

Mother's Day 2025

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As a mother of five sons and now one granddaughter, this [Mother's Day](#) was special and lovely. The day before I met with one son who would not be here on Sunday. Then to my great joy and surprise, all the others came with their partners and even the newly baked parents came with the baby.

Kindergarten Song

When my sons, the former Vienna Choir Boys, broke out in [song](#) to sing what one of them had learned decades before in kindergarten, I was overjoyed. I could not get my phone out soon enough to catch it from the beginning.

What if?

I pause to reflect on what you might be thinking. What if you can't share my joy? What if I hurt somebody by sharing my gratitude and joy?

I just completed a survey about Imposter Syndrome and am happy to report that my score was low - no, I am fine thank you very much. I am writing for myself and even though I want to reach out, I will not let

your problems affect my giving. So, yes please, tell me what you think. But be aware, I will screen all negativity.

Screen Negativity

We are living in a time of change, some would say, turmoil. I see it with great optimism and enthusiasm.

I am so grateful to be living at this time in history. And of course, finally becoming a grandmother has been a contributing factor.

Wow, why do I feel with every step of expressing my joys, the intrinsic risk of hurting somebody else?

Yes, I am super sensitive. And despite my hard edged claims that I don't care what you think, I really do.

With tears in my eyes, I don't know when you will read this, yet I already apologize if I touch on topics that may trigger or hurt you.

Are you interested to hear, do you know when...?

As the second generation comes to terms with [parenthood](#) in a new age, I am wise and right, in quietly listening, observing and waiting to be asked before jumping in with tips from my own rich experience.

Technology

As I almost daily work on updating my files in our Synology library, deleting duplicate photos and adding dates to files from before the digital age, I am so sharply aware of the different world my children and their children are growing up in. I strive to continue to preserve the recordings I took of my own mother, sharing her thoughts, to organize them and make them available. To make them visible.

Visibility

It is not just my own visibility. I am passionate about respecting and preserving our heritage, where we came from, what our parents went through.

I am writing spontaneously as my thoughts flow, without an agenda, no sales plan, no marketing strategy.

Baby Boomer

I'm still of the old school and have still resisted all the prompts to invite artificial intelligence to write my content for me. Don't get me wrong. I am not opposed. I do believe we can benefit and grow in leaps and bounds. And I have to admit, I have dabbled. And I even intend to do more.

Challenges

I sense an immense resistance in my generation, amongst my peers. There is certainly an overwhelm, a feeling of helplessness when my computer and my mobile phone asks me things I don't understand. At the same time I am proud to have managed the step into the new age, at least I do have a computer and a mobile phone.

Early Days

Thirty years ago, when I lived in Linz and the Women's Federation had just been launched, we had a guest speaker from Switzerland who talked about the need to learn to filter the information we want to access. There were no home computers or internet. There was just already a feeling of information overload. She stressed the need to educate the children to focus on the constructive channels, to not get addicted to, or distracted by the millions of shiny objects that will come our way.

My Challenge

My challenge with social media today and why I am not opening all my emails immediately, or checking all my WhatsApp messages as they arrive. I've recognized how one thing leads to another, how I easily follow a link, end up on YouTube and now even suspect so much has been fabricated to attract attention, to sell, to make a profit or to sensationalize. That's not really the content I am interested in absorbing. Maybe that's also why I do not write so often. And yet. I am pushed.

Meetings

Last week, as usual, I hosted a number of zoom meetings. It occurred to me that I should count and assess them. Even for my own interest, I'd love to know what I actually did. Yet, like some of my peers and colleagues, it seems I am so busy doing, I don't often get around to reporting.

Unification Movement

So last week when word got out that our members over seventy should all step down and write their biography as a mission journal - I was inspired! Great, now finally time to reflect, pause, evaluate. Yes, and who will host the meetings? Who will edit and post the videos? Who will take care of the YouTube channels? Find your successor. Ah huh.

Successor Search

I am entrenched in my consciousness that I am from another age. I am still sensitive to comments like: You are like your father. YES I AM! He was passionate about recording, about being correct. In my eyes he was a genius. It's probably good that I was not in Australia when they tore down the [house that Dad built](#). Even from this distance thousands of miles away, I am still moved to tears as I think of the corner cupboard he developed into a merry-go-round!

Next Generation

So, the generations come and go. It is our turn to hand over, to pass it on. I have often here reflected on the precious gift of being able to hand over, to pass on. I refer to those who left us without that opportunity and the hardships and suffering resulting from that missing link.

Golden Age

We are living in a Golden Age, Mother Moon has told us. At yesterday's Sunday Service, Johannes Stampf talked about Mother's Day in the context of Mother God. Holy Mother Han has revealed the hidden heart of Mother God. God is not just our Heavenly Father, but our Heavenly Parent, encompassing both Father and Mother. This is my conviction. This is what I know. And more and more, the whole world will come to know.