



**Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> April 2022**

My dearest Brothers and sisters,

Greetings to you and your families this Palm Sunday. This week I have witnessed and seen some challenging health scenes when I visited Windsor hospice to console and pray for cancer patients. And watching tears roll down the faces of some of the children of the dying patients moved me to tears too.

Again, a friend of mine who lives in London lost his mother this week He became devastated and refused to eat. He couldn't sleep and he can't imagine his world without his loving mother. I reached out to him, and he wept till he started sobbing. I consoled him and then came back to the presbytery.

While reflecting or pondering on my experiences of this week, I came to realise that, neither death nor cancer can separate you from your mother. So, I said to my friend who lost his mother:  
"Be consoled, she is always with you, not even death can separate you from your mother"

On arriving at the Presbytery, I started pondering on the presence of mothers in our lives, the following words on our Mothers might help a bit to console many of us who may have lost their mothers either through cancer or natural death:

Your mother is always with you. She is the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She is the smell of the certain food you remember, flowers you pick, the fragrance of life itself. She is the cool hand on your brow when you are not feeling well.

She is your breath in the air on a cold winter day. She is the sound of the rain that lulls you to sleep, she is the colours of a radiance rainbow. She is the Christmas morning, your mother lives inside your laughter and brightness. She is the place you came from, your first home, and she is the map you follow with every step you take.

Our Mothers are our first love, your first friend, even your first enemy, but nothing on earth can separate you, not time, not space, not even death. She is always with you in life and in death, she is ever close to guide and enlighten you, you only need to listen to hear her voice in your heart.

Let us pray:

God our Father, please bless our loving mothers and grandmothers, give health and healing to our mothers and grandmothers who are sick, and open the gate of paradise to those who have died, and give your consolation to those affected families members of our community who lost their loved parents, inspire them to always remember that neither ill health nor death can separate us from the invisible presence of our loved parents and God who loves us unconditionally, Amen.

I wish you and your families a blessed week filled with laughter and good health.

Yours affectionately,  
Father Nicholas Nwanzi.