

MOTHER of an ARMY

By Deanna Storfie

She was mother to an army,
Was Catherine Mumford Booth.
And the weapons of her warfare
Were the Holy Spirit and God's truth.
She helped to change a nation,
Often hundreds at a time;
Preaching words of inspiration,
To rich and poor alike.

As a young girl she was often sickly
And for months confined to bed,
But she used that time most wisely
And book after book she had read.
By the time she reached the age of twelve
She'd read the Bible eight times through
And the writings of great men of God,
Made her heart long for what was true.

Like equality for women,
Protection for young girls,
Abstinence from alcohol
And help for the poor and destitute.

Catherine knew the gospel was the key to all this pain;

The good news of her Savior,

Christ Jesus was his name!

For only *he* could set the captives free,

Only *he* had paid the price.

Our debt of sin – much too high

God's precious Son – the perfect sacrifice.

So, timidly at first, at least

She stepped into the pulpit

To share "a word" the Lord had given

Compelled she was to impart it.

Hearts were touched and souls revived

Of this there was no doubt.

God was speaking through a *woman*

And her giftings would stand-out.

She spoke with gentleness, persuading,

As if counsel before a judge and jury.

Winning souls and changing minds,

Each word spoken without hurry.

Standing straight and tall, with confidence

In a world where women had few rights.

Preaching to the rich and poor

She brought hope to darkened nights.

Alongside her husband,
But often on her own,
She preached God's Word effectively
Feeding many a hungry soul.
Women drew courage
From the example that she set.
If God could use dear Catherine
Then he could use Sally or Jeanette.

She led an army of young women
Called the Hallelujah Lasses,
Down the wretched streets and alleys
Bringing hope to the masses.
Women and young girls
With hearts changed, added to its ranks
A powerful suffrage movement
To Catherine we must thank!

THE END