



The Letter to My Chosen Mother

Excerpt from: *Not Alone, Trusting God To Help You Raise Godly Kids In A Spiritually Mismatched Home*
By: Lynn Donovan

My Beloved _____,

I have loved you and your children since before you were born. I have treasured you and have been walking with you long before you knew I was there.

I stayed with you in the delivery room when you pushed through your labor. I stood near your head and marveled at the plans for this tiny life you were birthing, knowing that you were chosen to be this child's mother.

When you tickled your baby's feet and when giggles filled your heart, your laughter was worship in My ears.

I stood present in your child's bedroom when your brow was furrowed with deep lines of worry. You wiped the child to cool the fever as I held your child's hand and watched you work and whisper desperate prayers.

I heard every word.

When your little one waved to you on the first day of school, your tears I saw. You didn't know it, but at My command a legion of angels walked with that small one through the door of the school.

I saw the cruelty of teasing and bullying by other kids on the playground. And when your small one cried himself to sleep, I was the One who gently kissed the tears from his cheek and whispered words of joy and hope for his future into his dreams that night.

It was I who cheered with you, my beloved, at your child's first step, at her discovery of puppies and mud pies. It was I who watched over her while she slept and who thrilled with a proud chuckle at her first crush.

My love soared at your child's baptism, and My righteous anger flared when the enemy spoke lies of deception and destruction into our beautiful child.

When you failed or you didn't get a parenting moment quite right or even when sin caused pain or harm to those in your care, please know that every one of those moments I have redeemed. From those failures I will shine bright. I will use your child's pain to draw him to Me in his adult years.

I know you have felt overwhelmed, uncertain and ill-equipped for this mission of mothering, but I assure you that I stand at your side to love and protect you and those you treasure most. I love your children with a depth and ferocity you cannot conceive of this side of heaven.

Never doubt for one second that I am beside you. I am whispering words of wisdom into your ears, and when you feel all alone in training up your child, stop and allow yourself to feel My embrace. I am all around you, and I will never leave you nor forsake you.

Every effort, action, correction, instruction and emotion you pour into your children will prove itself out in the future. That is My promise. Cling to that in the difficult days. It is all worth it.

Beloved mother, you are the chosen one.

Your mission field is a divine calling, to which none other can compare. Your mothering is far more important to Me than feeding the hungry or serving in church or supporting missions to other countries. Your mission field is your home; it is your husband and your children. This mission is for life, and this mission is eternal.

Your mission is love.

This is your high and holy calling.

And this is My Word: your children will rise and call you blessed. Your husband, your children's father, will praise you, and, chosen mother of My heart, your strength, love and worship of Me will rise up, and you will surpass them all.

Your name and those of your children are written upon My heart.

—The Lord God Almighty



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