

foreword by elisabeth hasselbeck

parenting the wholehearted child

.....
captivating your
child's heart
with God's
extravagant grace
.....



jeannie cunnion

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Parenting the Wholehearted Child

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part 1

...

imperfect
parents, perfect
grace

chapter 1

hanging on by a thread

We love because he first loved us.

— 1 John 4:19

Some days are easier than others.

At least that's what the flight attendant said, in her most compassionate voice, when she noticed the defeated look on my face. Hungry, tired, and fragile, I'd boarded the late night flight home with my three young children, knowing it wasn't going to be pretty. Within minutes of the cabin door closing, my fellow passengers (I was sure) decided I had no business being a parent as my children relentlessly argued with one another and ignored my every word. It was not one of my finer parenting moments, but it was reflective of one of my typical "I am just hanging on by a thread" kind of days.

Perhaps you know the feeling? It's no wonder. While you are just barely catching your breath under the crushing pressure to get it all right (or else!), the covert message "Do more and try harder to be perfect parents raising perfect kids" awaits you at every corner.

Facebook posts and pristine Christmas cards, though created in love, remind you that everyone else is doing this parenting thing just a little bit better than you. Even in Christian circles, various well-intentioned blogs, books, and speakers have confused the commission to follow Christ's perfect example with the lie that our children's hearts are wholly dependent on our perfect performance as parents. Can I get an amen?

This was a hot topic in my women's Bible study group last fall. So many of our conversations led to our insecurities as mothers and the shame that ensues from feeling like we're never enough or (gasp!) that we're too much. If there was anything we all agreed on, it was how parenting reveals our greatest weaknesses—how emotions and reactions we were once only casually acquainted with (such as anger, impatience, or guilt) suddenly became our closest friends when we became parents.

Indeed, a merciless critic lives in all of us. A critic that causes us to wonder, "How did these precious children get stuck with a parent like me?" A critic that, if we allow it, keeps us in a vicious cycle of "do more, be better, and try harder" to be a perfect mom raising perfect kids. Yes, I know that merciless critic all too well.

My Quest for Perfection

My quest for perfection is ironic, really, because I was raised in a very "grace-full" home. I was the youngest of three girls. "Preacher's kids," we were called, because our father was the pastor of a large Presbyterian church. My sisters are eighteen months apart, then I came along ten years later, and by the time I joined the family, grace had taken its rightful place in our home. (I'm told it wasn't always that way.) I knew, growing up, that I was unconditionally loved, because my parents embraced me in my failure just as quickly as they embraced me in my success.

But being a preacher's kid, I'm sure, had a significant influence

on my desire to be perfect, since it often felt like all eyes were on me, and my parents' reputation seemed to be at stake with each poor decision I made. This pressure, however, didn't come from within our home. I inherited it from elsewhere.

Yes, grace is so countercultural and so counterintuitive that if we don't water our kids' souls with it every day, they can so easily get tangled up in the world's web of perfection and performing for us and for God.

Somewhere along the line, I began to link accomplishment to acceptance. I guess you could say I'm wired for earning and deserving, but aren't we all? As long as I can remember, I've been achievement driven. I desperately wanted to get it right, whatever "it" was. And, of course, that's impossible. I got it wrong, a lot. Terribly and horribly wrong. So while shame was brewing on the inside, performance was reigning on the outside, and my worth was becoming more and more dependent on who people *thought* I was instead of on who God says I am in Christ.

Then when I became a mother, my quest for perfection only intensified.

From the moment I found out I was pregnant, I was determined to do this parenting thing well. Very, very well. At the time, we lived in an apartment in New York City, so one of the first things my husband, Mike, and I did was walk across the street to

the bookstore to scoop up a *huge* pile of books. Some of the books I bought were about eating healthfully (none of which I followed particularly well, which is why I looked like Shrek during my pregnancy), a few were about what to expect while pregnant so that I



My worth was becoming more and more dependent on who people *thought* I was instead of on who God says I am in Christ.



could follow my unborn child's development closely, and only one book was about childbirth (because I didn't want to know much more than how to clearly ask for an epidural at the very moment I felt a twinge of pain).

And then I read, and I read, and I read.

Nine months later, Cal entered this world. Someone once said that having a baby is like watching your heart walk around outside of your body. Indeed it is, and I assume it always will be. Tiny Cal immediately stole my heart right out of my chest, and he still walks around with it in his little hands today.

With every new stage of Cal's life, I read a few more books. I read everything from how to survive the first six sleep-deprived months to how to tackle the "terrible twos" (which should actually be called "the twos have nothing on the threes"). But reading wasn't the only thing I was doing. We also found time to add two more little guys to our brood. Brennan came three years after Cal, and Owen came two years after Brennan. So in the blink of an eye, we had three boys under six, and although I was trying hard—so very hard—to parent perfectly, it didn't take long for things to unravel. Imagine a tsunami roaring through your home. That's what it felt like on most days in the Cunnion household.

Most of the parenting tricks I'd read about were no longer working, and the ones that did work brought only short-term change. The sibling arguments, the inconsolable infant's crying, and the glorious temper tantrums could not be controlled by the parenting tips and tactics I was implementing with precision. So I started using my "big voice" a lot (which really just means I was yelling, but it made me feel so much better to call it my big voice). The truth was, I was yelling at my children to stop yelling. I was a girl undone, so much so that my temper tantrums rivaled theirs. Imagine how effective that was.

Around this same time, Cal was given a chance to describe our family in a class project. I didn't know this class exercise was on

the horizon or I would have been on my best behavior in the days preceding it. But God had another plan, one that would convict and change my heart.

I assume the teacher intended this little book to be a special keepsake, but that wasn't the case for our family. The front cover of the book reads "My Family" and has an adorable picture of Cal in his classroom. Inside the book is a typed note from Cal's teacher, who evidently wrote (verbatim) the words that Cal spoke when he was asked to describe us. The typed note reads, "Brennan cries a lot! 'Cause he sometimes gets sick and sometimes he gets well when he cries. Mommy just raises her voice when I'm not a good listener. She checks on the computer too. Daddy works on the computer too. He checks out *Thomas the Tank Engine* for me. Now that's the end of my story."

His words hit me like an arrow to the heart. I remember holding that card and sobbing, "How could that be *my* child's story when I've been trying so hard to get it right?" Though I was devastated to see myself and our family through Cal's eyes, his card was the only thing strong enough to pry my eyes open to the painful truth I'd been trying so hard to avoid: perfectionism had become an idol in my life, and it was stealing all of our joy.

While I had surrendered my heart to Jesus in my childhood, I hadn't been living in the freedom of his grace, and I definitely wasn't parenting our kids in the freedom of his grace. I may have started my day with a prayer that went something like, "Lord, I am yours. I lay this day at your feet and ask you to make my heart your home," but I quickly got lost in a stream of self-reliance. Rather than casting my anxiety on Jesus (1 Peter 5:7) and trusting in him to direct my path (Prov. 3:5–6), I was relying only on my own effort and only on my own understanding. In all of my reading of those countless parenting books, my goal was to fix, to control, and to perfect our family.

And why? Because long ago I bought stock in the expression, "Your life is God's gift to you, and what you do with your life is your gift

to God.” I thought my gift to God was trying to be, act, think, and parent perfectly. Somewhere along the line, I stopped believing that, as C. S. Lewis put it, “God doesn’t want something from us. He simply wants us.” So naturally I became determined to perfect my behavior, rather than allow God’s grace to transform my heart. I was determined to perfect our children’s behavior too, rather than captivate their hearts with his love and grace. Better said, I was focused on teaching my kids what they had to do for Jesus rather than teaching them what Jesus has already done for them through his death on the cross and his resurrection. I wasn’t giving my kids the grace that God so lavishly gives us in Jesus Christ.

All the while, Jesus was patiently waiting for me to listen just long enough to hear his gracious voice whispering, “Jeannie, my beloved child, *I* am your perfection. You can stop performing, and you can stop pretending; that is what my grace is for.”

And once I was finally able to surrender, which didn’t happen easily and didn’t happen overnight, my heart found the rest it craved in the glorious truth of 2 Corinthians 12:9: “My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.” His grace, his saving grace, is sufficient, and his divine power is displayed and even made perfect in my weaknesses as a mom.

The burden, the angst, the striving—exchanged for joy, for hope, for peace. All extraordinary gifts given when our hearts surrender to his grace.

Fully Known and Fully Loved

As his grace began to transform my heart, it also began to transform my parenting. Gradually my quest to raise perfect children was transformed into a desire to raise “wholehearted children”—children who live from the freedom found in being wholeheartedly and unconditionally loved (and liked!) by God in Jesus Christ.

What I now wanted was to raise children who understand that they are fully known and fully loved, and who experience the fullness of life and the power of God that we read of in Ephesians 3:17–19 (NLT): “I pray that Christ may live in your hearts by faith. I pray that you will be filled with love. I pray that you will be able to understand how wide and how long and how high and how deep His love is. I pray that you will know the love of Christ. His love goes beyond anything we can understand. I pray that you will be filled with God Himself.”

We all, parents and children alike, have an innate longing to feel fully known and fully loved. This longing, designed by God, was planted deep within us for a purpose—to make us thirst for his glory and his presence in every piece of our being. He is the only one who can truly satisfy our souls. In the piercing words of St. Augustine, “You have made us for yourself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in you.” God created us for himself, and we will search endlessly and hopelessly until we realize that our hearts were made to enjoy the fullness of his love for us.

Teaching this truth to my children became my new purpose, because only when we experience his extravagant grace and wholehearted love for us are we then enlivened to obey the greatest commandment in the Law: “‘Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind.’ This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: ‘Love your neighbor as yourself’” (Matt. 22:37–39).

Raising children who love Jesus and love one another does not result from our doing more and trying harder to be perfect parents raising perfect kids. There is only one perfect parent—our heavenly Father. And there is only one perfect child—Jesus Christ, his Son. So while perfectionist parenting teaches children that they are capable of loving God and one another as the Law demands, parenting with grace teaches children that God’s love for them is based not on their

perfect keeping of the law but rather on Jesus' perfect keeping of it for them. Only Jesus can and does love perfectly. Wholeheartedly.

Wholehearted children, therefore, are children who grow up with a keen awareness of just how wholly dependent they are on Jesus' wholehearted love for them. This is the best news of all



Only Jesus can and does love perfectly.

Wholeheartedly.



because it fixes our gaze on a God whose wholeheartedness covers over (and meets us in) our half-heartedness.

Knowing that they are fully known and fully loved allows our children to live in the freedom

and fullness of Jesus' unconditional love for them without the burden of perfection, performance, and pretending. This, my friend, is extravagant grace, and in experiencing this grace, our hearts are captivated and transformed. The grace of God is the power that compels us (2 Cor. 5:14). "We love because he first loved us" (1 John 4:19). God's love given to us in Jesus Christ precedes and produces our love for others.

And this is why our starting place in parenting wholehearted children is the extravagant grace of God. If we long to see our kids grow in a vibrant friendship with Jesus, and grow in his likeness to be his love and his light in this broken world, let us put the ledgers away and give our kids grace upon grace (John 1:16).

chapter 2

grace, our
starting place

Dear friends, let us love one another, for love comes from God. Everyone who loves has been born of God and knows God. . . . This is how God showed his love among us: He sent his one and only Son into the world that we might live through him. . . . And so we know and rely on the love God has for us. God is love.

— 1 John 4:7, 9, 16

It was a beautiful fall day, and our family was headed out the door to the elementary school pumpkin patch festival. Mike had some things he had to drop off at the festival, so he drove to the school while the kids and I made the ten minute bike ride.

As Cal, Owen, and I approached a busy street corner, I noticed Brennan was lagging too far behind. I asked Cal to stay put while I crept backward to assist Brennan. After a few seconds of helping Brennan get back on track, I looked ahead, only to find Cal nowhere

in sight. My heart started racing, but I assured myself Cal had chosen to go ahead to the festival because he was anxious to see his friends.

When Brennan, Owen, and I arrived at the school bike rack, I didn't see Cal's bike, nor did I see him anywhere on the playground where his friends were playing. Starting to panic, I scanned the crowd of people to no avail. Moments later I found a kind friend who offered to keep Brennan and Owen while I continued to search for Cal in earnest. After several minutes of searching, with fear consuming my every thought, I called Mike and then I made the call no parent should ever have to make: I called the police.

As the harsh reality set in that Cal was definitely not at the school, a good friend advised me to backtrack our path in case Cal had gotten scared and decided to find his way home. Although I thought there was no way Cal would have attempted to go home without us, I got back on my bike and headed home in a complete haze, crying out loud and pleading, "Lord, please protect my son."

The five-minute bike ride felt like an endless journey, but as I entered our neighborhood, I saw Cal in the distance. He was walking up a hill, no shoes or socks on his feet, crying and scared. I began yelling, "Cal, Cal, Mommy is here. Come this way, Cal!" and I raced faster on my bike to get to him, desperate to hold him in my arms and cover him in my love.

As I held my sobbing son, he began apologizing for disobeying and going ahead of me on his bike. "Mommy," he cried, "I was so scared, and I'm sorry for not listening to you. I was so excited to get to the festival, but when I got there, I felt bad about going ahead, so I turned around to come back to you. But I got lost, Mommy. I'm so sorry."

With a breaking but relieved heart, I replied, "Cal, I love you so much. I'm not mad at you. I'm just happy Jesus led you safely home. I was praying he would keep you safe while I searched everywhere

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for you. No need for apologies right now, baby. I'm just so happy to have you back in my arms. That is all that matters.”

I didn't want to let go. I wanted to keep his heart pressed against mine, my tears mingling with his. Whatever he'd just done wrong paled in comparison with the joy in my heart to have him back in my arms. My love for him was unfazed by his wrong actions. By his disobedience. By his going ahead of me, trying to do life without me. He was home—that was all that mattered.

Later that night after the kids were in bed, I reflected on the events of the day and was reminded of the parable of the prodigal son in the gospel of Luke, chapter 15, about the rebellious son who runs away from home and squanders his inheritance, and the father who graciously welcomes his son home upon his return. Luke describes the son's return this way: “But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him” (Luke 15:20).

The unconditional love and absolute acceptance the father had for his son in this parable symbolizes the unconditional love and absolute acceptance our heavenly Father pours out on us through his Son, Jesus Christ. This parable is a portrait of God's grace, a poignant reminder that when we are in Christ, there is no condemnation, no shame, no, “That's what you get for disobeying me.” There is only, “I am so happy to have you back in my arms. I love you so much!” His arms are open. He is running to meet you, to pull you up, to hold you close. To captivate you with his grace.

Grace Defined

Because grace is the central message of the Bible and the foundation of parenting a wholehearted child, I want to explore some of the ways in which Scripture guides us in defining, understanding, and responding to grace.

According to Scripture, grace is God’s unmerited favor and undeserved love toward us because of the atoning sacrifice and finished work of his Son, Jesus Christ. Said more simply, grace is Jesus Christ himself.

Another way grace can be defined—and this is my favorite way to think about it—is “one-way love.” Paul Zahl, in *Grace in Practice*, writes, “God’s one-way love is a love that acts independent of all response to it yet at the same time elicits a response.”¹ This one-way love persists when we resist and pursues us in our most unlovable moments. Grace is a love that knows the depth of your heart, all the muck and mire, and loves you the same. Yes, grace is a love that know no limits—it is God’s unending and unrestrained affection for and acceptance of you. It is the one-way love God showed us in Christ, *while we were still sinners*, and by which we are saved (Rom. 5:8).

Grace in Parenting

What significance does grace hold for us as parents? How does it inform and influence our role as mom or dad? The implications are huge. Grace takes a red sharpie marker and writes “Done!” over our “do more, try harder, and be better” list for pleasing God and earning his favor and acceptance. Grace says, “Cease striving and know that



Grace says, “Cease striving and know that / am God.”



I am God” (Ps. 46:10 NASB).

We can cease striving for what is already ours in Christ Jesus: God’s pleasure, God’s favor, and God’s unconditional acceptance of us. His acceptance is given not because of how well we did (or

didn’t) parent our children today but because of what Jesus Christ has already accomplished for us on the cross through his death and resurrection. God’s eternal love, favor, pleasure, and acceptance are

yours, right now. Not once you become a better parent raising better kids. Right now, just as you are, covered in the righteousness of Christ. Don't stop listening after the diagnosis of God's law: you're a sinner in need of a savior. Pay attention to the cure: Christ has made you a perfectly righteous and beloved child of God. You are an imperfect parent covered by the perfection of Christ.

"Grace, our starting place" therefore means that we make this radical, one-way love of God the foundation of our parenting. In doing so, our kids are also set free to hear the diagnosis of God's law (you're a sinner in need of a savior) *and* to see themselves for who they are in Christ: perfectly righteous and beloved children of God. They are fully known and fully loved by a God who not only created them in his image but also gives them his Spirit to empower them to live in his likeness—Christlikeness. This does not indicate that we become divine in any sense; rather it only indicates that we are indwelt by God through the gift of his Spirit and may, therefore, share in his likeness by obeying his commandments. We will dive deeper into the waters of Christlikeness in chapter 10. Here I simply want to highlight the different roles that law and grace play in our parenting. And in our entire lives, for that matter.

So don't miss this—just because we teach our kids how to live in obedience to his commandments does not mean they are then equipped or enabled to obey those laws. In fact, one of the main characteristics of God's law is this: knowledge of God's law does not beget the ability to obey God's law. While God's law is indeed holy, righteous, and good (Rom. 7:12), and is perfect, trustworthy, and more precious than gold (Ps. 19:7–10), the law alone cannot inspire obedience and change the human heart.

What does transform, inspire, and enable the human heart is God's radical grace. The Spirit of God carries the grace of God into the hearts of the children of God to convict us of our sin, transform our hearts, and inspire us to grateful obedience.

The laws, or the rules, that we teach our kids will only show our kids what obedience—or Christlikeness—looks like, but the grace of God transforms the heart and inspires them to grow and share in his likeness.

As Elyse Fitzpatrick so beautifully explains in *Counsel from the Cross*, “When we lose the centrality of the cross, Christianity morphs into a religion of self-improvement and becomes about us, about our accomplishments, and about getting our act together. We become



Parenting from the cross requires that we first give our kids the good news of WDJD before we ask them to live in light of WWJD.



already did—“Immense in mercy and with an incredible love, he embraced us. He took our sin-dead lives and made us alive in Christ” (Eph. 2:4–5 MSG)—inspires us to act in grateful obedience to the commandments of Christ. It’s true. A heart that soaks in his grace is a heart that delights in his law.

In experiencing the wholehearted love of God, we are moved beyond ourselves. To be wholeheartedly loved in our most unlovable moments doesn’t just compel us. It wrecks us. It drives us. Right to Jesus. To trust in his word and obey his commands. That’s what his grace can do to us and to our children.

To be clear, “Grace, our starting place” is not a new parenting technique. My friend Kimm Crandall, author of *Christ in the Chaos: How the Gospel Changes Motherhood*, once shared these wise words: “If we give our children grace today with the intent of changing their

grace, our starting place

behavior, are we really giving them grace? No, we are merely making grace into a new parenting rule, another law that tells us, ‘Do this and you will get that.’ Grace has no expectations. Grace gives without getting.”

We give our kids grace to teach them what God did to win their hearts, their love. That is our crucial role as parents. A role, might I add, that research reveals is not to be taken lightly.

Faith That Sticks

I recently read an excellent book titled *Sticky Faith* by Kara Powell and Chap Clark that examines how parents can grow within their children a deep faith that sticks. Their extensive research, which astounded me, concludes that “40 to 50 percent of kids who graduate from a church or youth group will fail to stick with their faith in college.”³

Based on this research, and an abundance of other studies that echo it, we know that we must be intentional in helping our children come to know and experience Jesus. We must demonstrate a faith that our children desire to experience, not flee. Discipling our kids in the truth and grace of Jesus Christ must be an intentional pursuit.

This knowledge then raises important questions like, How can I be intentional in discipling my kids? and, What does discipling even mean?

What Is a Disciple?

Since the word *disciple* conjures up some serious stereotypes, let’s start by defining it. A disciple is, quite simply, a learner. A disciple can also be described as a follower or an apprentice. So the reality is that every child is a disciple, especially of their parents. Whether we realize it or not, whether we like it or not, we are all discipling

our children. The big question is, In what are they being disciplined? Are we disciplining our kids in the grace and unconditional love of Jesus Christ, or are we disciplining them in the school of law and good works?

Scripture tells us that God invites us into a faith relationship through the grace of Jesus Christ. So we as parents have to be purposeful in building on grace if we desire our kids to know and love the real Jesus.

Proceed with Hope

Before it begins to sound as though the responsibility of raising kids who love Jesus falls entirely on our shoulders as parents, I want to add a strong dose of hope to the equation.

Please hear this important truth: our children will not come to love Jesus *because* of us. In fact, I can say with great confidence that on many days my kids will fall in love with Jesus in spite of me. Though I am God's beloved, infinitely adored, and unconditionally loved child who is continually being transformed into his image by the power of his Holy Spirit, I am a sinner in need of my Savior. Rest assured, there are still plenty of moments when I find myself walking

..... that fine line between holy living and (attempted) perfect living and I wonder, "Why on earth did Jesus entrust these children to me?" If I didn't have those feelings, I'd be living in denial. There are also plenty of days when the merciless critic inside my head tells me to give up on raising whole-hearted children because of certain behaviors they are displaying. (They are indeed human, after all, and ever in need of grace.)

So, yes, while it's important that you and I be purposeful in

grace, our starting place

discipling our kids and building a foundation of grace on which they can come to know and love Jesus, we are not *responsible* for transforming their hearts. We can give grace, and we can show grace. But our giving and showing are not what penetrate and transform our children's hearts.

Mom and Dad, take a long, deep breath of relief as you let these words of truth marinate in your soul: God, and God alone, transforms the human heart. His Spirit, the Holy Spirit, carries the grace you give and the grace you show like a renowned surgeon to the heart of your child. Yes, you can be a vessel of his grace and a reflection of his love, but you do not have to play God's role. So breathe. Maybe even smile. God's got this.

As Paul notes, "And I am certain that God, who began the good work within you, will continue his work until it is finally finished on the day when Christ Jesus returns. . . . May you always be filled with the fruit of your salvation—the righteous character produced in your life by Jesus Christ—for this will bring much glory and praise to God" (Phil. 1:6, 11 NLT). In Christ alone is a child's heart transformed, the love affair begun, and Christlike character produced.

Our role as parents is to keep praying our children back into the palms of Jesus' nail-pierced hands. We can pray for wisdom from God as we seek to be the vessel by which our children experience his unrelenting love and mercy (James 1:5). We can pray for obedience to the commission to disciple our children in the truth of Christ, and to teach them what really matters. We can pray that our children grow a heart that is tender to his voice and passionate about his Word. And we can proceed with hope, resting in his grace for us and trusting in the Holy Spirit to captivate their hearts with his love.

Let us not forget that as much as we love our kids, Jesus loves them more. And as much as we want for our kids, Jesus wants for them more. This is the good news we can rest in. Our kids have

been entrusted into our care for a short while so that we can point them back to the Creator, Lover, and Redeemer of their souls.

One of the most wonderful ways we can point our kids to Jesus is by accepting our identity as beloved children of God and then affirming our children's identity as his beloved children too. So I want to spend the next chapter looking at the awesome privilege we have of teaching our children about their identity in Christ, recognizing that this will have a profound impact on their desire to put their trust in him and grow in his likeness.

Parenting the Wholehearted Child

CAPTIVATING YOUR CHILD'S HEART WITH GOD'S EXTRAVAGANT GRACE

By Jeannie Cunnion

“Rarely do I ever find myself agreeing with everything I read in a book. But *Parenting the Wholehearted Child* is the book I wish I'd written. Jeannie has given parents a profound gift within its pages.” —**Kathie Lee Gifford, actress, singer, playwright, songwriter, and co-host of the Today Show's Fourth Hour**
Your kids aren't perfect.

Are you exhausted from the pressure to be a perfect parent raising perfect children in this imperfect world? Do you ever wonder, “How did these precious children get stuck with a parent like me?” If so, let these grace-drenched pages saturate your heart with God's unfailing love while also equipping you to be a vessel of God's unconditional love to your children.

With authenticity, conviction, and a lively sense of humor, Jeannie guides you on a transformative journey into raising wholehearted—not perfect—children, who live from the freedom found in being wholeheartedly loved (and liked!) by God.

Parenting the Wholehearted Child equips you with biblical wisdom and practical ideas to teach your children that they are fully accepted by God, not because of anything they do or don't do but because of everything Jesus has already done for them. Woven throughout the book is the good news that it is God's extravagant grace—not your perfect performance—that transforms the hearts of children.

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