

A Mother's Travail

I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded in thee also. —2 Timothy 1:5

My mother inherited my grandmother's faith and, like Timothy, I inherited that same faith.

As a young boy, I remember coming home from school ready to find Mom and the cookies she always had waiting for me. But this day, there was no Mom and no cookies. I anxiously ran up the stairs, only to find our vacuum cleaner running in the hallway and the sound of crying coming from my sister's closet. It was there I first heard my mother consumed in the prayer of travail. I heard her crying with all her might, "God, save my babies. Let them grow strong and sure in you. Raise them up to preach the gospel."

Mothers, you may never know or see the results of your prayer. Nonetheless, keep praying. God may have charged you to raise up a John Wesley or a Martin Luther. Live out your faith before them, and they will carry the torch to the next generation.

Fathers, what does it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your children? Set a godly example for them. Do not provoke them to wrath, but motivate them to seek the face of God.

**Jesus, help me pass my faith in You on to
my children. Give me wisdom. Help me to
make time for them in my life. Thank you,
Lord, for the gift of my children. Amen.**