked, **"Honey, what are you doing out here in the cold? Is there no place where you can seek shelter?"**

Maureen was very concerned about the woman.

The woman smiled and said, **"No, las. The Lord's house is not a place for vagrants such as the likes of me, especially just to keep warm. It is the house of God. It must be respected at all times. Look at the state**

**of me, child! I am a frightful mess. Whatever would the Lord think of this sinner if I walked into His house looking as I do."**

Maureen smiled and said, **"I believe the Lord would rush out to greet you. He would put a ring on your finger and a robe on your back. He would ready the fatted calf in celebration of your return home."**

**"Aye!"** the old woman said. **"And what about the people, las? What would they say? How would they receive a vagrant like me? No, las. The Lord be one thing, but the people, they be another. They have already expressed time and again what they think of people like me."**

She went on to say, **"But you dear child came out from the church and showed an old woman some Christmas Eve kindness when all you wanted to do is to see your birth mother."**

Maureen took a step back when she heard the old woman mention her birth mother. **"How could she know that?"**, Maureen thought to herself.

The old woman chuckled under her breath and said, **"That is because the Lord has heard your prayer child. Go to the square and look for a woman sitting on a bench facing the large Christmas tree. You will know her because she looks at the scenes of Christmas in the same way you do. Call her by name and say to her, 'Merry Christmas, Maureen. The Lord has heard your prayers."**

And with that, the old woman disappeared. Shopping cart and all.

Maureen couldn't believe what just happened, however, there was no time to waste. Rather than walk, Maureen decided to flag down a taxi to take her to Rockefeller Square. As Maureen exited the taxi, she saw, just as the old woman had said, a woman sitting on a bench looking toward the large Christmas tree.

Maureen approached the woman cautiously and said, **"Ma'am, please forgive me for disturbing you. I know this is going to sound strange. I still don't believe it myself. I met an old woman at the steps**

**of St. Patrick's Cathedral who said that I should come to Rockefeller Square and seek out the woman sitting on the bench looking toward the Christmas tree and say to her, 'Merry Christmas, Maureen. The Lord has heard your prayers.'"**

Just then the woman dropped her face into her hands and began to weep. Thinking she had upset the woman; Maureen asked her forgiveness and began to turn around to walk away.

The woman then looked up at Maureen and said, **"Wait! Please don't leave. I have been waiting a long time to see you. I have been praying too. As you know my name is Maureen. What you didn't know is that the same woman you spoke with is the same woman who met me in Nebraska and said, 'Go to New York on Christmas Eve. Wait at the bench that looks toward the large Christmas tree at Rockefeller Square. A young woman will approach you. You will know her because she will say, 'Merry Christmas, Maureen. The Lord has heard your prayers.'"**

Then she said, **"I am your birth mother!"**

Maureen was floored. Tears began streaming down her face. She couldn't believe what she had just heard. Without giving a second thought to her actions, Maureen lunged forward toward the woman and wrapped her tightly into her arms saying, **"I have been praying for as long as I can remember for this day to come. Now the Lord has seen fit to bless it -- and on Christmas Eve."**

**"Yes!"** her mother said. **"The day of your birth. One day before the birth of the greatest King of all."**

The women walked across the street to an all-night diner where they talked, laughed, cried, held hands, and prayed. It was the best Christmas gift each woman could have prayed for. In the few short months following that Christmas Eve miracle, they became the best of friends. They spent every moment they could together. It was good too because Maureen, the mother, passed away nine months later.

Maureen eventually earned enough money from her job to move back to Nebraska where she opened a community shelter for the poor which she named after her birth mother.