One of the most special moments of my life occurred in my mother's room at a local nursing home just a couple of weeks before she passed away. As was the case several times a week, I stopped in to check on her. There, to my deep appreciation, was a hospice volunteer singing to her and reading to her from the Bible.

At that point, I'm not positive how much she was taking in, but the peaceful look on her face gave me so much peace in my own heart.

When the volunteer saw me, she said, "Can you wait outside for a few moments, I would like to do something."

I stepped down the hall to visit with some other residents. Within about 15 minutes, I was called back to my mother's room. When I stepped back into her room, tears welled up in my eyes.

My mother looked beautiful. The volunteer had put a beautiful night gown on her, teased her hair a little and put a ribbon in it and took various steps to enhance my mother's appearance, and obviously, self-esteem.

I looked at her and said, "Oh Mom, you look beautiful." Once again I saw those tender mother eyes as she looked at me as though she understood and felt the beauty within herself.

Several special moments occurred that were written on my heart forever during those times in my mother's life. A resident who was mentally disabled visited my mother one day in her wheel chair. She looked at me and said, "Can I sing to her?" I assured her that would be wonderful. In her simple, childlike manner, she looked into my mother's eyes and sang the entirety of "Jesus Loves Me." The most famous person in the world couldn't have approached the beautiful appreciation that my mother gave to her in response to her singing the simple song.

“Unsung heroes,” my favorite people in this world, the volunteer who brings solace, smiles, comfort and reassurance to those with need, or those who give room numbers of patients in hospitals or those who open doors at large stores for elderly who have a difficult time pushing their carts.

“Unsung heroes,” such as firemen who willingly care for their community well beyond the duty of extinguishing fires, policemen who assist elderly who are lost in their neighborhoods and take care of personal needs of those in times of distress.

“Unsung heroes,” such as those who donate to the needy anonymously, assist with the local food bank, reassure scared children in the pediatrics ward at local hospitals and Sunday School teachers who have taught God’s Word to hundreds of children over several decades.

Bless those who put food in boxes for handout, sew and prepare clothes for missionaries in local church groups, yes, pack meat for hungry in other parts of the world and those who send encouragement notes, not only to friends, but to others just because they care.

Often we go to ball games, attend musicals, attend church and go to other public places and never think, “Wow, somebody really worked hard to make this clean and attractive.” But on the other hand, if we find a piece of paper out of place, you know the rest of the story.

These people work tirelessly behind the scenes, often unrecognized in the local press or by other means, but committed to the needs of others.

They clean churches, donate quilts to help raise money for needy causes, help the elderly in nursing homes, pass out God’s Word, care for those in hardship cases and visit hospitals to bring God’s mercy at all hours of the day.

They are the “unsung heroes” who don’t ask for recognition, who would prefer not to have it, but who so richly deserve appreciation for all that they do.

Just once we say, thank you for cleaning the church, delivering the mail, visiting our loved ones in nursing homes and hospitals, taking care of people whose houses were destroyed in a fire, being willing to get up all hours of the night to fight a fire, spend countless funds on your own to support our young people, you who “pray in the closet,” and serve God in humility.

“It is these,” Jesus said, “that Heaven sees; they will have their reward.”