



# Amma

A Thanksgiving service  
for our Mothers

## **Amma**

### **A Thanksgiving Service for our Mothers**

**P:** *"Perhaps the reason we respond so universally to our mothers' love is because it typifies the love of our Savior."*

#### **Opening Prayer**

Heavenly Creator, we gather in Your presence this Sunday morning to lift up those who have blessed us with the purest and most unconditional love we know – our Mothers. May we always honour and cherish all who nurture, guide and care for us, not only today but throughout our lives, so that they may truly recognise the precious gift they are. With thanks, may we celebrate the countless moments that make up the beauty of motherhood. Amen

#### **Opening Hymn**

##### **For the Beauty of the Earth**

For the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies.

#### **Chorus**

Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon and stars of light.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild.

For the church, that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Off'ring up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love.

For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony,  
Linking sense to sound and sight.

Author: *Folliott S. Pierpoint (1864)*  
Tune by *Conrad Kocher*

### **Kauma**

**P.** †Glory be to the Father our Creator, to the Son our Redeemer and to the Holy Spirit who sanctifies us.

**C.** As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

**P.** Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of power and might, heaven and earth are full of your glory, Hosanna in the highest.

**C.** Blessed is He that has come and is to come again in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

**P.** Holy art thou, O God.

**C.** Holy art thou, Almighty Lord.

**P.** Holy art thou, Immortal Lord.

**C.** O Lord, the Messiah who was crucified for us † have mercy on us.

**(To be repeated thrice)**

**P.** O Lord, have mercy on us.

**C.** O Lord, have mercy on us and bless us.

**P.** O Lord, accept our prayers and worship and have mercy on us.

**C.** Glory be to you, O God.

**P.** Glory be to you, O Creator.

**C.** Glory be to you, O King the Messiah; who has mercy on us sinners. Bless us, O Lord.

**(Let us sing together the prayer that Jesus taught us)**

**All:** *Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name,  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, On earth as it is done in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.*

**(Cong. to be seated)**

Lesson 1 Isaiah 41:8-13

Lesson 2 Hebrews 13:1-8

**L: Meditation**

In *All the Single Ladies*, Rebecca Traister doesn't tell one story—she gathers many, and lets them quietly echo each other. In a quiet apartment at the edge of a busy city, Meera kept an extra toothbrush in a cup by the sink. It wasn't for a child of her own.

It was for her niece, who stayed over on weekends—at first because it was convenient, then it became something they both began to look forward to. The visits were small things in the beginning. A movie night. A story before bed.

Meera never announced that she was becoming important in the child's life. But over the years, the child began to ask for her—not just when things were easy, but when they were not. When friendships felt confusing. When school felt heavy. When something needed to be said out loud, but couldn't be said at home. Meera listened. Sometimes she answered. Sometimes she didn't. Mostly, she stayed.

Across the city, in a smaller, louder home, Asha learned a different rhythm.

Her friend had just had a baby, and the days had folded into each other—feeding, crying, trying again. Asha began by dropping in with food. Then she started staying longer. Then, without really deciding to, she became part of the routine. She knew which lullaby worked. She knew how to hold the baby just long enough for sleep to come. She knew when her friend needed silence more than advice. There were nights when she walked home exhausted, her own life waiting for her in unfinished pieces. And yet, the next day, she returned. Not because she had to. Because she chose to.

In an office not far away, Beena kept her door open longer than most. It started with quick conversations—questions about work, about direction, about what came next.

But with one young woman, the conversations stretched. They moved past deadlines and into doubts, past strategy and into fear. Beena found herself remembering details. Checking in. Staying back after everyone had left, just to make sure. Years later, when that young woman spoke about her life, she would mention Beena—not as a boss, not even as a mentor, but as someone who had been there at the exact moments she might have given up.

And maybe that is where these stories meet.

In the quiet, unremarkable choices that shape a life— not through biology, not through definition, but through presence. A different kind of motherhood, unfolding without announcement. One that does not begin with birth, but with the simple, steady decision— to show up, to stay, and to care. Modern motherhood is not just about giving birth—it's about nurturing, supporting, and holding responsibility for others, whether as a parent, mentor, sibling, or community figure.

**Hymn - My Mother's Prayer**

I never can forget the day  
I heard my mother kindly say,  
"You're leaving now my tender care;  
Remember, child, your mother's prayer."

**Chorus 1:**

Whene'er I think of her so dear,  
I feel her angel spirit near;  
A voice comes floating on the air,  
Reminding me of mother's prayer.

I never can forget the voice  
That always made my heart rejoice;

Though I have wandered God knows where,  
Still I remember mother's prayer. [Refrain 1]

Though years have gone, I can't forget  
Those words of love- I hear them yet;  
I see her by the old arm chair,  
My mother dear, in humble prayer. [Refrain 1]

I never can forget the hour  
I felt the Savior's cleansing power;  
My sin and guilt He cancelled there,  
T'was there He answered mother's prayer.

**Chorus 2:**

Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace!  
We'll meet up yonder face to face,  
The home above together share,  
In answer to my mother's prayer.  
Amen.

Author: *Judson W. Van De Venter (1895)*

Tune by *W.S. Weeden*

**L: Mother of Calcutta**

At Khalighat, in the temple of the house for the dying  
When the night has slept through its darkening.  
And the tired watchman's watch wane.  
At that ungodly hour she again kneels in pain.  
Hands clasped in prayer into the folds of her face,  
To her God she so loved, and yet doubted His grace.

Bent over in humility the "Saint of the Gutters",  
With an army of Charity's very own sisters,  
Seek the unwanted, unloved, uncared for,  
Societies scum and the poorest of the poor.  
The crippled, the blind, the homeless, the beggars  
Humanities garbage- the hungry, the naked, the lepers.

Like the Howrah stretching across the banks  
To calm the Hooghly's rough and tidal dance.  
Unnamed women in blue bordering on the white,  
Everyday stretch out hands and hearts in a fight  
Against the cold and wrongs to the world's dross.  
Inspired and led by the simple poverty of the cross.

She sees Jesus in a pile of rags on the streets  
Hugging the maggot eaten flesh she cleans and feeds,  
Striving to ease the pain, the hunger, the loneliness,  
And sharing the joy of loving to God's own nameless.  
His thin long bony hands stretch out and cries "Ma" to her,  
As at last he finds peace in the wrinkled hands of his Mother.

~Dann Thomas

**L: അമ്മ എന്ന വിസ്മയം**

This is an extract of the speech made by the Late Lamented Rt. Rev. Geeverghese Mar Athanasius on February 2016, at the 121<sup>st</sup> Maramon Convention

പ്രഭാത പ്രാർത്ഥനയ്ക്ക് പള്ളി മണി അടിക്കുന്നതിനു മുമ്പ് അടുക്കളയിലെ തവികളോടും പാത്രങ്ങളോടും സംസാരിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ജീവനുണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

വിളമ്പിക്കൊടുത്ത് തനിക്ക് തികയാതെ വരുമ്പോൾ എനിക്ക് അത് ഇഷ്ടമല്ല എന്ന് ഓതി, വീതിച്ചു കൊടുക്കുന്ന ഒരു ജന്മം ഉണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

പരിഭവങ്ങൾ ഇല്ലാതെ പവിത്രമായ ഒരു സ്നേഹം പറഞ്ഞു തന്ന ഒരു നന്മത്ത പുവുണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

മുറ്റത്തെ ചെടികളുടെയും തൊടിയിലെ ചെറു മരങ്ങളുടെയും ദാഹം തീർക്കുന്ന കർഷകശ്രീ അവാർഡ് കിട്ടാത്ത ഒരു മഹിള ഉണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ .

മക്കളും ഭർത്താവും വീടും ഉറങ്ങിയതിനു ശേഷം ഉറങ്ങി അലാനം അടിക്കും മുമ്പേ ഉണരുന്ന ഒരു ശരീരമുണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

അടുക്കളയിലെ ചൂടും ചൂരും നുകർന്ന് സ്വയം ശുദ്ധവായു ശ്വാസിക്കാൻ മറന്ന ഒരു മറവിക്കാരി ഉണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

പുറത്തുപോയവർ വീടനെയും വരെ ഉള്ളിൽ തീ നിറച്ച് തേങ്ങലോട് കാത്തിരിക്കുന്ന ഒരു ഹൃദയമുണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

സമാധാനത്തിനുള്ള നോബൽ സമ്മാനം ലഭിക്കാതെ പോയ ഒരു മദർ തെരേസ ഉണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

പത്രാസ് കാണിക്കാൻ മറന്നുപോയ ഒരു നിലവിളക്കുണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

സ്വയം ശ്രദ്ധിക്കാൻ മറന്ന് മറ്റുള്ളവരെ പരിപോഷിപ്പിച്ച് എല്ലാം തോലും ആയ നന്മത്ത ഒരു ജീവിതമുണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

ഭംഗി ഇല്ലാത്തതുകൊണ്ടാവണം, പ്രോഗ്രസ് കാർഡ് ഒപ്പുവയ്ക്കാൻ അപ്പാ വന്നാ മതിയെന്ന് മക്കൾ പറയുമ്പോൾ, കണ്ണാടി നോക്കി സ്വയം കരയുന്ന ഒരു പാവമുണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

മകൻ യാത്ര പറഞ്ഞ് പടികൾ ഇറങ്ങുമ്പോൾ മറ്റൊരു പ്രസവവേദന അനുഭവിക്കുന്ന മാലാഖ ഉണ്ട് വീട്ടിൽ.

ഒടുവിലാസാഗരം കളമൊഴിയുമ്പോൾ, മരിക്കുമ്പോൾ, കരയുന്ന ഒരു വീടും വാടിത്തളർന്ന പുവുകളും പറയും

അമ്മ ഇല്ലാത്ത ഒരു വീട്, വീടെ അല്ല.

ദൈവം തമ്പുരാൻ നമ്മുടെ മാതാപിതാക്കൾക്ക് ദീർഘായുസ്സ് നൽകി അനുഗ്രഹിക്കട്ടെ .

നന്മത്ത പ്രാർത്ഥനയോടെ.

**(Cong. To stand)**

**Prayer of Confession**

**Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson**  
**Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy**

**P:** Merciful Lord, we gather in Your presence with thankful hearts, yet we confess that we often take for granted the gift of love You have placed in our lives through those who nurture, support, and guide us. We fail to fully appreciate the quiet sacrifices, strength and care shown to us each day. Too often, we see mothers and those who carry roles of motherhood only through the lens of what they do for us, rather than honouring them as individuals created and loved by You. Forgive us, Lord.

**C:** Compassionate God, we come before You in humility and confession, acknowledging the ways we have failed, to honour and care for those who bear the burdens of motherhood. We confess that too often we have overlooked the pain of mothers who feel hurt, disillusioned, neglected, disappointed, or forgotten. We have allowed a world to continue where many are unseen, unsupported, and valued only for what they give, rather than who they are. Forgive us, Lord. All this, we pray in the caring and loving name of Jesus. Amen.

**Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson, Kyrie Elieson**  
**Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy, Lord have mercy**

**Thanksgiving**

**L:** In my God's grace, I have taken refuge,  
I have come to understand His ways.  
I will follow in the footsteps of my Lord;  
In His grace I have taken refuge.

**C:** Daiva Krupayil Njan Asrayichu  
Avan Vazhikale Njan Arinju  
Anugamichidum Avanude Chuvadukale  
Daiva Krupayil Njan Asrayichu

**L:** This world can never give  
True happiness or peace of mind.  
But in the holy presence of my Jesus,  
I will always find joy within me.

**C:** Iha Lokamo Tharukilloru  
Sukhavum Mana Santhiyathu  
Ente Yeshuvinte Thiru Sannidhiyil  
Ennum Anandham Udenikku

**L:** How good He is, how sufficient for me —  
The Lord who lovingly takes care of me.  
He knows all my needs,  
He is my closest and greatest helper.

**C:** Ethra Nallavan Mathiyayavan  
Enne Karuthunna Karthanavan  
Ente Avashyangal Ellam Arinjidunna  
Eattam Adutha Sahayakan Than

**L:** All the days of my life,  
For the glory of His holy Name,  
Like a lamp that burns itself away giving light,  
One day I will be hidden close to Him

**C:** Ente Ayussil Dinamakeyum  
Thante Nama Mahathwathinay  
Oru Kaithiri Pol Kathiyerinjorikkal  
Thiru Marvil Maranjidum Njan

### **Intercessory Prayers**

**L:** A Godly Mother is a treasure –  
A gift more precious than gold...  
Her children rise up, and call her blessed,  
And in high esteem do hold.

Her love is like that of our Savior  
Who sacrificed His own life...  
That we might live joyful, Godly lives  
In a troubled world of strife.  
We thank you dear Lord for the amazing grace with which You bless our mothers. Amen.

**C: To be Sung**  
**Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,**  
**That saved a wretch like me!**  
**I once was lost, but now am found,**  
**Was blind, but now I see.**

**L:** Oh Lord, we pray that you may strengthen us with power and revelation, so that Christ may live in our hearts through faith. Make us firm in love. Help us understand your will and wisdom in order to fight for justice. We pray that you may make our hands strong, and our voices heard. Grant us humility and discernment so that we may fight, not to conquer, but to liberate. To liberate the women and mothers silenced by the violence, from inequality and abuse, from unjust and discriminatory cultural or religious practices and who live in fear. Help us to heed to your call, dear Lord and lead us closer to you through service.

**C: To be Sung**  
**T'was grace that taught my heart to fear,**  
**And grace my fears relieved;**  
**How precious did that grace appear**  
**The hour I first believed!**

**L:** We pray, for the Moms who are remembering children who have died, and pregnancies that miscarried.  
For the Moms who decided other parents were the best choice for their babies, to the Moms who adopted those kids and loved them fierce.  
For those experiencing the pain and frustration of infertility.  
For those who were forced into motherhood and chose to enrich the lives of their children.  
For those who mothered colleagues, mentees, neighbourhood kids and anyone who needed it.  
For those remembering Moms no longer with us.  
We pray that your grace will continue to lead them. Amen.

**C: To be Sung**  
**Through many dangers, toils and snares**  
**I have already come:**  
**'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,**  
**And grace will lead me home.**

**L:** We submit the leaders of the church and government, of the offices and schools and colleges, and all those in places of power who have the influence to affect the lives of mothers and individuals around us. Bless them with sound discernment and good judgement so that their decisions reverberate positively.

On days where we feel lost, may we look for our mothers in us, their kindness and their perseverance. May we use their lives as shining examples to light our path as we navigate our own, always praying for a life of joy and peace for all. Amen.

***C: To be Sung***

**Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
and mortal life shall cease:  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
a life of joy and peace.**

Author: *John Newton (1779)*

**Gospel Reading**

**P:** †Peace be with you all.

**C:** May the Lord make us all worthy to listen to His Word.

**P:** The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which proclaims life and salvation to the world as recorded by **Apostle Matthew.**

**C:** Blessed is He that has come and will come again. Praise to the Father who sent him for our Salvation. May His blessings be ever upon us.

**P:** In the days of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, the Word of life, God incarnate of the blessed Virgin Mary, it happened in this way.

**C:** So, we believe and affirm.

**Matthew 28:16-20**

(After reading the Gospel, the priest says, †'Peace be with you all')

**C:** With you also. We thank you, Lord, that you have given us your gospel which is indeed the light of the world, that we may be drawn closer to you through the living words from your gospel which we have now heard.

**The Nicene Creed – To be sung**

We believe in the one true God, the Father Almighty,  
Maker of heaven, Maker of earth,

We believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, the only Son of God,  
begotten of the Father before all world;

God of God, Light of Light, Of all things invisible, and all in light.  
God of God, Light of Light, of all things invisible and all things right.

Being one with the Father, by whom all things were made,  
who for our salvation, came down from heaven,  
Incarnate by the Holy Spirit of the Virgin and was made man.

In the days of Pilate, He was crucified,  
He suffered and died and was buried.  
The third day He rose again, ascended into heaven,

He will come again for the living and the dead  
and of His kingdom there will be no end.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life;  
together with the Father and the Son is worshipped and glorified;  
God of God, Light of Light,  
who spoke through the prophets and the apostles.

We believe in one Holy Church,  
One baptism for the remission of sins;  
We look forward to the resurrection of the dead,  
and the new life to come.  
Amen

***(Cong to be seated)***

**Birthday, Wedding Anniversary and Thanksgiving**

Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Now to Thy saints appear!  
Oh, speak with power to every soul,  
And let Thy people hear!

Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
While here to Thee we bow;  
Descend, O gracious Lord, descend!  
Oh, come, and bless us now!

Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
Exalt Thy precious name!  
And may Thy love in every heart  
Be kindled to a flame!

Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
And bless to all Thy Word!  
And may its pure and sacred truth  
In living faith be heard!

Revive Thy work, O Lord!  
And make Thy servants bold;  
Convict of sin and work once more  
As in the days of old.

Lyrics:Fanny Jane Crosby (1820-1915); Music:William Howard Doane (1832-1915)

**Announcements**

**Offertory**

Faith of our mothers, living still  
In cradle song and bedtime prayer;  
In nursery lore and fireside love,  
Thy presence still pervades the air.  
Faith of our mothers, living faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, loving faith,  
Fount of our childhood's trust and grace,  
Oh, may thy consecration prove

Source of a finer, nobler race;  
Faith of our mothers, loving faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,  
For youthful longing, youthful doubt,  
How blurred our vision, blind our way,  
Thy providential care without.  
Faith of our mothers, guiding faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our mothers, Christian faith,  
In truth beyond our stumbling creeds,  
Still serve the home and save the Church,  
And breathe thy spirit through our deeds;  
Faith of our mothers, Christian faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

Author: *Arthur Bardwell Patten* Tune by *Henri F. Hemy*

### **Message**

**(Congregation to stand)**

#### **Closing Prayer**

**P:** Loving God, as a mother gives life and nourishment to her children, so you watch over your Church.

**C:** Our mothers tenderly, patiently cared for us and taught us to walk and talk. They read to us and made us laugh. No one delighted in our successes more; no one could comfort us better in our failures. We are ever grateful for how they mentored and even disciplined us. Continue to bless and strengthen them as Christian mothers. Let the example of their faith and love shine forth. Grant that we, their sons and daughters, may honour them always with a spirit of profound respect. We ask in the name of Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, forever and ever. Amen.

#### **Benediction**

**P:** May the Lord who brought us to birth by his Spirit,  
strengthen us for the Christian life.  
May the Lord who provides for all our needs  
sustain us day by day.  
May the Lord whose steadfast love is constant as a mother's care,  
send us out to live and work for others.

And the blessing of God Almighty,  
the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,  
be with you and remain with you always. Amen.

#### **Doxology and Kiss of Peace**

God be with you till we meet again!  
Beneath His wings protecting hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you;  
God be with you till we meet again!

Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;

Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again!  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put His loving arms around you;  
God be with you till we meet again!

Lyrics: Jeremiah Eames Rankin (1828-1904)  
Music: William Gould Tomer (1833-1896)