



# MOTHERING

*from Scratch*

*Finding the*  
BEST PARENTING STYLE  
*for You and Your Family*

**Melinda Means & Kathy Helgemo**



BETHANY HOUSE PUBLISHERS

*a division of Baker Publishing Group*  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

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Published by Bethany House Publishers  
11400 Hampshire Avenue South  
Bloomington, Minnesota 55438  
www.bethanyhouse.com

Bethany House Publishers is a division of  
Baker Publishing Group, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Printed in the United States of America

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Means, Melinda.

Mothering from scratch : finding the best parenting style for you and your family / Melinda Means and Kathleen Helgemo.

pages cm.

Includes bibliographical references.

Summary: "For those who are tired of cookie-cutter parenting approaches, two Christian moms encourage readers to develop flexible, personal mothering styles that work best for their own families"—Provided by publisher.

ISBN 978-0-7642-1264-2 (pbk. : alk. paper) 1. Motherhood--Religious aspects--Christianity. 2. Parenting--Religious aspects--Christianity. 3. Child rearing--Religious aspects--Christianity. I. Helgemo, Kathleen. II. Title.

BV4529.18.M43 2015

248.8'431--dc23

2014032147

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Cover design by Paul Higdon

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14 15 16 17 18 19 20      7 6 5 4 3 2 1



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## Dedication

### **From Melinda**

To my children, Molly and Micah. I love you very much and am so grateful for how God has used you to grow my character and dependence on Him.

I pray that you will always allow Him to lead your journeys.

### **From Kathy**

To my mom, who mothered me through difficult times and always silently claimed my life for God's purpose, not her own. I love you.

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# Foreword

Years ago when I was a mom to three little ones under the age of two, I was completely certain that anybody could parent better than me.

It's not that I didn't love being a mom. I did! But all of those things that were supposed to be important . . . just weren't. At least not to me.

I thought it was fun to jump on the bed. If you jumped in just the right spot, it popped everyone on the bed high and then you'd tumble down onto the soft mattress. I loved the squeal of laughter that came out of my children's mouths.

We often took plastic shovels and buckets, hopped the creek, and traipsed through the fields to find treasure. Our treasure was old jelly glasses and cobalt blue medicine bottles buried at the back of the farm years earlier by someone else, but it was an adventure. I dug with my real shovel and they finished the job with their orange plastic shovels with the blue handles.

Summertime was when we explored, going to the library for special reading days, or swimming at the public pool. I remember clearly a mom chiding me because I dog-paddled in the middle of the pool while my toddlers jumped in. They had their floaties on

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and felt invincible. They weren't afraid of jumping into the deep, not as long as Mom was swimming there.

"Aren't you worried that they're jumping in like that? Don't you know how deep that water is?"

There were times that I thought I must be doing something wrong because I wasn't worrying enough.

"Aren't you worried that her teeth haven't come in yet?" (Like I could somehow schedule it.)

"Aren't you worried that if you let him play soccer only one season instead of two, he'll lose out on college scholarships one day?" (He was six.)

"Aren't you worried about your teenage daughter going on a mission trip in a foreign country?"

I grew up in a dysfunctional home. Later, my mom fought to be well, but growing up was chaotic and abusive and, often, scary. I sometimes hid my baby brother in the closet to keep him from hearing the fights or a belt whipping through the air.

When I became a mom to my first, I held the blond-haired, blue-eyed angel in my arms and prayed this prayer: "Thank you, God, for this miracle. Please help me to not mess this up."

So when other mothers asked me if I was worried, it made wonder.

*Should I be?*

What I didn't realize then, and fully understand now, is that we are all different. Parenting truly is like a recipe from scratch. We bring what we have been given from our own parents, who we loved, and we discard what isn't useful. We read books. We go to classes. If we are lucky, we have other women who love us and who are there in a pinch with advice or encouragement.

Then you add in the uniqueness of each child, realizing that what works for one doesn't necessarily work for another. One child needs only a warning, while another needs time out or consequences.

And then there's us moms—the most unique ingredient of all. We have *some* experience. We have *some* natural giftings. Beyond the role of motherhood, we have those things that we love and

## Foreword

bring to our children, like neatness or organization, adventure, a deep belief in Jesus, or in my case, a love for Jesus *and* jumping on the bed.

Put those together, add several years of hands-on parenting, and what comes out is a human being prepared for life on his or her own.

Today I'm a grandma to five. The oldest is three, the youngest is eight months. For a while, it felt like it was raining grandbabies.

It's the most fun part of who I am, being "Gaga."

If this wiser, older woman could go back to that young mom who once sat at the edge of the pool, who received the words, "Aren't you worried?" and made them her own, I'd tell her this:

*They turned out well. I see a piece of you in each of them. One is an adventurer and tackles life with joy. Do you remember all those times you sat with your youngest daughter and read, and how she loved the flash cards while the others didn't? She's a professor now. And the child who you worried about most, because she was only nineteen months old when the twins were born? She's independent and giving, and you're going to love the woman she has become. Listen, Mom, it's hard work, and you aren't always going to have all the answers, but you don't have to be anybody but you. You will, with lots of prayer and trial and error, find what works the best for your family.*

I would have benefited from a book like this so many years ago. Kathy and Melinda are honest and encouraging, coming alongside as you love the children who are in your home right now, helping you mother from scratch.

—Suzanne (Suzie) Eller  
Proverbs 31 Ministries author and speaker  
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# Acknowledgments

Thank you, God, for making Little League baseball boring enough for two moms to become lifelong friends.

We are so grateful to so many people who helped make this book possible.

To Mike, Molly, and Micah. To Ben, Max, Paul, Grace, and Luke. We couldn't have written this book without any of you. Thank you for being the catalysts for God's love and mercy in our lives. May you all know how much we treasure each and every one of you.

To the moms who graciously allowed us to share their thoughts and stories. Your transparency and wisdom are an inspiration to us and will be an encouragement to so many others.

Thank you to our agent, Blythe Daniel, for taking a chance on us and mentoring us. Your guidance and support through this process was priceless.

Thank you, Tim Peterson and Ellen Chalifoux, our editors at Bethany House, for caring about mothers and how they think.

## Acknowledgments

*Melinda*

To my always interesting and entertaining husband, Mike, thank you for your unwavering support and belief in me. Love, Melinda

*Kathy*

Thank you, Ben, my soul mate, for always knowing that I had this in me. Your encouragement never ceases to amaze me. Love, Kathy

## *Introduction*

# How Did We Get Here?

We're not perfect mothers. We don't have perfect children. Who are we to claim we know anything about this mothering business? But who does Jesus use to minister to the masses? Wounded sinners, that's who. Now there's a label we can credibly embrace. God's Word tells us that Jesus chose to dine with the sinners and minister to the sick (Matthew 9:10; Mark 2:17). We know we would fit well at that table. We're hungry for women to receive God's grace in the area of mothering. When we willingly admit our flaws and insecurities, then we occupy that humble space where He can use us in spite of them.

We are passionate about sharing with other mothers the lessons we've learned and the grace God has shown us. On our blog, [motheringfromscratch.com](http://motheringfromscratch.com), we pursue our God-given mission to help mothers avoid what we have experienced over the years: isolation, guilt, and shame as we desperately try to do the best we can as moms. Our companion Facebook group, Moms Together ([facebook.com/groups/momstogethergroup](https://facebook.com/groups/momstogethergroup)), also provides encouragement and hard-won wisdom on a variety of topics that are

## How Did We Get Here?

important to moms. We love the face-to-face contact we have with moms as we speak to MOPS and women's groups. These ministries led to *Mothering From Scratch*, the book.

*Mothering From Scratch: Finding the Best Parenting Style for You and Your Family* has been written, literally, on the kitchen tables of each other's homes. The same place where we feed our families is where we wanted to share with other moms the message that is in our hearts. After all, it was out of regular, everyday experiences—sharing our lives and families—that we found the mothering support and encouragement we needed.

### *Kathy*

Back in 2007, as we watched our children play baseball, our friendship was born. I was a sorry mess. One strong wind and I was down like a house of cards. My trust in God was wavering; my confidence was at an all-time low. All I seemed to be able to do was make dinner and love on my children. Teenage boys, a preteen girl, and a sweet, active little four-year-old consumed me.

God knew I didn't want to befriend anyone, let alone someone who was taller and thinner than me. Yet He was working through Melinda all the while. I remember the reaction that I had in my mind when she told me she was writing for Christian publications. "How nice. How sweet," I said and sarcastically thought. It wasn't a compliment. I didn't understand how someone would devote her talents and passion to the Lord by writing—certainly not writing icky-sweet Christian women stuff. Eww. It's funny how this disgustingly nice person ended up talking me into going to a Christian writing conference and stoking a fire within my belly to write. After all, she had no belly to speak of, remember?

My heart had become rather hardened toward friendships with other women. They seemed difficult to get along with, and they always seemed to have it more together than I did. At first, I didn't think Melinda was any different, until I started talking to her. She was vulnerable, struggling like me, and very transparent with her

## How Did We Get Here?

feelings. It was quite refreshing. I could suddenly open up those dark places of mothering I didn't want to reveal. In doing so, the healing of my heart could begin. I could start enjoying motherhood again.

### *Melinda*

I wasn't in much better shape than Kathy. I suffered from a general lack of confidence in my abilities. Why should mothering be any different? As my daughter hit the preteen years, I was also entering into a very exhausting and painful phase of parenting. Anything I thought I knew about mothering (which didn't seem like much) was quickly flying out the window.

My first vivid impression of Kathy was at the opening baseball practice. After someone agreed to fill in as coach of the team for a couple of weeks, she threw her hands up and yelled, "Thank you, Jesus!" Kathy's larger-than-life personality matched her red hair. Her loving but straightforward honesty and opinions were something I desperately needed in my mothering. And I didn't even know it.

I had a hard time feeling safe enough to share my mothering insecurities and mistakes with other women. I was ashamed and afraid of rejection. Somehow, Kathy made it safe to be brutally honest. I wasn't judged. Instead, I was loved and supported.

Two pale-faced women on those scorching-hot metal bleachers turned out to have way too much in common: We were both relatively intelligent, possessed an ironic and sometimes dark sense of humor, and found our salvation in Jesus Christ. I wasn't concerned about Kathy's conversion to Roman Catholicism. Kathy didn't question my poufy Beth Moore hair. We knew it was all about Jesus.

At each baseball practice we shared lively stories—okay, trials and tribulations—regarding mothering our kids. We found great comfort in discovering that neither of us was particularly confident or skilled at the task.

Our well-coiffed hair and shiny glossed lips served as an attractive camouflage for the insecurities that lay beneath. We were

## How Did We Get Here?

both ripe for an honest, transparent friendship—a dual mentorship where we could minister to each other’s unaddressed weaknesses.

During one of our conversations, I shared that my mother had died of cancer a few years back. Suddenly, it was clear why I seemed to find mothering particularly perplexing. The absence of a mother—even as an adult—created a chronic, painful void that colored everything. And while Kathy’s mother was a phone call away, distance prevented her daily presence and involvement in Kathy’s life.

Gradually, we realized that we could each help fill the void of the other. We needed support to discover how to mother the way God designed us. Not the way we thought we should mother, or according to the latest parenting fad, but finding peace and confidence in our unique, God-given personalities and our children’s.

Our own self-condemnation was a major barrier in this process. We both feared that maybe we had made such a mess of certain areas that we couldn’t be redeemed. That somehow our mothering deficits had irreversibly damaged our children in some way. We still struggle with this thought pattern to some extent, but as we’ve obeyed God’s direction in this new way of mothering, He has been faithful to show how He is merciful.

Our goal is that after you turn the last page, you’ll be cooking out of your own cupboard, depending on God’s power, guidance, and grace. Together, we’ll show you how to understand yourself as a unique creation of God, find help through others, and work within your personality strengths. All the while, we promise to honor our commitment to stay in a place of transparency and humility.



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# Welcome to the Mothering Kitchen

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# *Chapter 1*

## **New Motherhood Starts With a New Plan**

In many ways, the Gospel message can be applied to motherhood. We all fall short as moms—just like we do as God’s children. Our salvation comes as we admit our need, realize we can’t do it without Him, and resolve to change. And then we still screw up! Often. *Sigh*. Thankfully, God gives us new opportunities each day—each moment—to rewrite our mothering recipe. To add different, sometimes sweeter, ingredients and remove some of the bitter ones.

We can claim the truth of Lamentations 3:23 (NLT) that promises us, “Great is his faithfulness; his mercies begin afresh each morning.”

*Melinda*

Once, long, long ago, I was Mommy-Know-It-All. Sure, back then in the heady days of my parental superiority, I had only one child who was all of three weeks old. But for that brief, shining moment in time, it was a smug, glorious place to live.

I was at a friend’s baby shower—one of the first times I’d been out since my own daughter was born. Adorable outfits and sweet-smelling presents were passed around to unanimous admiration from the group. Suddenly, a book by Dr. Dobson landed in my

hands—yes, THE James Dobson—PhD, Child Psychologist, Family Therapist, Founder of Focus on the Family.

I arrogantly flipped through the book, the fruit of years of education, experience, and research, and shrugged my shoulders and thought, *Eh. I won't need this.*

Although I may have lacked confidence in other areas, I was convinced that mothering was different. I had a plan. My mother was loving, but an untreated chronic mental illness made for instability and a lack of nurturing that I was determined not to repeat. I had my recipe: take the ingredients I didn't like when I was a child, and use the opposite ones. It was foolproof.

At first, I felt like the Julia Child of mothering. Molly was a ridiculously easy baby. She rarely cried, slept through the night within weeks, took naps like clockwork, and was enchantingly adorable. Then came toddlerhood. Seemingly overnight, my chubby-faced cherub lost her wings. As most toddlers do, she became pouty, finicky, and demanding. Around this time, my son, Micah, was born. He cried incessantly and seldom slept. In addition, he threw up constantly and failed to gain weight. His pediatrician assured me that I was just a “nervous mom.” Still, I couldn't shake the feeling something was seriously wrong. One day, after Micah hadn't kept anything down for twenty-four hours, I decided to change pediatricians. I called Dr. Ben's office. Dr. Ben also happened to be Kathy's husband.

At the first appointment, I immediately felt like I had an ally. “I don't know what's wrong with Micah, but I'm not going to rest until I find out,” he told me. After weeks of countless tests and blood draws, Dr. Ben discovered the source of Micah's problems. Late one night, in a dark, lonely hospital waiting room, he delivered the devastating news: “Micah's cystic fibrosis test was positive.”

We were to check in to All Children's Hospital the next day. By the time we completed all the paperwork and headed for Micah's floor, it was almost nighttime. When you're dealing with grief, the darkness carries a heaviness that makes everything seem even more depressing.



## Lovin' Spoonful

Are you struggling? You're not alone. Your situation may be unique to you, but your fears are common. Remember: Isolation and self-condemnation are tools of the enemy, not of our loving God.

As we walked to Micah's room, I noticed that each door had an animal sticker by the child's name. When we got to Micah's door, I spotted his sticker and immediately felt tears well up in my eyes. It was such an insignificant thing. *But not to me.* It was a familiar little yellow duck with feathers sticking up on his head. We had decorated Micah's room several months *after* he was born. By that time, Micah had a personality and a shock of white blonde hair that stuck straight up. I chose bedding with that exact duck because it reminded me of him. It's funny the things that God can use to speak to you. He instantly said to my heart, "I see Micah. I know him intimately. I am here."

God's presence eased the pain of my grief and fear. And I *was* relieved that the struggle for an answer was over. However, a new kind of struggle quickly began. I became overwhelmed by the unknown future of raising this precious special-needs child. In the midst of toddler tantrums and chronic illness, my confidence faltered badly. Further, I had strong people-pleasing tendencies that quickly infiltrated my mothering. If Micah didn't want peas, I made carrots. If Molly wanted a toy in the store, I bought it. Because if I could only make them happy, perhaps the enchantment would return—along with the belief in my mothering skills. It was an exhausting, futile exercise that never produced the elusive payoff I craved.

I had such high expectations for my mothering. I'm an intelligent person. I thought that I would instinctively know what to do in every situation. I would always be patient. I expected I'd enjoy

## *Welcome to the Mothering Kitchen*

every aspect of mothering. I *was* a loving, nurturing person. What was wrong with me?

My people-pleasing made for a lot of inner turmoil. It filled a need in me for temporary approval and absence of conflict, but it was failing badly as a parenting philosophy. When my kids weren't compliant, I was out of my comfort zone. I didn't want them to be unhappy with me, so I would appease them. I became angry and resentful with them because I had to continually confront uncomfortable situations. I was even angrier with myself for not being more assertive. I had such guilt when I gave in to them. I knew it wasn't the right thing to do.

But I didn't know how to change.

Mothering made me look bad to myself. I was a nice girl who did nice things. Who was this insecure maniac screaming at my kids? Certainly not the mother I envisioned I would be. I was such a disappointment to myself.

I was too ashamed to tell anyone how much I was struggling. Instead, I began to devour any Christian parenting book I could find. Books wouldn't judge me. Perhaps I could find the winning formula, implement it, and no one would be the wiser. Instead, my search led to mixed results, leaving me feeling overwhelmed, isolated, and like an even bigger failure.

The formulas weren't working. I had to come up with my own.

Here's the problem: I was scared. Terrified. Fear was getting in the way of my parenting.

Looking back, my new mommy ignorance was bliss. If I had only known the breathtaking complexity of the challenges that lay ahead, I would have promptly added Dr. Dobson to speed dial and begged him to make house calls.

### **A Clean Slate**

While we may not want to repeat our past, we often don't know how to break free from repeating unhealthy habits and patterns



## Lovin' Spoonful

As moms, we can often feel we're never enough. Pray this prayer of grace:

Lord, let me see myself the way You see me.  
Instill in my heart a holy view of who I am rather than one that makes me feel hopeless and inadequate.  
I am not perfect, but You are.  
Thank You for creating me just the way I am.  
Remind me to draw on Your grace and wisdom for both myself and my children. Amen.

from our history. Some of us are moms battling to “do it all right” after being wronged as young girls. Others of us have personalities totally different from our mothers. We can't quite figure out why we aren't as happy as our moms were while using their mothering recipe. Still others of us would say that our mothers did a lot well. However, we've found parenting starkly different from what we envisioned and are struggling to know how to mother effectively in this new reality. Further, we've found that motherhood is stretching and challenging our character in ways we weren't expecting.

Those internal and external mothering battles can lead to a steady stream of feelings of failure and inadequacy. What if we believe we've already made a mess of things? We all need to develop and find confidence in a new way of doing things—our own. But where do we begin? How will we know what's right for us and our families? No matter where we are in our mothering journey or what mistakes we believe we've made, we can all start mothering from scratch. A clean slate, so to speak. We can release ourselves from the pressure of following formulas and comparing ourselves to other moms. God will give us the wisdom and grace to mother the way He made us.

Developing a new plan requires courage, self-examination, trial and error, and the willingness to accept some helping hands along the way. When we invite the Holy Spirit to lead and empower us in this process, joy and faith in our mothering will naturally result. Ephesians 3:20 tells us that He “is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine.”

It’s not an easy thing, finding our own way in Christ, facing inadequate parts of ourselves, learning who we are as moms. But none of us are meant to do it alone. That’s one of the things that got so many of us in trouble in the first place, right? Motherhood is a ministry. And Jesus never sent out His children to minister alone. But where do we find supportive fellow travelers? Do they exist? For many years, we didn’t think so.

In past generations, moms found support and wisdom in their mothers and grandmothers, who were close by and available. More

recently, moms were able to find an older woman willing to invest regular time in guiding them. But today’s reality is that families are scattered and often broken. The pace of our lives doesn’t allow for the structure and time investment of days gone by. The time has come for a new kind of encouragement and instruction (often called mentoring). We need an approach that better fits our current mothering reality.

Finding quality instruction from trustworthy people who share the same values can seem impossible. We have to get out of our own way, moms. Let’s quit the habit of constantly comparing our successes and failures to other moms’. It either gives us a false sense of pride or makes us feel horribly inadequate. Who needs that? It doesn’t serve us, or our children, well. Through God’s grace, we have to let down those barriers that hold us back from being vulnerable and teachable. As we ask His guidance in this process, our eyes will be opened to

No matter  
where we are in  
our mothering  
journey or  
what mistakes  
we believe  
we’ve made,  
we can all start  
mothering  
from scratch.

people and circumstances from which we can gain support, tools, and knowledge. And we'll find support in a variety of settings and from a group of people we never thought we could learn from or influence.

## From Confident to Clueless

*Kathy*

Let me share my story. The year was 1983. I was thirteen, MTV was two years old, and Michael Jackson moonwalked to Billie Jean for the first time. My eighteen-year-old sister was pregnant. It was enough to cure me from ever wanting to have a baby before getting married. Despite my ego-driven embarrassment, I received an amazing gift: my niece, little Lindsey-Ann.

Her nose was the size of my pinky nail. She had sweet, cocoa-colored eyes and a cute flip of brown hair. I had no real responsibility, just the butterflies in my tummy and a new, warm feeling when she slept on my chest.

She grew up in my selfish, adolescent little world. There, I learned how to care for her. She was my sister-baby: not really my little sister, but sister-like nonetheless. I felt pain in my heart when I would hear her cry in the middle of the night. Sometimes I would get up and warm her bottle. One night, as I rushed to soothe her, I accidentally warmed it too much, scalding her mouth. I cried and cried as I held her in the dark. I didn't tell anyone; they might not trust me to care for her again. She's in her thirties now. I'm still apologizing to her for burning her little mouth.

We (my mother, my sister, and my stepfather) cared for Lindsey for the first few years of her life in our home. It was then that I received the most important training for how to mother. Side-by-side, my mother and older sister showed me how to diaper, feed, rock,

Motherhood  
is a ministry.  
And Jesus never  
sent out His  
children to  
minister alone.

and love a baby. “The most important job in the world is taking care of children,” my mother always said. “Don’t you forget it.”

My “most important job” started in 1993. My husband was a first-year pediatric resident in South Carolina. Max Benjamin was about to arrive, and I was *ready*—like a plump Thanksgiving turkey.

What more did I need to know? I had practically raised my niece during her first years of life. My devoted husband was a pediatric resident physician. I had cared for numerous children over the years. *I needed to start my job. I needed to be important.*

I thought I had it all figured out. Sure, I was important, but I quickly found that I was completely clueless regarding the difficulty and intensity of this mothering business now that *I* was the mom.

The new reality of nights of endless feedings, self-imposed isolation, and piles of breeding laundry left me wondering how I was going to do this. Max was a chunky, luscious baby boy who was growing before my eyes. But I was growing in discontentment—and felt enormous guilt. When Max was ten months old, we decided we didn’t want him to be alone much longer. He needed a playmate. Nineteen months after Max was born, we welcomed our son Paul to the family. These boys were an enormous blessing. But I still couldn’t shake my feelings of being discontent and overwhelmed. This wasn’t about them. This was about me. These kinds of demands had never been placed on me. I had set myself up for failure by believing I could do everything by myself. After all, this was what I felt like I was born to do! So why did I feel like I was going crazy?



### **Lovin’ Spoonful**

Feeling overwhelmed by all the images and statuses online that present picture-perfect homes and families? It’s time for a change in perspective. Walk away from the computer. Instead, open your Bible. Pray. You’ll be amazed at your change in mind-set.

## New Motherhood Starts With a New Plan

Why wasn't this working for me? My pre-mommy confidence was long gone. It was replaced by merely surviving. My babies were happy. My pediatrician husband was ecstatic. Somehow, I had to find a way to mother that encouraged me to feel the same way.

### Who's to Blame?

We love our children. We want to be good mothers. But sheer desire is not enough. It's not our fault if we lack certain knowledge and skills in the mothering arena. Maybe we feel guilty we're not fully satisfied with our roles as moms.

Perhaps we have the knowledge and skills but are overwhelmed by the magnitude of mothering. We find ourselves simply surviving day after day instead of deliberately engaging in a sacred vocation. Or maybe we think, considering the training we've had, we're doing as good as can be expected. We're getting by. Still, we have that nagging feeling that it could or should be better.

What do we do with that feeling? Resign ourselves to it? Find ways to escape? Stay negative and resentful? God wants to show us a better way. All aspects of mothering are skills that can be acquired by anyone willing to learn. When we rely on God's power, He'll show and equip us to discover a satisfying way to care for His children that's unique to each of us.

God wants to show us a better way. All aspects of mothering are skills that can be acquired by anyone willing to learn.

We were going to be a living Johnson's baby commercial! And then I had my baby. You don't realize how much you don't know until you're on your journey. And then a new day comes with something else you don't know. I try to remember the saying "There is no way to be a perfect mother but a million ways to be a good one."

—Heather, mother of two

**Notes:**

- You probably noticed the “Lovin’ Spoonfuls” throughout this chapter. These are little bites of encouragement and wisdom—short takeaways you can apply to your mothering immediately. You’ll find more throughout the book.
- At the end of each chapter is a “Stirring Your Thoughts” section. This has questions for you to reflect on personally or discuss with a group.
- “Let’s Get Cookin’” are action steps that help you think through and put into practice the principles and concepts we discuss in each chapter.
- All names used throughout the book have been changed, unless otherwise noted.

## **Stirring Your Thoughts**

1. When have you been overconfident in your mothering? What happened as a result?
2. What are some things you’ve done as a mom simply because it was all you knew?
3. Briefly describe the mothering recipe that was handed down to you.
4. In what ways would you like your mothering experience to be different?
5. Do you feel you’ve had mothering mentors? If so, who? If not, think of two mothers from whom you can learn.
6. Where have you lacked key instruction in mothering?
7. Are you open to instruction in your mothering? Is your heart teachable? Why or why not?

## Let's Get Cookin'

When our hearts are teachable, we can avoid unnecessary pain. We also benefit from the fellowship and insights of others around us. Here are some action steps to move toward opening and/or healing our hearts:

- On a daily (even moment-to-moment) basis, ask the Holy Spirit to keep your heart open. Ask Him to open your eyes and tune your ears to His guidance as you interact with others.
- If your heart is wounded, you can gain the courage to risk rejection and failures with God's help. We highly recommend reading Suzanne Eller's *An Unburdened Heart* and *The Mended Heart*. These are two of the best books we know on forgiveness and healing.
- If you're depressed, seek clinical help immediately. If you're exhausted or overwhelmed, reach out to others for support. Keep reading. We'll give you practical, doable ways to find help and connection in chapter 9.