

Prayers of a Righteous Mother

When our kids were young, “pillow talk” was always special. This was a time to sit in intimate half-light at bedtime and ask how things were—really were—if signs of reticence or sadness were detected that day.

We would gather any untied threads of the day, talk about them and pray these things into the Father’s hands. Confessions, hopes, ideas and fears were expressed then as at no other time.

Trust was built into our relationship that stood us in good stead in later years. One kind of pillow talk we engaged in allowed me to relate to our teen daughter when the distance between us seemed great.

In that first so-different high school year, our lovely, vibrant girl became untypically uncommunicative. The emptiness of our farewell at the door one morning as she went off to class chilled my heart.

I went to her bedroom and sank back against a puff of pillows arranged on her bed against the wall. I asked the Lord to let me see what was dragging my girl down.

I stayed there a long while, hugging her pillows to me. The Lord let me sense the bewilderment and insecurity that so often comes with that age. I felt the uneasiness of suddenly being thrust into a world that sets a different pace and whistles a different tune from the familiar ones of a Christian home.

My own feelings of frustration over the state of our relationship slipped away as I felt for her, wept for her and immersed myself in heartfelt intercession for her. Some hours later, I met her at the door, and though sympathy over her awkward feelings would have been unwelcome, her defenses began

to lower before God's gift to me of quiet understanding.

Just as He bridged the gap between men and God, Christ gives us grace to bridge the generation gap. He can impart to us a willingness to walk a mile in our children's shoes so that we can keep them company and join hands with them.