

My mom is a mover of mercy!

Last year during the “Year of Mercy”, I asked my mother what does Mercy mean. She told me , it means “if Jesus was walking the earth today it is what he would do”. She went on to list specific examples; be kind, help the homeless, visit the sick, write to people in prison, help the poor, visit the elderly, and love others. I then realized that is what she does and teaches me and my friends to do. My mother is no Saint, and she has a temper, and sometimes will raise her voice and give me a scary eye. My mom tries, but she can lose it. But of all the people I know, she lives a life of Mercy. She often tells me how I need to forgive people. She would say, “If Jesus could forgive us when we do something wrong, then we need to forgive others no matter what they do or say.” She shows mercy by her actions and words. My mom helps everyone. My mom goes to the Holly Patterson every Sunday to help the residents to mass, she loves old people. Sometimes I go with her, and sometimes she brings other children from my parish. She gets flowers from the dead people at Daltons and makes them into bouquets and has the children hand them out to the residents. She made this group called Michael’s Angels in the parish, to teach others how important it is to help others. My mom, packages hot meals and delivers them with me or other volunteers to men and woman in a few train stations and parks. She visits elderly people in their homes, takes them to doctor’s appointments, and even brings some communion. She meets people everywhere, and helps complete strangers. She says, “Every life is important and today God wanted me to meet that person and help him.” She hugs the homeless people and shakes their hands. She gets them clothes and things that they need all from church donations.

My mom has been moved by Mercy, and tries to get others to be moved. She said that when she was 14, her brother Jason, was mugged by someone, and the only person who helped him was a homeless man. It was then that she was moved to do something, so she cooked for the men’s shelter in her parish. That was many years ago and she still goes to shelters today. That shelter is still around today, 30 years later and my crazy mom wants us to visit it. She never said this but because that homeless man helped my brother, my mom has been moved to help thousands more and taught even more to do the same.

My mom has seen a lot of death. She is a 9/11 survivor, and as much as she gets sad every year, she reminds us of the good that happened at ground zero. She worked for the-NYC Medical Examiner’s office. She worked many months helping families to identify thousands of bodies. One thing that she has told me and my brothers was that as much as there was a lot of evil that day, God was present. He was present in the people who gave her rides into the city every day, he was there in the people who helped feed the rescue workers he was there in the hugs she got from strangers, he was there in the volunteers who risked their own lives and health to save others. God was there allowing all those people to be merciful and to help and love each other. God moved those people to mercy. I asked her if she forgave the terrorists, because she says we need to forgive everyone. . She says that even though it was 14 years that is a difficult thing to do, she prayed for them and their families, she said they all had mothers and there is no way that could’ve been a good day for them. My mom is a mover of mercy.