

A Short Story - First Tears
by Deacon Gerry Palermo

Can a mother forget her infant, be without tenderness for the child of her womb?

Even should she forget, I will never forget you (Isaiah 49:15).

Do you remember your first tears?

You know the first tears that you remember but there is always a first tear.

My wanderings you have noted; are my tears not stored in your vial, recorded in your book? (PS 56:9).

He was a big man, sturdy with a commanding presence. I wondered what type of visit this would be guessing perhaps a very short dismissing the situation with a wave of the hand and the minimizing of the vulnerability so plainly seen. Instead I shift focus to being receptive to the Lord's initiative for him and for me.

After greetings, I asked him where and why he enlisted from his home country. He story flowed nicely speaking of the dreams of a young man with a vision for a better life for himself.

Then it happened.

Suddenly the old man disappeared and a small baby was in the bed. The babies face so beautiful yet completely contorted in his first tears. Beet red, completely engaged, every muscle of this baby's face straining to stream out tears which flow even now. We were in *Anamnesis*. It was August, 1920 and this baby misses his mother. Then, just as suddenly, the adult male head was present and a pained voice whispers "I never knew my Mother. She died when I was born".

I will never forget you.

Life for this baby was filled with love. This infant was embraced by the entire village. The family would bring this infant from home to home of nursing mothers. Each mother, in turn, would wet-nurse the infant for a day. The next day another mother nursed. This baby did not have one mother, he had a dozen.

You formed my inmost being; you knit me in my mother's womb. I praise you, so wonderfully you made me; wonderful are your works! My very self you knew; my bones were not hidden from you, When I was being made in secret, fashioned as in the depths of the earth (PS 139:13-15).

His face glowed! He wasn't telling a story of self-sustaining sorrow. This momentary divine vision was an *Anamnesis* and also an assurance that the Lord assures us: your tears are stored in my vial and recorded in my book... and these tears are ever before me. This infant's tears are never forgotten but by the power of God the sorrow is given an honored place without the persistence of the sting.

Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting? (1 Cor 15:55).

The men of the village gave special help to this child. It was as if he had dozens of Fathers, Uncles, Mothers, Cousins, Brothers and Sisters.

The LORD supports all who are falling and raises up all who are bowed down. The eyes of all look hopefully to you; you give them their food in due season. You open wide your hand and satisfy the desire of every living thing (PS 145:14-16).

I resist telling you more. It is not necessary. Suffice to say this infant, child, young man, and then adult went on to have a wonderful life filled with every blessing.

At present we see indistinctly, as in a mirror, but then face to face. At present I know partially; then I shall know fully, as I am fully known. (1 Cor 13:12).

Soon his day will come and how great a reunion. Great the moment to see each other face to face.

Jesus answered them, "My Father is at work until now, so I am at work. (Jn 5:17).

Do you remember your first tears? You know the first tears that you remember but there is always a first tear. The Lord has always known and knows and He works tirelessly to satisfy your deepest desires. Melt into the arms of a loving God.

Peace be with you.

Deacon Gerry

Disclaimer – Names, times and places are fictional or obscured to protect the privacy of others without distorting the essential truth of the encounter.

References: