

A Poem Dedicated to all DMF Mothers
Written By Dartor Bolo: President of the DMF

“If you forget my name, call me the DMF Mother.”

My name is **DMF Mother**. I am clothed in dignity, crowned in service, and anointed with the oil of endurance.

I am the **Queen of the Fellowship**, inspiring the next generation of leaders. I am the **Vice President**, the quiet strength behind the **President**,

I am the **Dean of the Cabinet**, coordinating every program, every gathering, every sacred assignment. I am the **Chairperson on Mission**, sharing the love of Christ, and leaving footprints of compassion in every place my feet touch.

I am the **Gatekeeper of Communication**, the watchwoman on the tower, guarding every word that enters or leaves the Fellowship. Truth passes through my hands; clarity walks through my doorway.

I am the **Treasurer**, keeper of the purse, guardian of the storehouse, the one who runs to the bank at dawn, makes transfers at noon, and balances the books at midnight while others sleep in quiet comfort I do the work of the committee—not for applause, but because excellence is my inheritance and stewardship is my calling.

I am the strength of the Membership Team, the one who recruits with love, encourages with patience, and welcomes with open arms. For our strength is not in numbers alone—our strength is in our members, and in the lives we touch, the hearts we lift, the people we impact.

I am the **Head of the Northeast Region**, where we hosted one of the finest Assemblies in our history. I am the **Head of the Southeast Region**, preparing the path for the General Assembly in September.

I am the **Head of the Largest Region, the central region**. the region that sings the loudest, dances the longest, and celebrates the hardest. I host parties on boats, where joy floats on the water and laughter dances with the wind. I love to be happy. I love to dance in the sun. For the sun reminds me that God still shines on my journey, and joy is my rightful crown.

I am **four out of seven voices** on the Board of Directors.

I am the **longest-serving member**, the ancient pillar that has never bowed. I am the **Head of the Council of Elders**, where wisdom sits, listens, and speaks.

Out of the **four regions**, I stand as **three**, carrying their weight, their dreams, their victories, their burdens— and still I rise as the **steady pillar** that holds the Fellowship upright.

I am the **first to give, the first to sow, the first to pay my dues, my project fees, my assembly fees, and every contribution** that keeps this fellowship standing. I do not wait to be asked— I lead by example, I give with joy, I plant with faith.

I am the Queen who serves. The Mother who strengthens. The Elder who remembers.

I am the one who funds **80% of the Fellowship's budget**. I sell in the sun. I strategize in the night. I fundraise with joy. I encourage with fire. I attend the meetings. And I will stand in full strength at the General Assembly.

I am a **humanitarian**. They call me **Rescue Mama**. I give because giving is my language. I lift others because lifting is my calling.

People ask, "*Where do you get your strength?*"

I draw it from **Mary**, who watched her only Son on the cross.

I draw it from **Queen Esther**, who risked her life for her people.

I draw it from **Judge Deborah**, who discerned between right and wrong and led her nation with courage.

I stand tall. My home is open—to prepare meals, to welcome strangers, to comfort the weary, and to strengthen the fellowship. I listen. I pray. I call. I cherish. For every member is a story, every story is a seed, and every seed deserves a place to grow. I am the voice that says, “You belong here.” I am the heart that whispers, “You are needed.” I am the spirit that declares, “You are family.” I am the one who notices the forgotten and brings them back into the fold. I am the mother who stands at the gate of the fellowship, not as a guard, but as a greeter— a shepherd of souls, a gatherer of hearts, a builder of the DMF. And today, I celebrate myself for the calls I made, the prayers I whispered, the members I welcomed, the hearts I strengthened. I celebrate myself because I deserve to smell my flowers while my hands can still hold them and my spirit can still rejoice

Today, I celebrate **myself**. Not in pride, but in gratitude.
For I know this truth: **My best days are still ahead.**

If you forget my name, call me **DMF Mother**—
for in that name lives my service, my sacrifice,
my legacy, and my crown.

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