

Loving our daughter had to be the hardest undertaking I've ever experienced. The first reason which is so earthly minded that I don't even want to say what it was but it was because she didn't present how I imagined a daughter would present. I had expectations, unrealistically inflated because of my own childishness, and she let me down big time. I'll go ahead and say here now that Haley and I have discussed this topic in great detail many times over the years and this is in no way meant to harm her or embarrass her but it just may show how foolishminded I was as a mother.

I expected her to be a girl, like me but she was not like me in any way. She loved animals, like loved them and I had no connection with that. She was also a tinker, one of those people who if you give them a box of parts they'll create something. That's not me at all. I mean, I could tell you stories of me breaking down and screaming because I couldn't assemble a hot dog with chili and eat it as a kid.

So we just kinda built a little world for her. She was surrounded by her animals, her animal shows & movies, her animal posters, her little stuffies and I would retreat to another corner by myself. Looking back, I am so thankful I didn't snuff out her creative flame and force her into conformity to myself but that's probably the only thing I got right for a long time.

But then I came home full time and although she had been with me at the daycare where I worked, we were strangers and I had to face some harsh realities. The book of Titus said I had to love her. I already did but I knew I was harsh, I was unkind, I yelled a lot but so what? Everyone else did too. But when I asked her if she feels loved, at age 6, she said no. She said she thinks I hate her.

So after crying about that for a good lil while, I asked her what does love look like to her. She gave me some very specific things, like one thing she mentioned, among others, was that she liked to share snacks with her cousins and friends. So I took some notes and started the very next day working on some of those things. This was interesting especially because I had made myself the food sheriff of my home, policing all snacks and fun stuff. So this was a good place to make some changes. Like sharing and being cheerful about sharing and even getting the good snacks for company and not getting upset if they wasted it...anyway let me move on.

Now I don't believe that is exactly what the Lord meant when He told us to love our children but I fully believe it's a lesson in pouring out your life for your children in a way that they can see and feel immediately. So let's just start there. I am happy to report that my home became the fun home and I felt tremendous satisfaction about that because she loves her cousins and I love her and now she feels that love because it's a love she can see and understand.

I think at the root of loving our children, besides the Holy Spirit enabling us to love and esteem others as greater than ourselves is this tenderness in our own hearts to care about our little children and to change ourselves if necessary to meet their deepest need for love. I was a hard woman, who had hardened herself to survive childhood and the workforce and relationships but

now I had to learn how to become soft so that my heart would be moved to compassion and that I may really learn how to love my daughter.

What about you? What's a way you show special love to your children? I'd love to hear about it down below in the comments section. That's it for today guys thank you for joining me, I'll see you next time.

Less frustration, more desire to see the come to Christ

A greater purpose and higher stakes

More enjoyable

We want earthly things for them and nobody wants their kid to be John the Baptist