

# The Hand that Rocks the Cradle

“Search the long annals of proud Rome  
and Greece,

The tombs of war. The chronicles of  
peace.

Ransack the old and modern rolls of  
fame.

To fit the brightest splendor on a name  
The name above all names is

MOTHER.”

The greatest word is GOD. The  
deepest word is SOUL. The longest  
word is ETERNITY. The swiftest  
word is TIME. The nearest word is  
NOW. The darkest word is SIN. The  
meanest word is HYPOCRICY. The  
broadest word is TRUTH. The  
strongest word is RIGHT. The ten-  
derest word is LOVE. The sweetest  
word is HOME. The dearest word is  
MOTHER.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps used to say  
that “everybody’s mother is a remark-  
able woman.” In that sentence you  
may find a kind criticism and a great  
compliment. There is no human name  
so enshrined in humanity’s affection  
like the name of mother. Everything,  
for most of us, which is sweet, beauti-  
ful, lovely and holy, clusters about that  
name. Think of mother and you think  
of home. Think of home and you think  
of the Bible. Think of the Bible and  
you think of Christ. Think of Christ  
and you think of God. To many a  
youth and maiden a thousand miles