

# Raising Mothers

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[Photo by E. Costales](#)

Children begin imitating at a young age.  
What are you teaching your child?



## It's All About Blogging

This is a special blog edition of *Raising Mothers*. Each article is actually a blog post taken from blogs written by mothers with the exception of our own Tori W. McCollum, columnist for Neighbors Newspaper (CA).

As you peruse the articles (posts), we invite you to visit the blog home of each of our contributing writers. Simply click the link located under the article title and you'll be directed to their blog. If you aren't familiar with blogging, you will be by the time you complete this e-newsletter. There is a world of blogs out there and many of them are owned by mothers just like you.

Did you know MW has a blog? We sure do! Below is a short post taken from [Mom's Peace Bites](#).

## We're All That Plus Some!

Only an Almighty God is capable of creating a living being to wear so many hats and still be called one name...**Mother**.

Nurturer, Comforter, Cheerleader, Doctor, Accountant, Taxi Driver, Maid, Teacher, Judge, Disciplinarian, Cook, Storyteller, Toddler Playmate, Nurse, Secretary, Guidance Counselor, Nutritionist, Event Coordinator, Mediator, Fashion Consultant, Party Planner, Dish Washer, CEO, etc...I'm sure you can think of at least one more.

# **“Her children rise up and call her blessed!”**

[Tori McCollum, CA](#)

**T**his wonderful passage of Scripture found in Proverbs 31 is quintessential to Christian wives and mothers. This woman is BIONIC and knows how to be “keeper of her home,” taking care of every detail to the best of her ability and her children praising her for her. The Bible goes on to say that her husband is known because of her. She hasn’t done anything to embarrass the man whose last name she wears proudly, but what is it about motherhood that scares some of us off, that would cause our children to become abandoned, neglected, or mistreated. Are the stresses in life causing us to be unappreciative of the gifts God has providentially entrusted to us...that of our children?

**S**ure, I know that they’re a handful, can be challenging, and down right “crazy” when they want to be, but are we instilling in them that God loves them and has placed them in our lives for a reason? One morning as I was preparing my youngest son (he’s the last of our tribe...and I mean it 😊) for school, he decides to go on this lengthy rant of ungratefulness. Now of course, he didn’t know he was being ungrateful until I “schooled” him on the blessings that many five year old boys don’t have in other countries. Then, couple that with what children don’t have right here in the United States, he soon pushed his little lip back in and was ready to be civilized. I begin to share with him how children all over this country were waking up in tents due to foreclosures on their family’s home, groceries were hard to come by, and clothing was another concern altogether. When I shared with him that some children who had lain in their beds the night before, would awaken to find themselves abandoned, his demeanor really changed. He was all too eager to get his

day started, to eat the breakfast that had been prepared for him, and to put on a happy face.

**M**y mother-in-love (we don’t use “in-law” in our family) shared a similar story with me of a child who attends her church in San Diego. This sweet, little girl whose mother decided she didn’t want to be a mother any more, now lives in a group home and asked my mother-in-love if she could come and live with her. Just out of the clear, blue...can I come live with you? What goes through a child’s mind when they no longer feel loved or accepted by their own parents? These children who are “products of our own pleasure,” don’t ask to come here on their own volition, so what is it that causes some parents to dismiss their children, to throw them away like yesterday’s garbage, and never be involved in their lives again? How does a child go on living, surviving, and dealing with the agony of abandonment?

**L**isten, I know our children will “try” our patience. The aphorism, “give them an inch, they’ll take a mile,” is all too evident at our homestead ☺, but they are gifts from my Savior and because of them, I can be counted in the “hood...,” motherhood!! Children, despite their one-sided, statements of “this is not fair, Mommy, you’re mean,” need to feel a sense of security, a love that’s so unconditional that no matter what, they’ll be loved until Christ returns again! Each year, as you prepare for your Mother’s Day celebration (a day which should be celebrated EVERY day), remember that you are special in the eyes of your children and in the eyes of the Lord! What you do for your family EACH day is as doing it unto the Lord!

*Motherhood*  
*Embrace Your Role*  
*Today and Everyday!*

# All Good Kids Like Milk

[JackiesMagic](#)



**I**f menarche marks a young adolescent girl's passage into womanhood, then teaching her to drive a car is a 1st of many steps that **empowers** her! My daughter is of the belief that now that she'll be a fully licensed driver soon, she can come and go as she pleases. Far be it for me to steal her joy.

**F**or now, I'll just let her think she can come and go as she pleases. I smile about the knots in my stomach at my lack of urgency for her to get behind the wheel of a car and go anyplace without me being with her. It must be that on some level, of which I am not fully conscious, I don't want her to grow up and leave. But that can't be true. I DO NOT want to inhibit her ability to grow in confidence and become her own person.

**R**eady or not, I just have to go ahead and open myself up to this opportunity for my own lessons on letting go and being vulnerable and having less and less control over her life, slowly allowing a transformation IN ME.

**I** get her to the driving spot and we switch places in the front seat. Before my eyes, she went from being a new born to a teenager to a grown up with a fully developed sense of herself and the world, ready to take it all on. And despite my clarity about this rite of

passage, she's still only 15. Just a baby. Driving a car is just one aspect of the big picture, and wow! I don't even want to think about what else she's going to face that will require me to let go.

**I**ntuitively, she has a closer connection to God and or spirituality than most grown ups I know. Sometimes I think, even more so than me.

**A**nd as bright as she is, she always surprises me with her candor and honesty. I got a glimpse of her behind that wheel. Not just her, with both hands on the wheel, paying attending, keeping her eyes on the road, but of her - the abstract and the organic and holistic her - the fruit of my womb - my greatest teacher and greatest gift to the world - getting ready to leave my nest - driving a car.

**O**bserving her from the passenger seat, epitomizes what it feels like *not* to be in control of every aspect of her life any more. At first I found it almost unbearable to sit there and let her start the engine, adjust the seats, and mirrors, and put it in gear... But as she was doing all the needful things she'd learned from the books, and her uncle and me, I knew I had to trust that she will stop at the cross roads and remain upright, remembering what she's been taught.... And follow the 5 Keys to Safe Driving (and living when you think about it)

- [Aim High in steering \(All\)](#)
- [Get The Big Picture \(Good\)](#)
- [Keep Her Eyes Moving \(Kids\)](#)
- [Leave Herself an Out \(Like\)](#)
- [Make Sure Others See Her \(Milk\)](#)

**I**sn't it wonderful? Isn't this why we live and breathe as parents? Can you believe we've come this far?

All we can do as parents is live *our* beliefs and be honest with *our children* about *the Roads ...* aka *The Journey*.

# A Pony Hunt

## [Abiding There](#)

This morning as we were hurrying to get out of the house on time for carpool, Lauren pooped on the floor. Then Eli stepped in it and tracked it through the house.

*There once was a young boy, who was so upbeat and optimistic about everything, it actually had his parents very concerned. What would happen to him as he grew up and started to engage with the bleak realities of the real world? Would he be prepared to deal with the ups and downs of life? To help him cope, they tried a drastic measure. Filling his bedroom with horse manure, they lured him there, pushed him in and shut the door locking him in. Extreme maybe, but they felt it would be for the best in the long run. After a few hours they checked in on him. But instead of finding him a broken young boy, he was shoveling through the manure with gusto, saying, "There must be a pony in here somewhere!"*



I'm very busy today on a pony hunt at my house.

## Coming Soon

### Mom's Peace Baskets

Follow [MOM'S Peace Bites](#) for upcoming information.

## I'M A LITTLE DISTRACTED!

### [I've Become My Mother](#)

*I do not do well with distractions... When I am working in my office and one of the kids walks in to ask me a question or come in for some attention.... I can get angry... Angry because I lost my focus on what I was doing... angry that I can't concentrate on "my" stuff. I get angry in my selfishness..... My kids need my focus on them too... they need me to say... "Wow great job" or "I know, honey" or "ouch, that looks like it hurts"....but sometimes my obsessive compulsive behavior gets in the way of what is truly important.... my children... my husband.... my family. I have been known to let my business just take over and before we had kids that was somewhat okay because Dusty and I were both working hard to gain our dreams of a large home to fill with our children. So looking on what we were striving for... I can check - got the house... and check - we have a family.... now is the time to spend time with them...to appreciate what Dusty and I always wanted - children...the loves of our lives.*

*Jesus is a good teacher in dealing with distractions (Matthew 19:13-15). Some children were brought to Jesus so he could lay his hands on them and pray for them. The disciples told them not to bother him. But Jesus said, "Let the children come to me. Don't stop them! For the Kingdom of Heaven belongs to such as these." And he put his hands on their heads and blessed them before he left...*

*Distractions happened all the time in Jesus' ministry - the difference is the way he handled distractions. He saw distractions as opportunities - to love and to show others that they are worthy of His attention.*

*My kids... my husband... are worthy of ALL my attention and I need to start letting the distractions become an opportunity to show them just how much I love them and appreciate them.*

## Featured Blogs

If you'd like to have your blog featured or would like to submit an article or post for a future issue of *Raising Mothers*, drop us a line and we'll send you submission requirements.

[And 1 More Means Four](#)

[Reflections From a Christian Mommy Writer](#)

[A Party of Six](#)

[Miscellaneous Matters](#)

[QueenBee and Company](#)

[Secular Mom Musings](#)

[Ms. Wanda](#)

[Confessions of an Army Wife](#)

[My Heart Speaks](#)

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