

A decorative border of watercolor flowers in shades of pink, red, and orange, with green leaves, framing the central text. The flowers are rendered with soft, blended colors and delicate brushstrokes.

# hello mama

*binding the magic in the mundane*

Hey you! My beautiful friend over there listening to the voice of the enemy...

**YOU STOP THAT RIGHT NOW!**

I see you. I see you struggling to value yourself. I see you doubting your ability. I see you becoming lost in motherhood. I see you hurting today. But you know what I also see?

I see YOU. I see you laughing in joy. I see you making sacrifices. I see you giving yourself completely. I see you leading your family in Christ. I see YOU. I see a beautiful, amazing, selfless, God-fearing mama. Why can't you?

You stop listening to the voice of the enemy- such a coward in the hiding. Did he want you? Did he break a man's ribs to create you? Did he die for you? Does he love you? No. So stop listening to that sordid thief. He is fencing you in fear. He is holding you hostage.

You know my God? Our Father? The one we are obsessed with? Remember, HE created YOU. HE wanted YOU! HE desired YOU! YOU are so breathlessly wonderful that God knew he couldn't keep you to himself. He knew he had to share your light with the world. (And I'm so glad he did because I love you.)

The enemy is loud, I know. But do you know why it is so loud? It has no ground to stand on. It is easier to shout lies than speak truth. But, the voice our Father is soft and tender. His voice is filled with love. Do you remember what our God's gentle voice says about you?

He says that you are chosen, holy and blameless. He says that you are complete. He claims you as a child and as a friend.

He dresses you in strength and dignity. He calls you blessed. And you know what else he says? He says, "Many women have done excellently, but YOU will surpass them all..." (Proverbs 31:29)

Hey you, my beautiful friend over there. I see you. I see why God created you. You are amazing. I am so proud of you and the mama you are. I love you and I thank my Father for you. He created you to be a mama. A raw, messy, beautiful mama.

At times, it's hard to see God's blessings through sleep deprived eyes. It can be hard to hear His voice through the cry of a sick babe or to feel comfort when you can't pay your bills and it might seem impossible to embrace His love when you are listening to the lies from the enemy.

Today, Krew woke up with a fever. Scarlet woke up sassy and I woke up with left over mascara from yesterday. The day already felt heavy. I could feel the presence of the Enemy at work. I got up, snuggled Krew, took a slap in the face from Scarlet (who currently has the emotions of a preteen) and looked up to the Heavens and sighed. Can you believe that? It was 7:00am and I already sighed.

I made the babes breakfast, straightened up the kitchen, ran a load of laundry and held an empty gibberish conversation with Krew and Scarlet. I put them down to play and continued throughout our morning routine. I was tired. Being tired is just a way of life now. It is just a part of who I am. The twins started going through the kitchen drawers and throwing everything out. I released my second sigh of the day as I walked over to pick up the mess. As I walked towards them, I walked over the juice that had been spilt the day before. All I could do was laugh at my juice-covered-sticky floors. Then I saw it. As I looked up and I saw God's grace. Standing 29 inches tall and weighing in at 24 and 26 pounds, on tiptoes and pecking into our cooking drawer...there stood God's grace in the flesh.

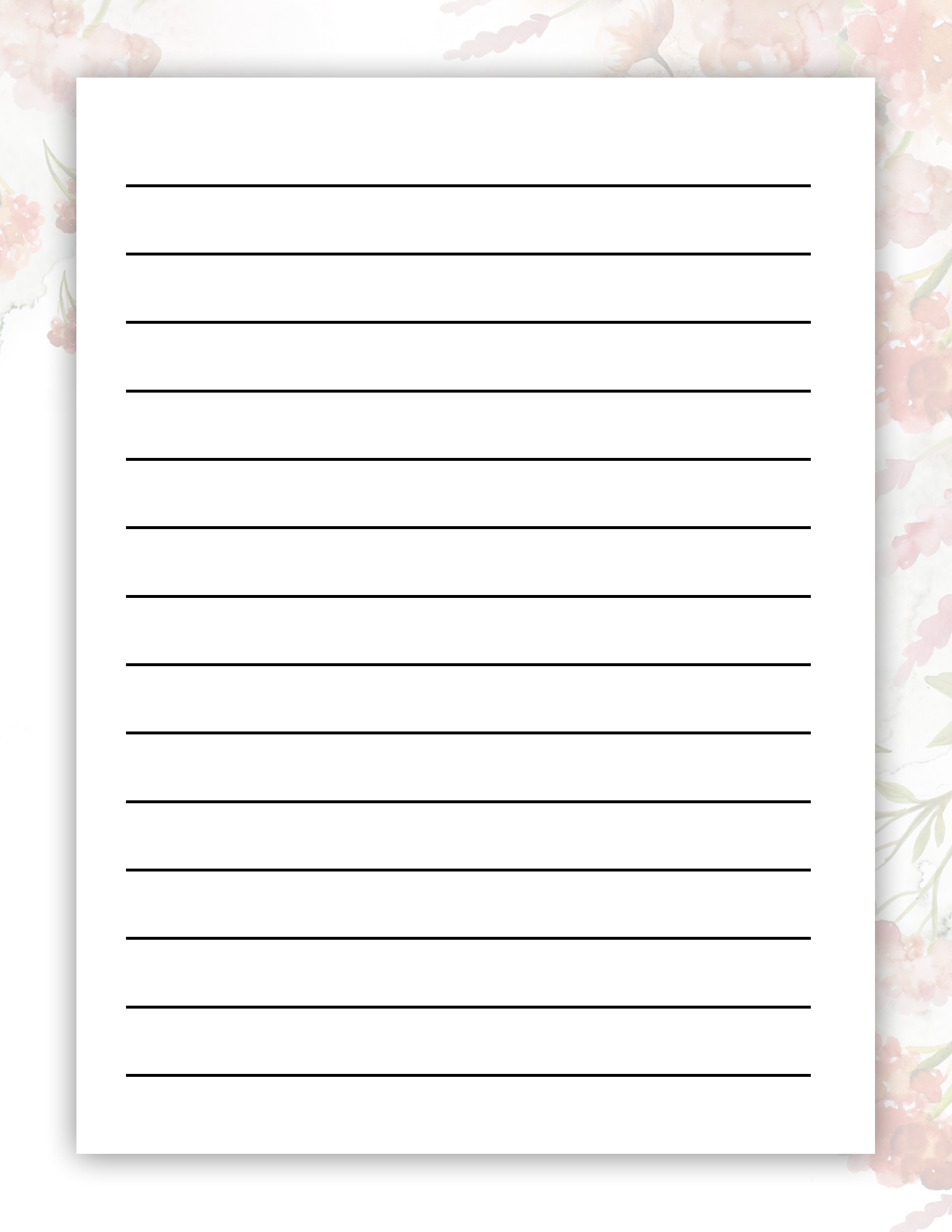
I've been adopting the fears and lies of this world instead of embracing our Father's love and blessings. But today, it all became clear once again...all through my sticky kitchen floors. So, I sat there for 30 minutes and awed over our blessings. I watched God's grace dance around my kitchen and I praised my God for my apple-and-pear-juice-stained-sticky floors, for they were the perfect reminder of the chapter of life I am in. A chapter where I have two healthy, happy and adventurous kiddos. A chapter where my floors are dirty but the atmosphere is filled with joy and laughter. A chapter that is tired and worn but is stained with the sweetness of life. A chapter that is simply beautiful.

Some days sticky floors will just mean fifteen minutes of mopping but I pray that I will have the wisdom to always see sticky floors for what they truly are....a reminder of God's grace and love.

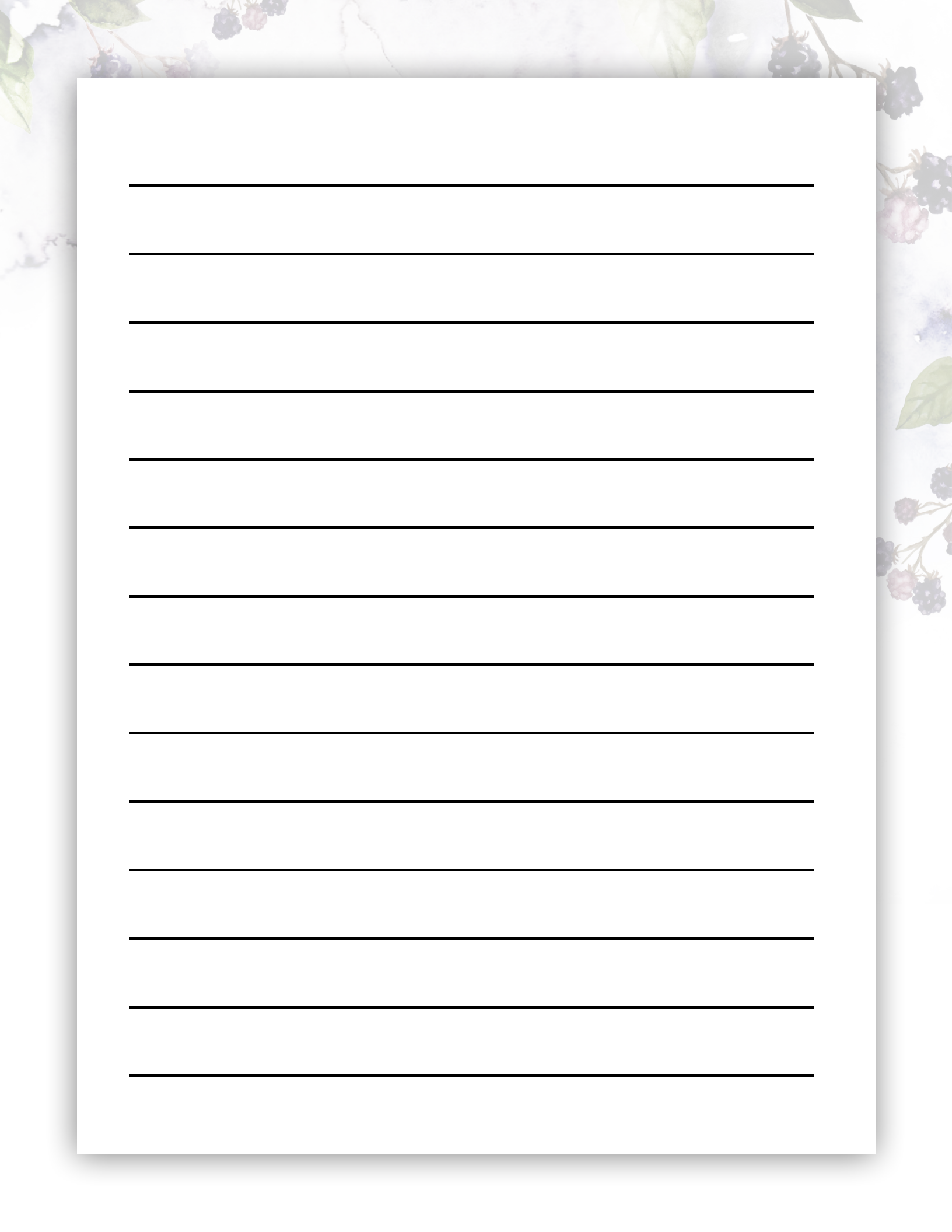
Jesus, you are my Jam.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with 15 horizontal black lines, suitable for writing. The paper is centered and framed by a decorative border of green leaves and small flowers. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page.





A blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines, set against a decorative floral background. The paper is centered and occupies most of the frame. The background features soft, pastel-colored flowers and leaves, with a light pink and peach color palette. The ruling lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the paper. There are 15 horizontal lines in total, creating 14 rows for writing.



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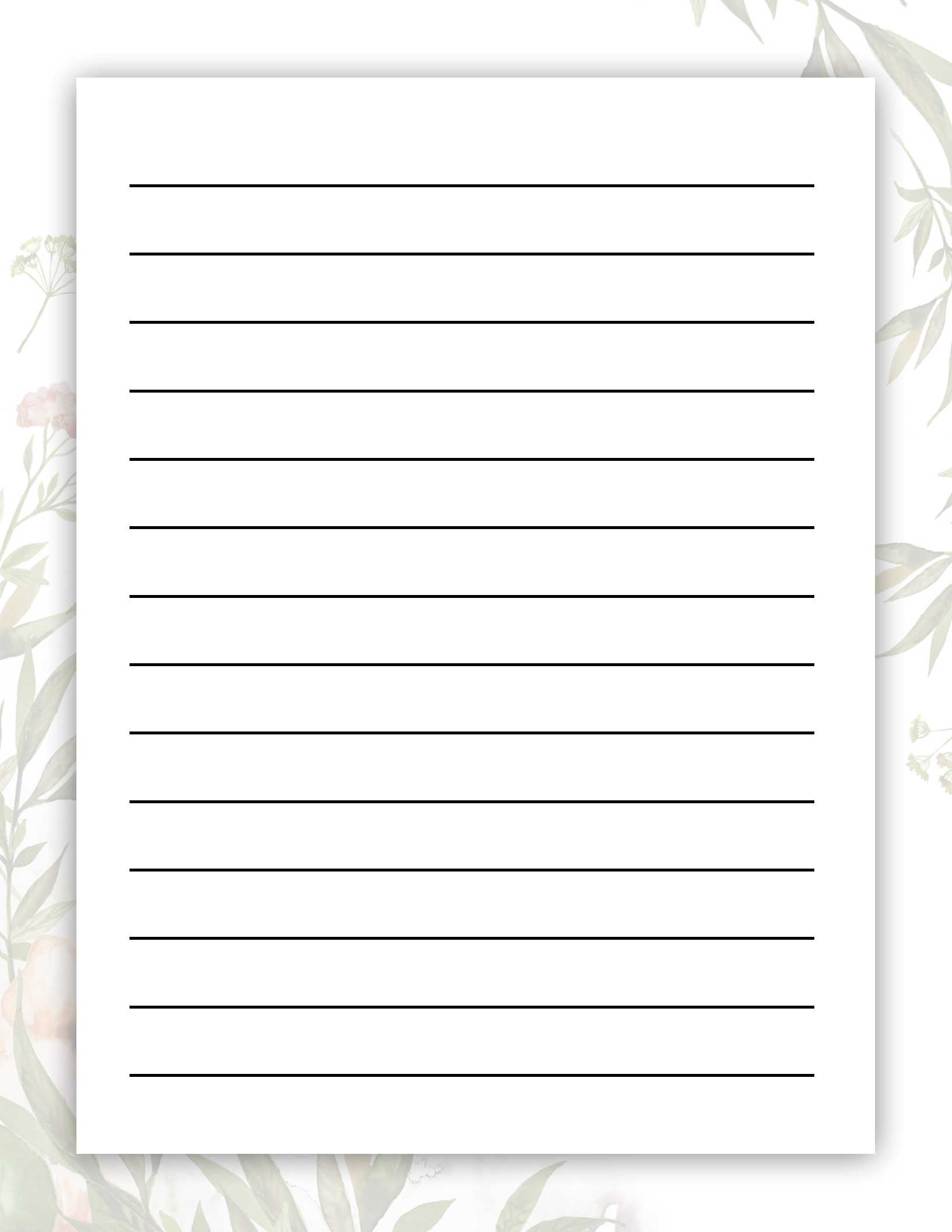
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A blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines, set against a background of a decorative floral border. The border features green leaves and small yellow and pink flowers. The paper has 18 horizontal lines, creating 17 rows for writing.





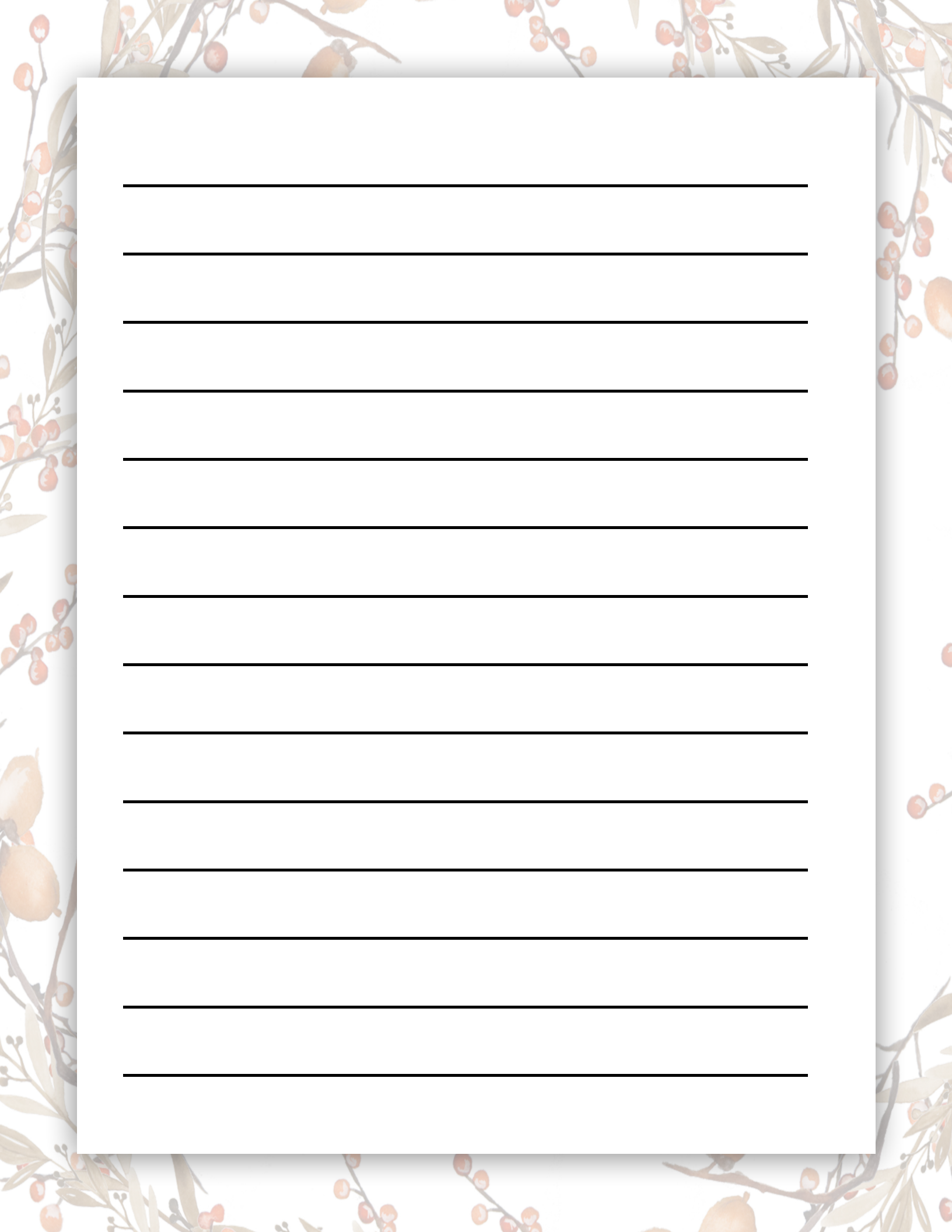
HEY YOU.  
OUR FATHER LOVES YOU.  
I LOVE YOU.  
GIVE YOURSELF SOME GRACE.

Now go get yourself  
a venti.









Lined writing area with 15 horizontal black lines on a white background.





This image shows a page from a notebook with a decorative floral border. The border features various flowers in shades of pink, orange, and red, with green leaves. The central area of the page is white and contains 15 horizontal black lines, spaced evenly for writing. The lines are parallel and extend across most of the width of the page.

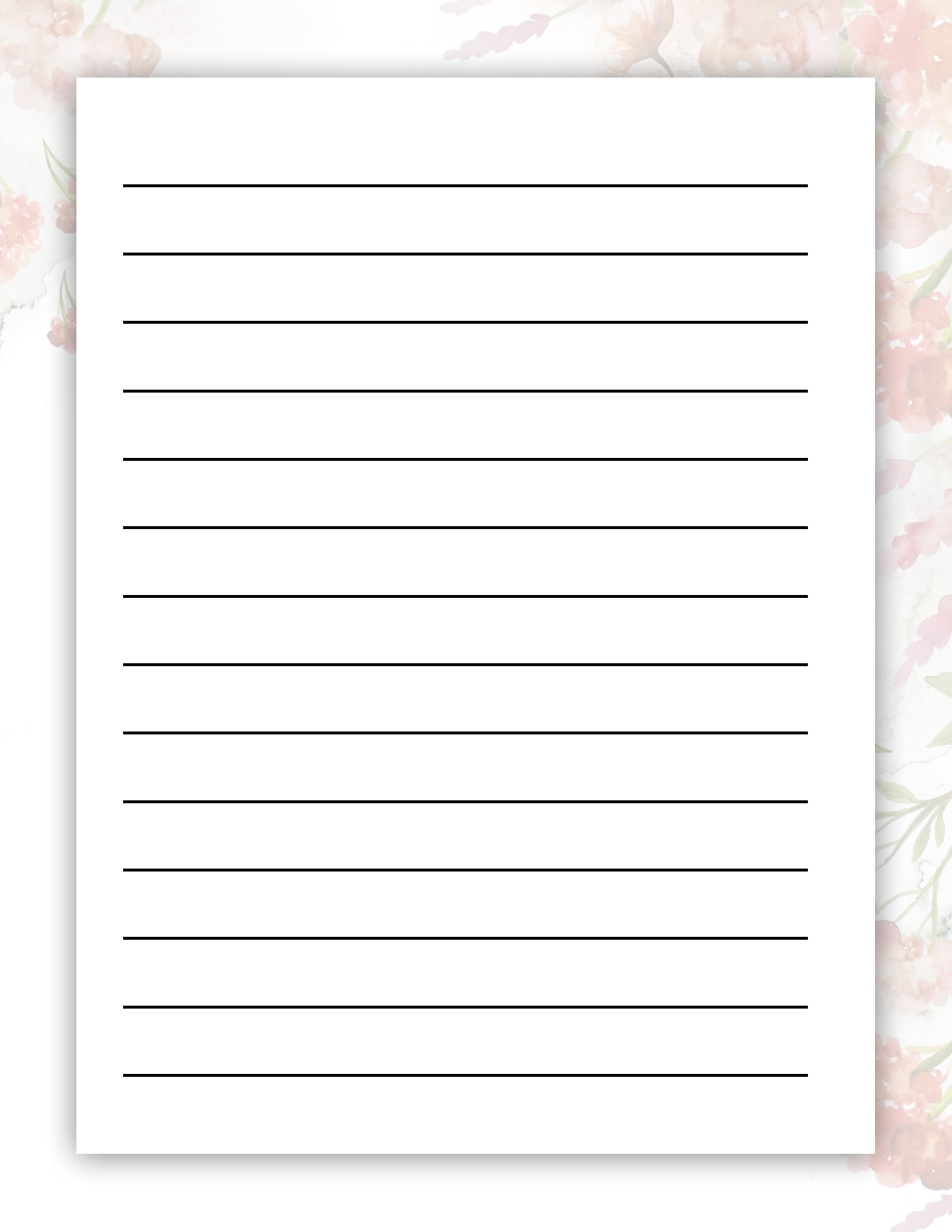






*surviving*  
*motherhood...*  
*one meltdown at a time.*





A sheet of white paper with 15 horizontal black lines, intended for writing. The paper is centered on a decorative background featuring soft, watercolor-style floral illustrations in shades of pink, peach, and light green. The flowers are scattered across the top and sides of the page, creating a gentle, artistic border.







A series of 14 horizontal black lines spaced evenly down the page, providing a template for handwriting practice. The lines are solid black and extend across most of the page's width, leaving a narrow margin on both sides.



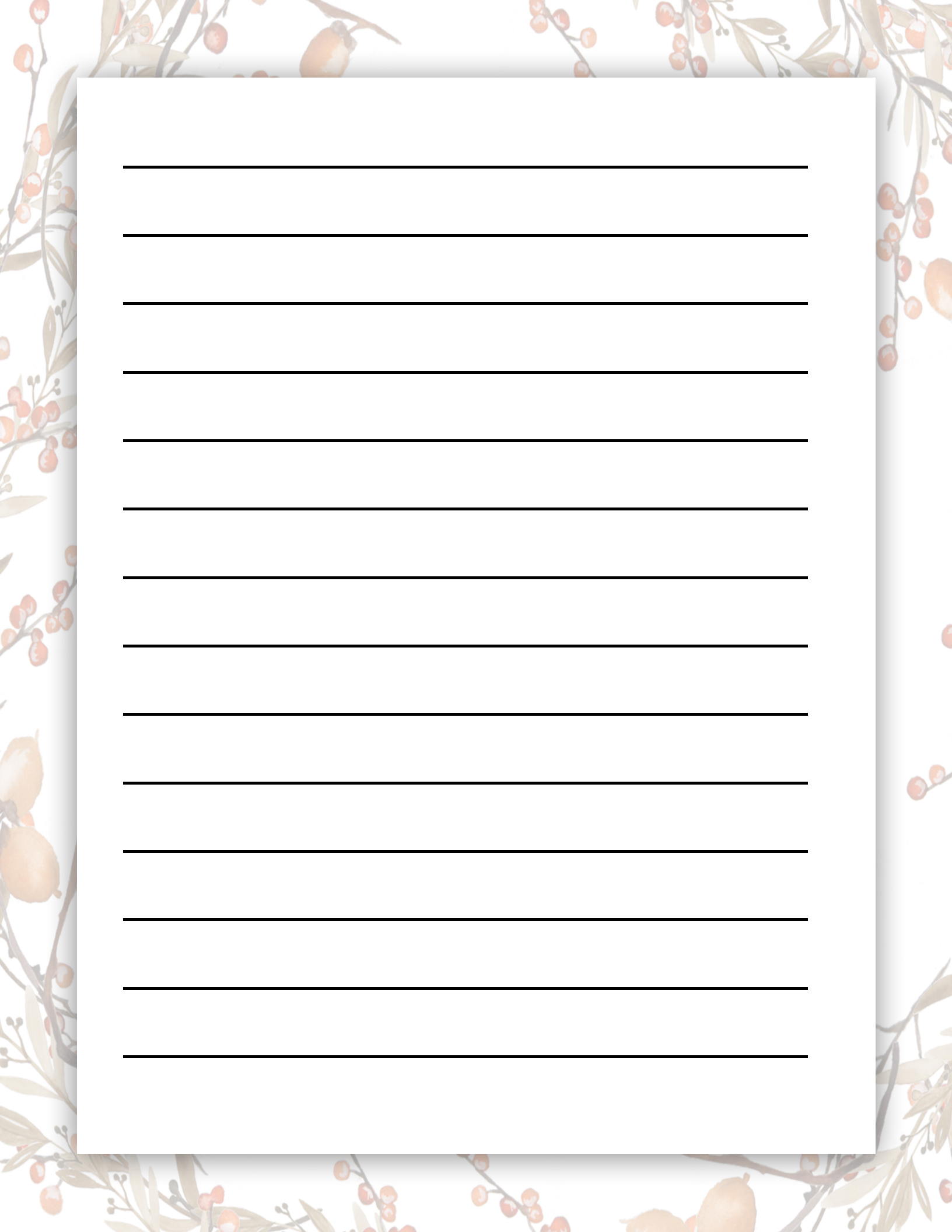
tired  
as a  
mother

but you're killin' it!










A large white rectangular area containing 15 horizontal black lines, spaced evenly, serving as a writing template.



*"Many women have  
done excellently, but you  
will surpass them all."*

*Proverbs 31:29*

