

# *A Mother's Day Blessing*

*by Kay Harms*

## *For the Mother with an emptied nest...*

May the Lord bless you with sweet memories, no regrets and a phone call from each kid. (Lord, help them remember to call!) As you look around the home where once their stuff cluttered the counters and their voices penetrated the air, may you know that you did well...not perfect, for there's no such thing...but well. If your home feels especially empty today, may the Lord fill your heart instead with gratitude for the overflowing years when you wished for a moment of silence and a place of privacy and neither could be found. Enjoy the quiet. Refuse to see it as a loss and instead redeem it as a reward granted to those who finish the course.

May you feel His pleasure as you reflect on each child you have taught to fly, and may you trust that the Lord is on the journey with them, chasing them down if need be. And He will, sweet mama. He will *chase* them down! You know He will. And if doubts nag or regrets surface, may you hear His Spirit whisper hushes of grace and assurances of perspective. You have mothered, sweet sister. It wasn't easy...and in some ways it's never over. But God bless you for all the tears you shed, the story books you read, the mouths you fed and the prayers you said. God bless you this Mother's Day.

## *For the Mother who will continue to mother...*

May the Lord bless you and that unique and beautiful child who continues on in your nest. You *still* serve, *still* encourage, *still* love on, *still* pay for and *still* worry. But may you also still delight in, still laugh with, still hold close, still look at with gratitude and still be overwhelmed with God's grace.

Whatever the reason your child remains in your home and care beyond the "normal" years, may you find joy in the "normal" God has granted to you, oh chosen one. For indeed, you have been graciously chosen, even anointed, for the extra dose of motherhood God has ordained for you. Your child has not left you, but neither has your God. And He never will.

So today may you feel the Lord's pleasure for obediently and consistently and continuously mothering the beautiful life (or lives) He has entrusted to your care for the long term. You, sweet sister, are praised among women. We see what you do. And we are in awe of you. Even if we rarely tell you so, we admire your tenacious spirit. And we've got your back. God bless you this Mother's Day.

## *For the Mother who is struggling...*

May the Lord bless you with fortified courage for the good fight on this Mother's Day. If every day feels like a battle, it probably is. But lift your gaze, sweet sister. The battle is a spiritual one. Your child *is not* the enemy; he's just got a target on his back. Remember that when your child says she hates you, when your son doesn't come home at night, when your daughter mocks you for your "old fashioned" ways, when insurance refuses to pay for necessary treatments or when the school calls again. Remember that greater is He who is in you than he who is trying to tear apart your family, rob your child of a future or steal your joy. Instead of engaging in a fruitless battle of harsh words or slammed doors, retreat to your prayer closet, dear sister. And ask us, your sisters in Christ, to join you in the battle. We will. All you have to do is be brave and ask.

May God grant you a dose of rest and a hearty measure of compassion today. And hey, if not today, another day this week. Holidays like these can be set-ups for some families...booby traps wired tight with unrealistic expectations and guilt and distrust and skepticism just waiting to explode. So lay low today, sweet sister, and just let the Lord minister His unfailing love to you. And privately take the time to position yourself before Him, the One who called you to this ongoing challenge. Ask for fortification and courage and wisdom and healing. And then just rest in His provision. God bless you on this Mother's Day.

#### For the Mother who has lost...

May the Lord bless you with unimaginable peace and amazing joy on this Mother's Day. In the moments when emotions of loss and hurt and grief swell to the point that you feel you may burst, may you find comfort in pouring it all out to the Lord. And when the enemy tells you that no one else knows your pain or cares that you have lost, may you shut him down with the truth that even if no one else does understand your grief, the God of this universe both knows intimately and cares profoundly. Sister, you are not alone.

If your loss was recent - and only you know the definition of recent - may you continue to find healing in the balm of God's character and Word. He is good. He is a redeemer. He loves you. He loves your child. He has an eternal plan for your life and the life of your child.

If your loss was long ago, but the celebration of Mother's Day brings close the memories of all that was too soon gone, may you choose today to focus on what has been given to you instead of what was taken: grace sufficient for each day, supernatural healing you never thought you'd experience, joy that has come in the morning, God's constant presence through it all and the promise of a future that exceeds today.

Oh, mama, today's celebration may include pain for you. But don't let it rob you of the joy. Whether you have living children or not, you are a mother. We celebrate you today. But more importantly, God calls you mother and wants to minister to your mama heart today and every day. God bless you on this Mother's Day.

#### For the Mother who mothers others...

May the Lord bless you with an amazing revelation on this Mother's Day. Maybe you didn't get up night after night for midnight feedings or drive carpool or help with homework or set curfews that were ignored. And so maybe today seems like a day for others, but not for you. But, sweet sister, if you are one of those godly women who has poured life and love and truth and grace into my children or others, you have mothered. You may not be a mother, but you have mothered.

Maybe you think your sisters haven't noticed, but we have. We are grateful for our sisters and sisters-in-law and neighbors and friends who have chimed in and chipped in. And we're grateful for the women who are nurses, pediatricians, teachers, Sunday school teachers, ballet instructors and piano teachers (you name it!) who give more than rudimentary lessons or instructions. You have sacrificed for our children and helped shoulder our burdens and prayed for our families and even paid for things we couldn't afford.

And especially if you have poured Jesus into others, bless you. Maybe you are a mother to mothers - women who are living far from mama and sisters. Maybe you encourage and disciple and mentor and give perspective. Bless you, dear mother to others, for you have risen above the empty cradle and embraced a calling even more noble and necessary. God bless you on this Mother's Day.

#### Finally, for the Mother in the trenches...

May the Lord bless you on Mother's Day with the grace to smile like you mean it when you're kids tumble onto your bed, smother you with kisses and spill oatmeal all over your new duvet cover. And may the Lord bless you with a good attitude if they (or their father) forget to do any of that! You, dear mama in the trenches, are perhaps the woman who most needs a sweet reprieve and a little perspective and, yet, you're also the woman least likely to get any of that today. Ha!

But seriously, may you be blessed today with slobbery kisses and handmade gifts and clumsy speeches and ice cream. No one can burn ice cream! Enjoy, sweet sister; it won't be this way forever. And while you may envy the older women who don't have kids hanging on them like monkeys and aren't wearing spit-up on their shoulders, you need to know that we envy you a little, too. You have the best job in the world: the opportunity to shape a life...or two...or seven.

May God bless you with the knowledge and assurance that you're doing just fine. Be courageous and strong, the Lord is with you. Do not fear and do not regret. Persevere! And may God bless you on this Mother's Day.

©Kay Harms – 2018