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## EC548 Mother's Day Program

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COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK  
IN AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS

1931

U. of N. Agr. College & U. S. Dept. of Agr. Cooperating  
W. H. Brokaw, Director, Lincoln

Extension  
Circular  
548

MOTHERS' DAY  
PROGRAM

God could not be everywhere,  
So he made Mothers.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*  
\* Mother! Was there ever a name that lived \*  
\* like thine? \*  
\* Will there ever be such another? \*  
\* The angels in Heaven have reared a shrine, \*  
\* To the sacred name of Mother. \*  
\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

There is none,  
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love save that  
within  
A mother's heart.



## SUGGESTIONS ON MOTHERS' DAY PROGRAM

The school could put on a Sunday morning Mothers' Day program and the preacher could speak in the evening on the same topic.

This program may be too long. If so, cut it down. A little over an hour is an ideal length of program. It isn't expected that all the selections will be used. Choose what your type of program needs. Keep mother the center of all the day's activities.

Be sure to see that all sick mothers, at home or in the hospital are remembered by letter or flowers or visits. There are some old mothers who have none of their children in the community. Let's take them in our auto to visit some old friends or wherever they desire to go. It'll give you a lot of fun.

Let's give the mothers a real rest. Let's not load them with program responsibility or that of helping with refreshments or any of the other duties in which they generally are the leaders. It would be a good idea also, to relieve them of as much of the care of children as possible.

Can't some move be made thru the school or otherwise to get the children to do as many things as possible for mother. A big community dinner at noon, if desired would be a fine thing. At this dinner, let's have the young folks and men look after the dinner, and others, (maybe older children) take the responsibility of the little children. Let's make mothers feel it's their day of rest and entertainment.

At home, girls, make mother sit down while you wait on her for one whole day. And if some one must stay home in the evening - you stay home and let mother go to church, or calling, or wherever she wishes to go. Get Dad enthused over the plan. How happy we could make ourselves if we would just try to get one full day's fun, by seeing mother rest and enjoy herself.

For meeting place or church decorations, we might have "Mother" outlined in evergreens or flowers. Other mottoes might be worked out such as

"Mothers and Grandmothers  
And then we others"

"Enjoy mother while she's here"

"What makes the Home? It's Mother."

Don't be gloomy. Keep the day cheerful for mothers and they'll like it.

### Opening of the Meeting

Prayer

Leader:

Mothers' Day



Through all the changes of the universe, there is one thing that remains constant. Motherhood hasn't changed much at heart.

The new mother of today may use improved methods in caring for her young, and advanced ideas in training them, but she finds no substitute for the personal affiliation which the mothers of the centuries, and of all lands and climes, have indulged in. She is the same in the final analysis in any language or any climate-- Mother, bending her every effort to be sympathetic and understanding -- to meet the needs of each individual in her charge.

Mother -- today, as always -- remains the standard by which man measures all women, their loyalty and devotion, in a measure as it is meted out to him by his mother. She stands as one who can be trusted to understand and be sympathetic in any emergency -- the one great counselor and confidant -- the most remarkable person in the world.

Through an act of Congress the second Sunday of May has been set apart as Mothers' Day. The United States flag is displayed on all government buildings as a public expression of love and reverence. Respect is further paid by the wearing of a flower -- a symbol of her loveliness.

Song: "Mother" - Quartette

(Tune - My Country 'Tis of Thee)

Mother! That precious name,  
Forevermore the same  
Earth's sweetest word!  
Though ages past have flown  
No sound was ever known  
Like that dear name alone  
Or ever heard!

From childhood's earliest day,  
She guarded all our way  
With tenderest care,  
She shared our every woe,  
Each cherished hope did know,  
Heard every whisper low  
Of childish prayer.

O what a debt we owe!  
Our grateful love we'll show  
While now we may,  
More tender yet to be  
Thoughtfull and eagerly  
Her slightest need to see  
Each passing day.

Our mother's God, to Thee  
In deep humility  
We lift our prayer;  
Keep those we love the best  
Thru every trial and test  
And may they ever rest  
Safe in Thy care

--- Anonymous



Reading:

MOTHER'S ALMANAC

I tell you, when it comes to dates,  
My mother's just the boss!  
She tells me all I want to know  
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes;  
At school I know I do--  
'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,  
And 1492.

But mother says: "The war with Spain  
Was fought in '98,  
The year you all had chicken-pox  
Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer War in Africa--  
That was a dreadful thing--  
Began in '99, I know,  
For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98, the Spanish ships  
Were sunk in Cuba channels;  
'Twas summer, for you children had  
Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,  
The Russians fought the Japs;  
That year was very cold, and you  
Had chilblains and the chaps."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up  
With hist'ry just that way.  
Sometimes it's measles, croup, or mumps,  
But there's no date that ever stumps  
My mother, night or day.

----Lippincott's Magazine

Leader call on some good reader in the audience to stand and read the two following short poems:

Reader: Here are just four lines which have a thought for all of us:

If you have a gray-haired mother in the old home far away,  
Sit you down and write the letter you've put off from day to day,  
Don't wait until her weary steps reach heaven's pearly gate,  
But show her that you think of her, before it is too late.

And here is another stanza with good sentiment:



A BOY'S MOTHER (Tune - Battle Hymn of Republic)

Chorus --- Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,  
           "      "      "  
           "      "      " , as he goes marching on.

Should any mother be forgot and never br'ot to mind?  
Let's give a tender thought to her and all her actions kind.  
A mother is a man's best friend; you know that this is so,  
Let's celebrate in song and verse dear Mothers ere we go.

There's a long, long trail a-winding, back to childhood's happy days.  
And all events are softened with a dim far-distant haze;  
But my Mother stands out clearly and without a single blur,  
And I long to be a child and walk that long, long trail with her.

Might just have some one read the following:

Up with the birds in the early morning--  
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;  
Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning,  
But she's never a moment to look at them.  
The men are wanting their breakfast early;  
She must not linger, she must not wait;  
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly  
Are what the men give when meals are late.



Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,  
If she would but look over hills and trees;  
But here are the dishes and there is the churning--  
Those things always must yield to these.  
The world is filled with the world of beauty  
If she would but pause and drink it in;  
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty--  
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary;  
Oh, for an hour to cool her head,  
Out with the birds and the winds so cheery!  
But she must get dinner and make her bread.  
The busy men in the hayfield working,  
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,  
Would think her lazy and call her shirking  
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her  
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,  
They only know that they want their dinner  
Plenty of it and just "on time".  
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,  
And dinner dishes are all put by,  
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,  
Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others  
She says as she patches their pants and hose,  
For the world is quick to censure mothers,  
For the least neglect of the children's clothes.  
Her husband comes from the field of labor;  
He gives no praise to his weary wife;  
She's done no more than her neighbor;  
'Tis the lot of all in country life.

But after the strife and weary tussle,  
When life is done and she lies at rest,  
The nation's brain and heart and muscle--  
Her sons and daughters--shall call her blest.  
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,  
The rarest bliss of eternal life,  
And the fairest crown of all will be given  
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

#### THE SULKS

By Helen Hicks Bates

A feller's family anyway's  
A useless lot o' hulks.  
If things ain't jest to suit their taste,



They up and git the sulks.  
It's like as not there ain't a soul  
Except theirselves to blame.  
But that don't count a mite with them,  
They're snarly jest the same.

O! course I don't mean Ma, you know,  
She ain't got time to frown.  
It keeps her on the jump all day  
To smooth the others down,  
Whichever's got the sulks.

You can't tell which'll get 'em next.  
I'm sure I never know.  
Sometimes I speak to sis about  
Her parties or her beaux,  
An' sis, she'll snap aroun' at me  
Jest like she'd box my ears,  
An' would, I guess, exceptin' Ma  
Just sorter always hears.

Nen Ma, she whispers me aside:  
"The clouds are roun' today.  
Better clear out, sonny boy,  
An' go somewheres an' play,  
Yer sister's got the sulks."

Now pa's a man--an' grewed up men  
Know everything, an' so  
Sometimes I ast him some few things  
A feller'd orter know.  
But Pa jest grumbles to hisself  
An' scowls adrost his specs,  
An' I ain't done a single thing  
That could disturb or vex.

Nen Ma, she whispers me aside:  
"The clouds are roun' today.  
Better clear out, sonny boy,  
An' go somewheres an' play,  
Yer Pa's got the sulks."

An' even Bud! You'd think a boy  
Ud have a mite more sense.  
Long pants an' all! He's big enough  
To vault adrost the fence;  
But sometimes, if I ast him nice  
To make a shiny stick,  
He'll shy a book at me an' growl:



Nen Ma, she whispers me aside:  
"The clouds are roun' today.  
Better clear out, sonny boy,  
An' go somewheres an' play.  
Yer brother's got the sulks."

So I slide out acrost the fields  
An' down beside the crick,  
Where everything is peaceful like.  
The grass is soft an' thick;  
The squirrels chatter in the trees;  
The birds all sing like mad;  
The water dances in the sun,  
It seems so awful glad;

An' by an' by, way up above,  
The wind begins to blow,  
An' all the leaves begin to shake,  
They git to laffin' se;  
An' nothin's got the sulks.

The only thing that bothers me  
Is wishin' Ma was here.  
I wisht she didn't have to stay  
With folks that act so queer.  
I may be wrong, but seems to me  
That folks ain't got no right  
To shadder other people's lives  
Jest 'cause they don't feel bright.

But Ma, she's got to stay at home  
An' never has no fun;  
An' all day long she has to work,  
You'd think she'd be the one  
To always git the sulks.

#### A Mother's Album

Make a large picture frame about four feet by seven feet, constructed of just four inch boards. Cover this with yellow paper wrapped around it to represent gilt frame. A curtain is dropped over the frame.

Reader stands to one side.

The scene is arranged and then curtain raised.

MOTHER -- what a word it is, when you hear it said,  
Memories come thick and fast, whirling thru your head,  
First of all a babe again, back make Old Time fly,  
Listen while mother sings to you that dear old lullabye.

Curtain is raised and reveals a mother rocking a baby and singing  
"Rock-a-bye-baby".

Curtain drops.



Reader: Oh day of-days, so glad for you, so sad for mother dear,  
When you set off for school all smiles. She cried, I sadly fear.

Curtain: Child with slate and books and little lunch pail. Mother  
kisses him or her and wipes away a tear from her eyes. Child all smiles. Might  
have instrument to one side playing "School Days". Person could sing chorus.

Curtain falls.

Reader: "Then comes the crowning scene of all - a happy smiling bride  
with mother there - all tenderness, &-standing by her side".

Curtain: A bride, with veil, etc. Mother arranging it for her. Wed-  
ding march being played.

Curtain falls.

Reader: And Mother now is Grandma too, and proud as proud can be. Who's  
this? It's her namesake that she's holding on her knee.

Curtain: Grandma holding baby on her knee. Mother of baby leaning  
over them.

(Play "Rock-a-bye-baby" again.)

Reader:

And there's nothing like a mother; she's full of tremendous powers.  
She's the greatest force for goodness in this whole wide world of ours.

(The idea was copied from circular by Mignon M. Quaw)

Solo: Mother Machree.

Reading:

Who is it darns the holes in hose,  
Washes, starches and irons clothes?  
Who sews on buttons loose or gone,  
And patches garments worn and torn?  
Why who, indeed, but Mother!

Who is it braves the kitchen's heat,  
To bake the things you love to eat?  
Who else can make such apple pies,  
And doughnuts, round, of monstrous size?  
Why no one else but Mother!

Who nurses you with utmost skill,  
Anxiously watches, when you're ill;  
Yet never have you heard complain,  
When she herself, is racked with pain?  
Oh, that is just like Mother!



Who somehow finds the time to do  
The many tasks that come to view?  
Who's ever mindful of your ease,  
Is planning things she knows will please?  
Oh, surely that is Mother.

Whose heart is it, that's filled with joy,  
When fortune smiles on girl or boy?  
Who dreams that in the future, bright  
Success and fame will be their right?  
It can be none but Mother!

When childhood days are passed and gone  
And you, perhaps some wrong have done;  
When friends have all forsaken you,  
Who still has faith and loves you true?  
But one, your own sweet Mother!

Leader: Here is a clipping cut from one of the Newspapers. It appeared in the "Questions and Answers" department entitled "Minerva". It reads as follows:

#### Sacrificing for Children

"Dear Minerva: As I look about me at the many elderly people who are alone and unhappy and in want; as I read the letters in your Mail from mothers and fathers who are unwanted by their children, I sometimes feel that we parents sacrifice entirely too much for our children.

"We give of our all that they may have advantages and pleasures. Then, all at once we are without children, strength and without funds.

"After all, selfish though they may seem, aren't those people wiser who hoard carefully for old age, who save as they go along instead of giving everything away to others?

"Answer: In this problem, as in all, balance is the answer. It is the pleasure of parents to give to their children. But they should temper this giving with forethought of the future, and with wise saving for that inevitable time when the earning powers are lessened and lost.

"The squirrels hide their nuts as fast as they ripen. The ground hog burrows into his winter retreat. The birds go south. All instinctively prepare for the winter.

"Old age without money is not pleasant to see and is tragic to experience. During the creative and fruitful years, thought should be given to the storing away of some part of every crop.

"Material preparation is not enough, but it is important. Beauty, gathered in youth and maturity, will outlast the years. A mind well stored with interests means a profitable old age. When eyes are too dimmed to read, and ears too deaf to hear, one may draw on the reservoir he has filled."



Song: He leadeth me.

Reading: Talk it over with Mother

When you're mighty discouraged and blue,  
And weary of toiling and sorrow;  
Tomorrow is clouded with tears,  
And today's just the same as tomorrow;  
When life seems all cluttered with doubt,  
And you're beaten somehow or another,  
It's funny how troubles smooth out,  
If you just talk it over with mother!

And then when you're blithe as a bird  
And when like a bird you are singing,  
When joy seems to brighten each day,  
And your spirits all upward are winging,  
It's queer how much gladder you feel,  
If you just share your bliss with another;  
Somehow it makes happiness real  
If you just talk it over with mother!

You can travel far with despair,  
When home looks so bright and so cozy,  
With mother to smile on you there,  
So sweet and warm-hearted and rosy.  
Her love is the magical art  
Which makes every man seem your brother.  
True purpose and hope fill your heart,  
When you just talk it over with mother!

Song: Come Thou Fount.

Recitation: The Gizzard and the Neck

I don't know how to say this thing--I only know that I  
Believe that she was truthful, Mother couldn't tell a lie--  
But Mother said she liked the neck, the gizzard and the back,  
And so I know she liked 'em, for she et 'em, that's a fact.  
Still, I've kinda got a feeling that she liked one little cuss  
Above the neck and gizzard, and, of course, I'm meaning "us."

Father took the white meat--the pully bone and breast--  
Phoebe took the second points, which she considered best;  
I made way with both the legs, and often all the wings,  
So now you know what Mother liked of all these splendid things.  
For, Mother liked the gizzard, it was tough, she said, but  
sweet;  
And if the hen was stewed or boiled, why, Mother liked the feet,  
But of all the dainty morsels in a chicken's frame, by heck,  
There wasn't any part, she said, comparing to the neck.

Our preacher preached one Sunday on the subject "Feed My Lambs"  
So Father asked him home to share our chicken and our yams,  
The Reverend got the breastmeat and one of Phoebe's thighs;



Phoebe got one second point and one of the parts that flies;  
Father took the pulley bone and gobbled both my legs,  
And told the preacher "Hank prefers his simple ham and eggs."  
Then Mother got her helping next, the leavings of the wreck--  
The liver and the gizzard, and, yes, of course, the neck.

One day the Preacher came again with slow and quiet tread;  
The Doctor saw him enter, and sadly shook his head,  
For Mother was unconscious; so, we all stood 'round a while,  
When suddenly there came upon my Mother's lips a smile;  
And Pa bent down to listen, as it seemed that she would speak,  
And this is what she whispered in accents low and weak.  
"You folks may have the gizzard, now, and neck, and all those things,  
Pa, you can help your sweetheart to a couple of the wings,"

Oh, noble is the Father who can trudge earth's weary mile,  
To gain the food and raiment for his children with a smile;  
But the Good Lord saves his anteams and his halleluyah strains  
For the self-denying mother who despairs not nor complains,  
And with golden-crowned garlands the head of her bedecks  
Who, lest her dearies hunger, likes the gizzards and the necks.

Recitation: Mother (Have this read by an appropriately chosen person).

Lead thy Mother tenderly down life's last incline. Once her arm was  
thy support; now she leans on thine. Think of all the helpless years her hand  
has guided thru; her fondest hopes, her girlhood dreams, were centered all on  
you. She watched thru many lonely hours, never a friend so true; and now in her  
declining years to mother, won't you be true. Or, maybe mother's far away, across  
the sea so blue; perhaps you think of her today, she often thinks of you. And did  
you send that letter home you promised you would write? She may be sitting all  
alone; sit down and write tonight. Has mother left this world of care for mansions  
in the skies; where all is peace, and joy, and love, and there are no goodbyes?  
Then breathe a prayer beyond the star, and say, "Dear God above. My mother's  
where the angel's are. I'm sending her my love."

Reading - by a High School Boy: The Sphere of Woman

They talk about a woman's sphere as tho it had a limit;  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe  
There's not a whispered yes or no,  
There's not a life, or death, or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth -  
Without a woman in it

Reading - By a High School Boy: Mother O'Mine



If I were hanged on the highest hill  
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!  
I know whose love would follow me still,  
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!  
I know whose tears would come down to me,  
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!

If I were damned of body and soul  
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!  
I know whose prayers would make me whole,  
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine.

Leader: No more appropriate song could be sung for a closing to this program than "America" which we will all stand and sing.

Benediction -

(Note: These circulars can be secured from the Agricultural Extension Service, College of Agriculture, Lincoln, Nebraska).