



Happy Mother's Day



To Moms of Young Children

written by Gabrielle Drew

Isn't the thought of being a mom so beautiful? The art of growing our own people to know The Lord, make good choices, and even start families of their own. What an honor! And yet, each day I cook meals to hear "I'm so very hungry" ten minutes later, change diapers so they have fresh ones to immediately do business in, bathe them so they have clean hair to rub peanut butter in... oh, you know.

I read about a French artist who creates large-scale, intricate art in the sand every day only to take some photos and watch it wash away by the tide every night. His name is JBen if your interest is piqued; mine sure was. My initial thought was why on earth would you do that- but my second thought was wow, my days feel like that sometimes. *There's a repetitive cycle of tasks done, then undone. Done, then undone. Why is that?*

I brought that "why" to Jesus and here's what I found: The lesson of the fig tree. Jesus shares in Luke 21:34-38 that when a fig tree comes back to life at the end of winter, we can be assured that the Kingdom of God is near. I noticed that even our Creator, the greatest artist of them all, gladly does what He knows will be undone. His blooming-of-the-fig-tree is my wiping-of-the-countertops. He grows fruit knowing we'll eat it and the frost will devour what we leave behind. He covers the earth in snow, knowing the sun will melt it away. He forgives us, knowing full well we'll sin again. And again, and again...

"Let us not grow weary of doing good," Galatians 6:9 reads, "for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up." It's easy to find purpose in the big picture things. But can I encourage you, artist? Each of our tiny, repetitive tasks in this season are individual brush strokes. In time we'll be left with a beautiful portfolio. One filled with works that put Jesus on display, reflecting joy and love and fruitfulness, if we allow them to. Our Lord takes time to clothe the lilies in beauty, though they're going to wither. *So too shall we do small things beautifully, trusting that His ways are GOOD, and we will reap what we sow.*



To Moms of Older Children

written by Chrissy Reid

1 Peter 5:7

... casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you.

Don't get me wrong, my children will always be my babies. The reality is that they are almost grown up and we are just a few years from being empty nesters. Having older children leaves a mom with many concerns. Will they be safe at school or at work? Will people be kind to them? Are they driving safely? And a million more questions that worry the heart and mind of a parent. I would be lying if I did not admit that these thoughts have sometimes left me riddled and even crippled with worry.

I can never stop being a mom, but every day I am learning how to be a mom to my 17 and 19 year old daughters. *Discerning true concern from unhealthy worry began to feel impossible*, but I was relying on myself to navigate this season of uncertainty. I say that I trust God in all things, yet sometimes I forget that "all things" includes my girls. I feel as if no one can love them as much as I do, but GOD DOES. *He loves them even more; more than any of us could even imagine.*

When I feel unbelief, uncertainty or even crippling worry, I am reminded in 1 Peter 5:7 that I am not expected to carry these worries. God, who loves me and cares for me and my children, will take it all. I just have to be willing to let the worry go and share it with God. My prayers are honest and sometimes messy, but *the truth of God's word and time spent talking to Him leaves a mother's heart so much lighter.*

If you feel stuck in a cycle of worry for your children, pour out your heart to God. This lyric from Paul Baloche reminds me to lay my worries at Jesus' feet as I spend time in worship, "He knows my name. *He knows my every thought. He sees each tear that falls and hears me when I call.*"



To those hurting on Mother's Day

written by Allison Granger

When I think of Mother's Day, I see an idyllic picture of a spring garden, full of bright flowers and floating butterflies where generations of women gather with their children and grandchildren, sharing smiles and laughter while taking that perfect family photo. Their day is full of beautiful bouquets, sentimental greeting cards, hand-made gifts by small children, a favorite meal and perhaps even a comforting foot rub while being awarded control of the TV remote.

Yes, this may seem ideal, but it is not very real. *Mother's Day also brings heavy feelings of loss.* Memories of failed pregnancy tests, a lost heartbeat, burial of a newborn, burial of a child at any age, burial of your own Mother, and perhaps even the loss of relationship due to unresolved conflict. There are countless women who would prefer to skip the day altogether, rather than navigate a day filled with emotional landmines.

A favorite scripture of mine is *Psalm 34:18*, where David says, "*The Lord is close to the brokenhearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit.*" David faced a tremendous amount of loss and grief in his life, but he reminds us that God does not leave us alone. We have, and we will, experience loss, but God is always near. Always loving us!

If you find yourself crying tears of joy or heartache on this Mother's Day, I hope you will meditate on the fact that above all else, *you are loved, and seen, by God!* He holds the power to heal your broken heart. He is close. He will never leave you. He is faithful. He sees you and hears your cries. He will never leave your side because, above all else, He loves you! YOU are HIS Baby Girl, whom He created in His own image!

"See what great love the Father has lavished on us, that we should be called children of God!" 1 John 3:1