

ARTICLE

MOTHERHOOD: A REFLECTION  
ON LOVE

PRAYER SPOTLIGHT

A PRAYER ON MOTHER'S DAY

# FBC Today

UNLEASHING THE GOSPEL



## MOTHERHOOD: A REFLECTION ON LOVE

One evening, sometime last year, I was lamenting how Eleanora, my toddler, was still waking up nearly every other hour through the night. Sensing my dread and frustration, Oliver, my older child, tried to encourage me, saying,

"Mama, have hope!" It lifted my spirits, and just as I leaned in to plant a kiss on his cheek, he asked, "What does 'hope' mean?" How quickly I felt hope drain from my system, and the dread of the night grew!

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Galatians 4:1-7

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**Motherhood** is a wild ride. The routine may seem the same every day, but each day is different. As a stay-at-home mother, I have the incredible privilege of growing together with my children and being present for all their milestones, like their first smile, first word, first steps, growing and losing their first tooth, and their first day of school.

In this season of raising little people, some of my favourite moments include my daughter gently cupping my face in her little hands and whispering sweet nothings in my ear, my son slipping me handwritten notes under the door, watching my children drift off to sleep, and hearing them in fits of laughter when they're playing together.

Being a stay-at-home mother also comes with the challenge of being there for everything else: from crying sprees, sleepless nights, meltdowns, and clingy moments, to sibling rivalry, sick days, temper tantrums, and navigating battles of wills. Some days, we cycle through the whole shebang, and it is a struggle to keep it all together. Instead of showing up with "Here I am, Lord", I go "Not again, Lord!"

It is often in these low points that God reveals to me how similar I am to my children, who are testing my limits. For instance, newborns are helpless, infants are dependent, toddlers are demanding, and children are often difficult to reason with, especially when they are your own. And then there's me. I, too, feel helpless at times, with little control over my circumstances (i.e. my children), I make unreasonable demands, and I can be as stubborn as a mule. I'm not too different!

But at the same time, God has also been leading me into a deeper understanding of His boundless, everlasting love— one that is patient, kind, gracious, sacrificial, and enduring; one that came at a great cost.

It made me reflect: if I am made in the image of such a God, then it should be that I am made to image the same kind of patience, kindness, graciousness, sacrifice, and endurance. I am called to love in a way that pursues the good of others, mirroring the patterns of love described in 1 Corinthians 13 and throughout Scripture. In all this moulding, I have grown to understand that though

***real love is demonstrated by action, it isn't always about doing and solving and achieving results. Much about love is also found in simply being, as can be seen in the life of Jesus.***

So, what does "being" look like in the middle of the storms and busyness of motherhood? For me, it is choosing patience when my daughter is having a rough day and throwing tantrums; it is giving my son the space he needs to accept the answers to his questions that he doesn't like; it is pausing to help my children resolve conflict instead of expecting them to just stop squabbling; it is ordering takeaway for dinner so I can build Lego with my children; it is leaving my mountain of laundry for later to make time for God.



**Love** means meeting my children where they are and learning to see things from their perspective instead of always expecting them to rise to mine. Love means allowing my children generous room for growth, otherwise known as making mistakes. Love means appreciating my children for who God made them to be and enjoying the ways that they reflect His goodness in my life. Love means slowing down and choosing to live at the pace of God's amazing grace.

I realize that every challenging moment in my journey as a mother has, sooner or later (depending on how stubborn I am), driven me to God. Many of my encounters with Him are wrestling matches as He challenges me and my understanding of life and love. And God is always inviting me to let my days be shaped by Him rather than the world, or even my own expectations. The nature of growth is that it is slow and painful, and I am grateful for a brilliant husband who partners and journeys with me, and for the support and prayers of friends, especially those from my Life Group at church.

Every day presents a new opportunity for me to learn how to extend the kind of love that is rooted in God, especially in moments where I have to fight every fibre of my being to respond to my children in love. In my learning to reflect God's perfect love in my imperfect everyday life, it is my hope that my children will also experience and recognize God's love in their lives. On days that are longer and harder than usual, I now know that I have the grace to take a deep breath and say, "Here I am, Lord."



**By Rachel Lee**

*Rachel attends CIA Lifegroup*







### A PRAYER ON MOTHER'S DAY

#### **Almighty God and Heavenly Father,**

This Mother's Day we want to praise and thank you for Mums of all stripes and kinds.  
For those who have raised children from their own flesh.  
For those who have welcomed, adopted, or fostered children.  
For those who have been spiritual mothers or disciple-makers.  
This day we honour this often-hidden labour of love before you.  
Today, Lord, we want to recognise this love as a glimpse of your very nature.  
And yet whilst we grasp joy in one hand today we hold lament in the other.  
For—Lord—we weep with those who are weeping today.

For those without mothers.  
For those estranged from mothers.  
For those struggling with mothers.  
For those struggling as mothers.  
For those longing to be mothers but unable.  
For mothers who have carried children in their bodies who have died.

Lord, today we rejoice and weep at once.  
Lord, we praise motherhood for all its created goodness.  
Lord, we lament all its wounds and difficulties.  
In all this Lord, in both the joy and grief that comes with all earthly relationships:  
Help us—by your Spirit—to bask in your perfect love.

Almighty God:

In our griefs, may you extend your comfort as a mother comforts her child  
(Isa 66:13).

In our fear, protect us like a bear with cubs (Hos 13:8).

In our uncertainty, lead and guide us like an eagle who hovers over its young,  
that spreads its wings to catch them and carries them aloft (Duet 32:11).

We pray Lord:

Gather us your children together as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings.  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord,  
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,  
**Amen.**