

When Life Isn't Fair

I wanted to throw myself down on the floor, kicking and screaming: *It's not fair!!!!*

The only thing that stopped me is the fact that it just doesn't have the same impact for a woman over 40. So I managed to restrain myself, *but I was still yelling on the inside.*

Everyday for days on end I yelled that same phrase:

It's not fair that my husband has to work 60 days in a row with only two days off!

It's not fair that I am up all night with a teething toddler and never get to rest during the day!

It's not fair that I have to nurse everyone back to health, but when I get sick there's no one to take care of me!

It's not fair that my friends all have mothers who help them out with their babies, but mine lives nine time zones away from me!

IT'S NOT FAIR!!!

I had trouble drowning out what my dad used to say to me when I displayed such temper tantrums: *"Life's not fair. Get over it!"*

Because while that may sound a bit gruff, it's true.

Life isn't fair.

But there is something we can do to turn those seemingly unfair moments into trials that we can bear with joy—just as James told us to do. And in doing so, give our family one of

the greatest expressions of love! After my temper tantrum was over, and I succeeded in driving myself into nice little depression—and dragged my whole family in with me, I realized that if this continued any longer, the atmosphere in our house would be worse than intolerable.

Something had to change—or rather someone. That someone was me.

I set aside some extra time for prayer. Day after day I met with the Lord, and day after day I sacrificed one right after another on the altar, and in their place I accepted my responsibility as a wife and mother.

I have a right to have a husband who gets days off was replaced with my responsibility to maintain order, peace and joy in my home!

I have a right to sleep all night was replaced with my responsibility to lovingly nurture the gifts God has entrusted me with.

I have a right to be cared for when I'm sick was replaced with my responsibility to care for my physical body by disciplining myself with good diet and exercise.

I have a right to have a mom nearby was replaced with my responsibility to discipline my thought life, and replace bitter thoughts with truths from God's Word.

No other act of love can surpass the act of laying down our rights as wives and mothers. Because by surrendering our rights, we sacrifice those things in us that suck the life out of our homes, diminish joy and peace and limit the amount of love that is shared. By sacrificing these rights, we remove all barriers, and the pure love of Jesus is able to flow freely through us to build and nurture our family as God intended!

Rosilind Jukic, a Pacific Northwest native, is a missionary living in Croatia and married to her Bosnian hero. Together they live in the country with their 2 active boys where she enjoys fruity candles, good coffee and a hot cup of herbal tea on a blustery fall evening. Her passion for writing led her to author her best-selling book *The Missional Handbook*. At *A Little R & R* she encourages women to find contentment in what God created them to be. You can also find her at *Missional Call* where she shares her passion for local and global missions. She can also be found at these other places on a regular basis. You can follow her on Facebook, Twitter, Pinterest and Google +.