

MOTHERHOOD: A Childhood Dream Fulfilled

To every mother reading this—no matter where you are in your journey—this day holds meaning in different ways for each of us. I'd like to share a glimpse into my own story.

Despite surviving four years of childhood tuberculosis—which left doctors questioning my future health—my lifelong dream of motherhood never wavered. Having lost my own mother at age three, I was determined to give my children what I missed most—a loving presence they could call “Mom.”

Years later, that dream came true. I married my husband at 26, and together we were blessed with three wonderful sons. I was able to stay home and raise them, which I'll always be grateful for—but I won't pretend it was easy.

Those early years were exhausting. Long days, sleepless nights, and hardly any time to myself. And no paycheck! I remember watching my husband leave for work some mornings and feeling a little envious. But deep down, I knew I was right where I needed to be.

Still, after a while, the routine started to wear on me. I remember thinking, *Is this it?* I needed a change in perspective—and that's when God met me in a very real, personal way. I placed my faith in Jesus and all He had done for me on the cross, and began to follow Him. Little by little, my outlook started to shift.

Instead of dwelling on the negative, I was focusing on my blessings. Thinking about moms who wish they could stay home, or women who struggle with infertility, really opened my eyes and heart to the complexities of motherhood.

The everyday moments—feeding a baby, reading a story, taking care of all those little needs—started to feel meaningful again. They weren't just chores anymore; they were opportunities. I was pouring into lives, shaping hearts, planting seeds for the future and for eternity. Like it says in Proverbs 22:6, “Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

Motherhood became more than just a regular job; it became a calling—a sacred, beautiful, stretching, and sometimes overwhelming calling. Looking back, I can say with deep gratitude that God's Word, persistent prayer, and my husband's support carried me through all those years.

To every mom reading this—whether you’re navigating a job, a career, or at home with your kids, we can all agree that every path has its hard days. Days when our patience runs thin, when we question ourselves, when we’re simply worn out. But even then, we keep giving everything we have, without expecting anything in return, because deep down, we know it matters more than we can imagine—we are shaping lives and souls. And honestly? Sometimes a good cry really does help.

And then, something begins to shift. We start to find scribbled little ‘I love you, Mom’ notes on the refrigerator door, or get unexpected hugs for no special reason. All those small, tender gestures add up to remind us that what we do is all worthwhile. And for me, seeing it all come full circle is one of the greatest joys of this new season. My sons are grown, and now they’re the ones checking on me, caring for me, encouraging me. And getting to watch them and their wives raise their own families—and being “Grandma” to seven precious grandchildren—that’s a gift I can’t even put into words.

As much as I find myself blessed on this Mother’s Day, I know it isn’t easy for everyone. For some, an unexpected pregnancy might be emotionally overwhelming. If that’s where you find yourself, please know you’re not alone. There are people who truly care and want to walk alongside you with guidance and grace—offering the practical help you need for both you and your baby.

Their compassion is rooted in a deep truth. The Bible tells us that God created mankind in His own image. (Genesis 1:27) That means every life has value and purpose, precious in His sight—and because of that, every choice matters

Wherever you are today, hold on to this: love is never wasted. Whether you’re raising a child day by day or making a hard, selfless decision to place your child with another loving family, you are loved—and God will walk with you every step of the way.

Mother’s Day can also be a heavy reminder for those carrying a different kind of heartache. And for those who have lost a child—my heart is with you. There aren’t words that can take that pain away, but I hope the memories you hold close bring you some comfort. And may you be surrounded by family and friends as they support you in your moments of grief.

With love and blessings to all mothers this Mother’s Day,

Beth ♥