

# Reflections on Mothering

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Thank the Lord for letting me help Him rear these children.

“Mommy, what does the Lord look like?” asks my four year old.

“What do you think He looks like?” I ask. “He looks like a nice man, and He wears a long, white robe. And I think He wears a tie with stars on it because stars are so beautiful!”

People warn me of the teenage years that loom ahead. Help me savor the best of each stage as it comes.

“Jesse [an older brother] says you and Daddy are going to die after we grow up,” says the four year old. “Will I really see you again in heaven?” I answer him, “Yes, dear. We’ll see each other again.” He wants further reassurances—it seems too good to be true.

I know the Lord lets us help Him so we can be useful. And when we are useful, we’re happy. The greater the use, the greater the happiness that can come from it.

“Last night I dreamed about when you and Daddy got married,” the four year old says one morning. “Daddy gave you the flowers, and you and Daddy gave each other rings. And the Lord gave Daddy the ring and told him to give it to you.”

What wonderful things the children share with us. Let me remember them during the rough times.

“Do you want Daddy to walk with you since it’s dark?” I ask my eight year old. “No thanks, Mom. The Lord and the angels are with me.”

There are other aspects of mothering that stir me, but the children’s reception of the Lord brings me the deepest happiness.

“Look at my picture of a prince’s palace in heaven,” my six year old says proudly of a picture from Sunday School. “See the silver roof and the twirling rainbows in the sky? I tried to show the Lord’s face in the sun.”

He could have found another way. The Lord doesn’t really need angels or people to help Him in His work. But what a wonderful system this is. How wise of Him to let us help Him and so find happiness in our lives.

*Gretchen originally wrote this for publication in the Theta Alpha Journal. At the time she and her husband had four children, ages 2, 4, 6 and 8.*