



A 90-Day Devotional

**MOMMA  
MOMENTS**  
*with* **GOD**

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## Introduction

It was my first interview for a real job. Both my parents owned their own businesses—my mom, a craft shop, and my dad, a building supply company. I had worked in both, checking out women with art supplies at the Bee 'n' Beetle for my mom and counting nails during inventory at People's Building Supply for my dad. But those weren't real jobs with real paychecks. This was different.

I was sixteen and interviewing at Shoney's—Home of the Big Boy—for a job as a waitress. In my best outfit, I interviewed and was hired on the spot. Then I was given my start date. However, the closer my start date came, the more terrified I grew. What-ifs swirled like bees. *What if I mess up the orders? What if I drop that big tray? What if customers fuss at me because their strawberry pie doesn't have enough whipped cream?*

When the fateful day arrived to start my new job, I didn't go. That's right. I just didn't show up for my first day at work ... and I never did darken the doors of Shoney's again.

For some jobs, you can just not show up, while others you can just quit. But that wasn't the case for the most important job that was yet to come. Ten years after my no-show at Home of the Big Boy, my son, Steven, was born, and I became a mom at our Home of the Little Boy.

Before Steven was born, did I have what-ifs swarming like before? Of course I did. Just like you did. *What if I don't know what to do when he cries? What if he gets sick and I don't have what it takes to see him through? What if I mess up and he doesn't want to become a Christian? What if...* Oh my, the list was long.

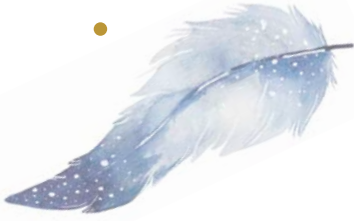
But the moment the nurse placed my newborn on my chest in the delivery room, I knew I was going to love this job. Has it been easy? Not by a long shot. Have I known what to do in every crisis? Oh girl, you know I haven't. It didn't take long for me to realize that I could not do this job alone ... and I was never meant to.

That's where prayer comes in. As I mention in *Praying for Your Child from Head to Toe*,

God has given moms the privilege and parental responsibility to shape and to mold not just another human being but an eternal soul, for a very short, very fleeting period of time. While our roles and responsibilities change throughout the stages from childhood through adulthood, one constant remains ... prayer. And though hopefully our children will outlive us, they will never outlive our prayers that are etched in the heart of God.<sup>1</sup>

As moms, we parent and we pray, we listen and we learn, we celebrate and we commiserate, we cry and we carry on. My prayer is that in the pages of this devotional you will see that you're not alone. God is right there with you, guiding you in the role of a lifetime. You are a mom. And you're a great one.

Before we get started, I would suggest you grab a journal or notebook to record your thoughts, takeaways, and take-to-God prayers. You may want to put a date by each entry to note when and what God stirred in your heart as you read. Be blessed, momma friend.



## Momma Bird

*There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens.*

Ecclesiastes 3:1

In the South, we name our beach cottages. Barb's Folly was one of our favorites to rent. Its screened-in back porch on the second floor overlooked a weather-worn dock jutting out over a lazy canal, and fuchsia myrtle bushes dotted the landscape like splashes of paint. The outdoor back stairway wrapped around a palm tree that reached for the sky, its fronds eye-level with the second-story porch.

Every morning, before the houseguests stirred, I snuggled in a rocking chair on the back porch with my coffee and Bible. The first morning, I noticed a turtledove sitting on a nest resting in the palm fronds. I watched her. She watched me.

Midmorning, Daddy Dove came to relieve her of her duties. He sat on the rail and squawked to announce his arrival. When she stood for them to exchange places, I noticed two tiny eggs peeking out from under the stubble. She left. He sat. After a brief time, Momma Bird returned, and they changed places again.

For an entire week, this momma bird did one thing—rested in the palm protecting her two tiny charges. When a violent storm rose and pelted the tree with tropical rain, she didn't budge. When children ran up and down the stairs inches from her nest, she didn't move. When cranes, pelicans, and seagulls swooped gracefully into the water and strutted about proudly, she stayed the course seemingly undeterred.

On the last morning of our vacation, I was enjoying a final cup of coffee on the back porch with Mrs. Turtledove. As usual, Daddy Dove came and perched on the railing and announced his arrival. But this time, when Momma Bird flew over to join him, two downy hatchlings with eyes yet to open reached their yellow beaks heavenward.



I realized God had given me a precious gift—a front-row seat to observe the contentment of a mother who reveled in her calling. Regardless of the storms, strangers, or strutting of others, she stayed true to her purpose as a mom for that season of life.

While I was musing about the importance of motherhood, my six-foot-one teenage son stumbled drowsily out onto the porch. I'm not sure if he saw the tears in my eyes as I looked at his ruffled hair, sleepy eyes, and face that needed a shave.

“Look, buddy,” I said. “The eggs hatched today.”

Heavenly Father, thank You for the privilege of being a mom—the best job in all the world. I want to be the mom You have created me to be. Keep me mindful of my sacred mission of motherhood and faithful to the task no matter what is going on around me. In Jesus' name, amen.

Let's you and me pretend we're sitting on that back porch at the beach sipping morning coffee. What would you tell me about the importance of your role as a mom during this season of life? What tends to distract you from your purpose as a mom? How do you remain focused in a world that tries to pull moms in all different directions?