

Vital Ps. 23 Encouragement for Your Parenting Journey

I sat in the passenger's seat as my friend and I headed to the mall. "Freedom," she said, "kids in school, finally a little peace."

I knew what she meant. As a blind mom of three little active boys, my job changed during the fall. No more summer days sprinkled with, I'm-bored-Mom moments.

Have I Made a Difference?

Decades flew by and now, looking back, I wonder if there's anything I had done in those days that made a difference, taught them something worthwhile or left memories in their hearts.

Looking at my sons, now with their own families, I asked, "Hey guys, do you remember the notes I used to tape to your pillows?"

"I think I might still have some of them, mom," my oldest son said.

"I remember the notes you'd put in our lunch boxes," my middle son said. "I almost ate one of them by accident."

I grinned. But secretly, I hoped they erased memories of moments when their mom wasn't so nice. Sometimes I threw my hands up in the air and, in utter frustration, I ordered. "OK the three of you, in your room, and don't come out until you know how to behave."

Nothing Extraordinary

But even in those days of discipline, God prompted me to spend a few seconds jotting simple words on a piece of paper. I

stuffed them in their lunch boxes or taped them to their pillow.

Nothing extraordinary in that gesture. Only a simple way for them to know they were loved no matter where they were.

Although my love was genuine, my job as a mom seemed overwhelming at times. I questioned my abilities, doubted my decisions and feared my inadequacies to do enough for them.

But in that season of my insecurities, God was busy watching, listening and with the pen of His love, He was writing notes to me. The note in Psalm 23 was written to carry me through my days.

God Reminded Me

He was my shepherd, I lacked nothing to make me the mom He wanted me to be.

As I sent my three little guys to school, God made me lie down in the green pastures of reassurance that they would be safe from all harm.

He led me beside the quiet waters of peace knowing His hand covered them. Drained after a long day of chores—of cooking, cleaning the kitchen, folding laundry and picking up toys, He restored my soul.

And when I wandered on the path of worry, He guided me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

When tragedies, conflict and violence filled the news, the shadow of gloom came over me. But though I was tempted to walk in the shadow of worry, I declared I would fear no evil, for God would be with me and my children. His rod and His staff would comfort me.

And while I prepared meals for the family, God reminded me that He prepared a table before me in the presence of my

enemies: worry, doubt, anxiety or guilt.

God anointed my sons' heads with the oil of purity and faith; their cups would overflow. Surely goodness and love would follow me and my children all the days of our lives, and we would dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

God's note left on the pillow of our hearts carries the truth of His Word, the strength of His promise and the guarantee they will come to be.

Let's Pray

Father, thank You for lifting from my heart feelings of guilt, insecurity and blame. I praise You for filling my days with peace, reassurance and trust in Your promises. In Jesus' name, amen.

What are God's notes telling you today? {eoa}

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This article originally appeared at .