

# THE MOTHERHOOD MISSION

It starts each morning as they slide down the stairs.  
They climb into my bed with puffy eyes and messy hair.  
I'm not a morning person but my job has just begun,  
So I climb out of bed and prepare for the fun.  
By fun, I mean hard work, and many a tiring chore.  
Accompanied by "all done" and lots of "I want more."  
It's breakfast and snacks and laundry and dishes  
and trying to meet each little one's wishes.  
I'm judge and jury and solve many a fight.  
My goal is to teach them how to know wrong from right.  
I'm a comforter, coach and teacher in one,  
But I'm mostly just "Mom" and I like to have fun.  
And as the day closes and they're tucked into bed,  
I can't help but feel as though my eyelids are lead.  
I'm tired and worn and don't have much left to give,  
But I'm used to it now, since that's just how I live.  
And as much as I'm tired and dream of the day  
That they'll be older and wiser and won't need me this way,  
The truth is that thought brings a tear to my eye.  
And just writing this verse almost makes my heart cry.  
You see, as much as I love them, they really aren't mine.  
They belong to God, their Maker divine.  
He's fashioned and made my sweet babes for a reason  
And I know they are only in my care for a season.  
There is a purpose and a plan for each of their souls  
and to teach them to love Jesus is my only real goal.  
He's better than all they could dream of or hope for,  
and I pray that each day they know *Him* more and more.  
One day it won't matter if they play piano or soccer,  
It won't matter if they have tons of friends at their locker.  
What matters is whether they're living for Jesus,  
And if their life is marked by His love that has freed us.  
So I pray and I pray and I pray some more  
that God fills us with grace to lead them through what's in store.  
What a privilege to have such a part in their story.  
God give me the strength to live each simple day for your Glory!

~ by Kathryn Goede ~