

As I make a feeble attempt at these Ladies' pages that have been done so faithfully and well by our precious sister and my heroine, Lila Briggs, please bear with me – they will not be as good as what you are used to seeing, but with the LORD's help, may they be something that one sister needs and please pray with me on that. Love you, my dear sisters in Christ.

"The cool breeze in the air reminds me how much I love seeing the leaves change color each fall." – Amy Grant

FINDING JOY

"Why Being A Mom Is Enough"

I'm talking about simply being a mom.

I'm talking about getting up in the morning, slapping your face with water, looking in the mirror, sighing, brushing your teeth (maybe), and picking up that toddler and wandering into the kitchen and pouring cereal in bowls, rinsing dishes, kissing the top of their head, and waiting for your coffee to brew. There isn't much glamour.

There is you. You giving of yourself. Minute, by minute, by minute, by minute until those hours add up to create a day which adds up to create a week which adds up to create a month which adds up to create years which add up to create a life. A beautiful life filled with ordinary enough mom moments.

Somehow in this mixed up media world of things to do and places to go and dreams to follow the beauty of simply being a mother is completely lost.

Being a mom is enough.

It's enough, I say.

Sometimes we want to look to those big things and use them as a grade for success. We look at the cool science fair projects where our child got the blue ribbon. But, honestly, we miss the hours of interacting and holding glue sticks and looking up things and laughing side by side. We want the trips to Disney or American Girl Dolls and discount the time spent in the backyard. The bar of success and joy and happiness gets pushed so high by culture that the little things, the enough mom moments, are lost.

Do you know what matters? This.

The other day my 15 year old came to me and told me she missed me. Missed me? I couldn't believe it. I was a bit incredulous, actually. I told her about the trips to the movies, the trips to the yogurt bar (are those places ever cheap? I mean, seriously, \$24 total for four containers of yogurt with a variety of too heavy toppings? End rant.), shopping together, getting Starbucks, and all of that. She looked at me and told me that's not what she meant. She told me she just wanted me present during the day.

Little things. Like stopping my crazy busy mom and work agenda to look at the graphic design she made on the computer and really looking at it and trying to appreciate her talents. It's about me taking thirty minutes to play cards at the table with them and not checking email constantly on my phone. Email can wait thirty minutes. They cannot. It's in not worrying so much about the laundry and instead just letting that go and being thankful for a family to do laundry for. Just being there. Cooking together. Laughing. Giving of myself in the simple things.

Mom things.

The things that don't get celebrated on Pinterest that much. They're the "just a mom" things that I write about and celebrate. They're the things that most people probably won't see.

They don't see you stand in the bathroom and gather your resolve every morning. They don't see those of you who mother alone without much support. They don't see the trips to the car back and forth and back and forth. They don't see you counting to ten a dozen times before noon. They don't see you look at the bank account and sigh and try to figure out how to make three meals with what's left in your pantry. They don't see you walking into the principal's office, doctor's office, friend's house and defending your child.

They don't see bandages placed on knees. Kisses on foreheads at night. Pillows pushed just the right way and blankets tucked to the perfect demands. Laundry folded and folded and folded. Tears that sting your eyes as you keep going. Dinners prepped over the stove. Times of laughter over silly things. Hair brushed and pulled back into pony tails. Prayers over wandering teens. Prayers over little babes. Nights spent sleeping in a chair holding a sick child. Days where the house is a wreck but you're reading books. The brave smile on your face when you're weary.

Those things matter. Those things are the little things that add up and and up and up.

[I say those things are enough.](#)

Don't be weary, dear mother, in trying to keep up with a supermom agenda. There is no supermom, really - that whole supermom who has everything together is just a fallacy. There are real moms. Real, authentic moms who admit that they don't have it all together but keep on fighting. Scared and tired moms who keep fighting. Moms who are overwhelmed by keeping up with littles all day long. Moms like you and me who sometimes feel lost in a world of outward accomplishments.

A mother isn't based on external perfection. A mother is the person, the woman, just like you. The woman with little ones in her care that she loves, and sometimes wonders how she loves them because they're driving her batty, but still she does. She fights, gives, prays, works, and doesn't give up even when she wants to throw in the towel.

That's you. Today. Tomorrow. Yesterday. *I say that is enough.* It is more than enough.

You are amazing. (from a Facebook Blog)

(This was a response to the above)

"I've been praying for an answer. Praying for some direction, something to keep me going... and there it popped up in my email - your blog. I once again applaud you for your words that touch the lives of those who need it most. Thank you, thank you, thank you for the reminder and encouragement.

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As I read the above sent to a young friend by my niece, who is also a young mom, I realize we are all in different stages of our life-journey, yet we are the very best support anyone on this earth can have (besides our Lord, Jesus). In this church family, we have the collective wisdom of women who are at every possible stage. Young women who are in college, and learning and growing each day, yearning for the time when they will be free of the books, studying, exams, and wondering where they will be after graduation. Single women who look sometimes longingly at young married women and young moms, wondering if and when they will be there one day, as well. Young married women with careers and husbands and friends, times of joy and laughter as they await the families they hope will come, but not too soon. Young mothers who are overwhelmed with this task of raising the children God has given them. They sometimes feel like they have one extra child in the man they married, and the dogs and cats that are part of the whole package. Where is the knight in shining armor I was so sure was hiding underneath that skin?

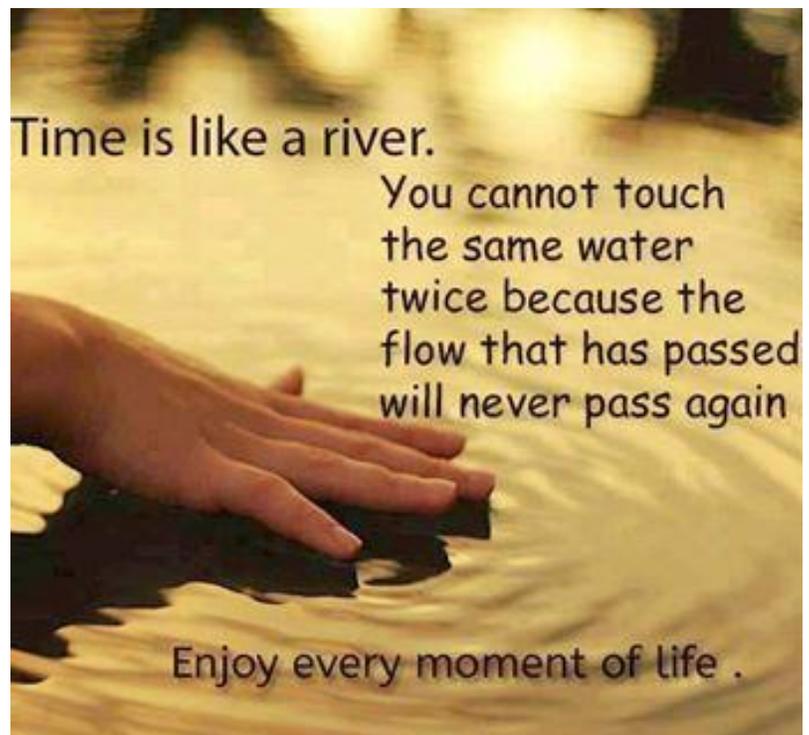
And his MOTHER!!! Ack! She is so annoying, wanting me to tell him things. Why doesn't she pick up the phone and tell him herself? And how she watches what I do (usually critically) my housekeeping, cooking, raising my children. REALLY?? How would you like to have just one of MY days, let alone weeks or months? (She has, believe me - she raised your shining knight, and even though you hate to admit it, she is *very* responsible for the young man you fell so madly in love with). His tender moments, and his deep faith? Largely due to his mother, who drives me NUTS!!! She was a young mom at one time herself, and no, she doesn't believe she did everything right. She just wants what is best for her baby, this grown, bewildering young man who she gave away to you, and sometimes fears he is gone forever. Why doesn't he ever call? He doesn't need her anymore. He Says he likes your cooking better (even though you *KNOW* he loves his mother's cooking) and you feel like you can never measure up to those fantastic dinners - the potatoes were never lumpy, the garlic bread was never left in the broiler too long. And holidays? Will you ever get to the point where you are the house everyone wants to visit on holidays, because it smells so good and the entire meal comes together like magic?

The women whose children are teenagers, who barely have the time of day to speak to them anymore. Who are secretly happy when one of their children calls at work & says, "Mom, I forgot my PE clothes. (...Can you drop everything) and bring them to me? I will lose points if I don't have them." At least they still need me for SOMETHING, even if it is gym clothes or lunch money.

The mothers of the brides and grooms, who watch with such joy and pride as their young ones choose their life-mate. Not who I would have chosen for them

(although in my case, I was secretly thrilled with my daughter's choice). The mixture of absolute joy and tears as you watch them walk down the aisle and marry. Who will need me now? And waiting expectantly for the grandbabies...oh, to hold your baby's baby is a gift beyond all belief. It's like having your own baby again, except grandchildren are absolutely perfect, (just ask me!) The first time your son or daughter allows you to babysit, and leaves a list of dos and don'ts. Which you agree to follow completely (until the parents are out the door). And you conspire with this precious baby to always be their ally and defender, no matter what. Their parents lived to be adults, right??? Who do they think they are, telling you how to hold a baby? You've logged more hours in a rocking chair or walking the floor with a crying baby than anyone ever will know. You will pray over these precious babies every day of their lives. The joys of being a grandma are indescribable, let me tell you. When I hugged my 13 year old grandson this summer, and he kind of shied away from such a public display of affection, I grabbed him all the tighter, and whispered in his ear, "Honey, you were my first and most special grandbaby. Like it or not, you will NEVER be too old for me to hug." And he smiled that little secret smile, and said "OK, grandma..." (rolling his eyes).

Oh, my dears - as we watch one another in all the stages of our lives, thank the LORD for this group of sisters in Christ who can be the girlfriends we so desperately need. Pray for each other, laugh together, cry together, and rejoice! This is the day that the LORD has made. Let us rejoice and be glad in (the sisters He has given us) to love and be loved by one another from the heart. I promise no matter what stage of life you are in, there is a sister here who has been there & has the t-shirt. Let's be open and honest and ask for help from our sisters. Their collective wisdom and gifts are breath-taking if we take a moment to know them. Thank You, LORD, for each of our sisters in Christ. We are truly a blessed people. Help us reach out and bless our sisters at every opportunity.



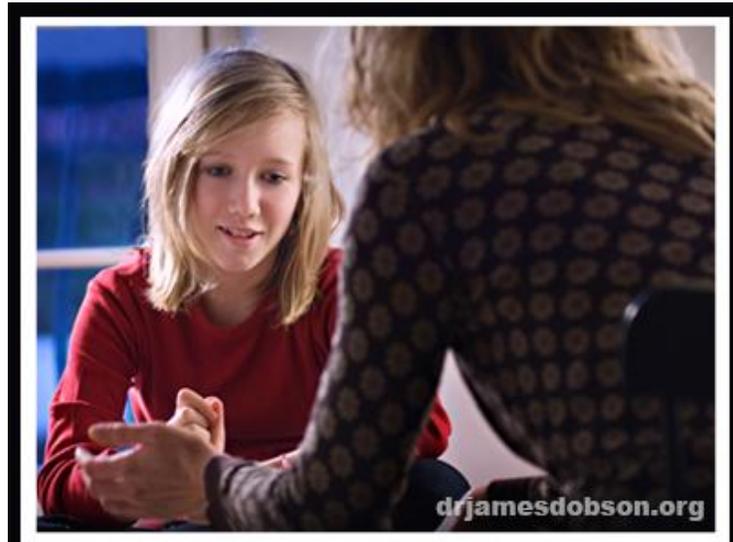
Max Lucado:

## **Lay claim to the nearness of God.**

"Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you"

(Hebrews 13:5)

- Max [#YoullGetThroughThis](#)



Every day that goes by without spiritual training for our children is a day that can never be recaptured.

*Are You Raising  
Your **SON**  
To Be  
**NOBLE?***



Robert Lewis is passionate about helping men discover the biblical principles of authentic manhood.

Listen & Share -> <http://ow.ly/oDyMY>

## **CHRISTMAS EVE CREAMY CROCKPOT HOT CHOCOLATE**

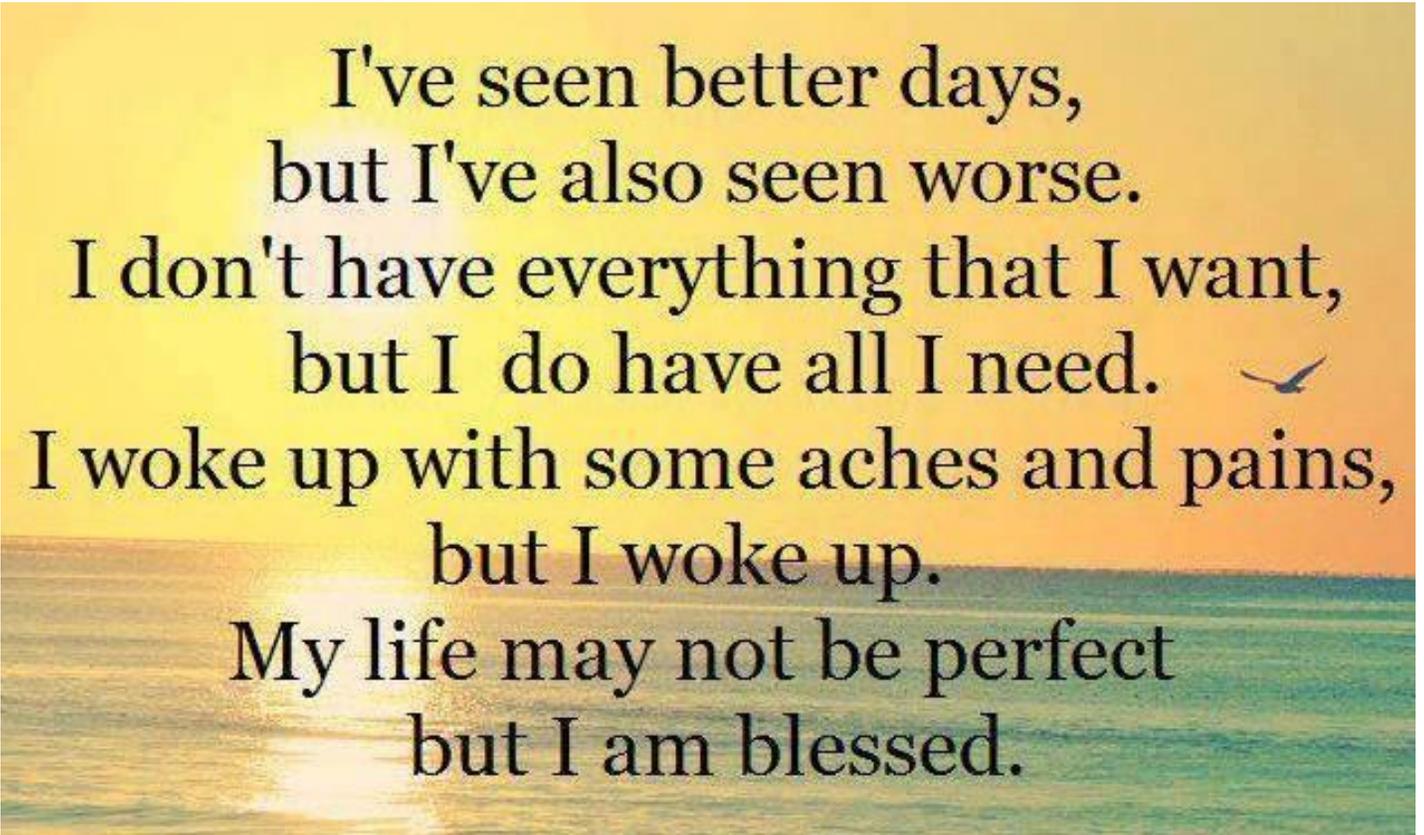


I see a new tradition starting this year.

- 1.5 cups heavy cream
- 1 can of sweetened condensed milk (14oz)
- 2 cups milk chocolate chips
- 6 cups of milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract

[Joyce Meyer Ministries](#)

Anything that God shows me to do, He gives me the power to do it.



I've seen better days,  
but I've also seen worse.  
I don't have everything that I want,  
but I do have all I need.   
I woke up with some aches and pains,  
but I woke up.  
My life may not be perfect  
but I am blessed.

## OUR NATION'S GODLY HERITAGE

This prayer was made in 1944 by the sitting President of the United States, Franklin Roosevelt. While the prayer lacks some elements of what most of us would consider a fully biblically balanced prayer should be, it is nonetheless, by today's standards, outrageously politically incorrect. This prayer provides a great topic for discussion for your family and for your church. Take a few minutes to read this prayer. Notice FDR does not speak of many Gods or many faiths or many religions. He closes with asking that the will of Almighty God be done. Today, we seek protection from a moment of silence offered to a god of our own choosing. In 1944, the American people welcomed this prayer. Now, less than seventy years later, I fear our leaders would be embarrassed by a prayer that asked for the will of God to be done. As our nation once again contemplates war, may our leaders have the courage and the humility to recognize our total dependence upon God.

Read more at <http://kirkcameron.com/2013/09/god-prayer-war/#KR1fgDZzJDCLfuZT.99>

## *Franklin Roosevelt's D-Day Prayer - June 6, 1944*

My fellow Americans:

Last night, when I spoke with you about the fall of Rome, I knew at that moment that troops of the United States and our allies were crossing the Channel in another and greater operation. It has come to pass with success thus far.

And so, in this poignant hour, I ask you to join with me in prayer:

Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our Nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our Republic, our religion, and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity.

Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness in their faith.

They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. For the enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again; and we know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

They will be sore tried, by night and by day, without rest-until the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violences of war.

For these men are lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good will among all Thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy kingdom.

And for us at home – fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters, and brothers of brave men overseas – whose thoughts and prayers are ever with them–help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

Many people have urged that I call the Nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in a continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts. Give us strength, too – strength in our daily tasks, to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and the material support of our armed forces.

And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long travail, to bear sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons wheresoever they may be.

And, O Lord, give us Faith. Give us Faith in Thee; Faith in our sons; Faith in each other; Faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose.

With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogancies. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister Nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace a peace invulnerable to the scheming of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all of men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

Thy will be done, Almighty God.

Amen.