

I am happy to see this week come to an end, for various reasons. Last Friday and Saturday, out of the blue I was hit with text after text from my daughter, telling me what a failure I have been, and she accused me of trying to steal her boys from her. I responded to her with a message telling her I loved her, and I always will. I told her that I have never stopped praying for her and that I hope she will find her way in this life. The hits kept coming. After asking her to stop, I finally ended up blocking her number. It was enough.

I have learned that it does no good to defend myself to her. I did my absolute best as her mother, but I never could get it right. Most of you know I am raising her boys and have been for the most of their lives. She would argue that point. I love these two boys more than I could ever express, but I can assure you, raising a second set of children was not in my plans for this stage in my life. I didn't anticipate being divorced either, but here I am.

I guess I want to share my thoughts about this partially to let my daughter know how I see things. But mostly, it is my hope that if there is a mother, or a daughter out there reading this, they might find encouragement if they find themselves in a similar situation.

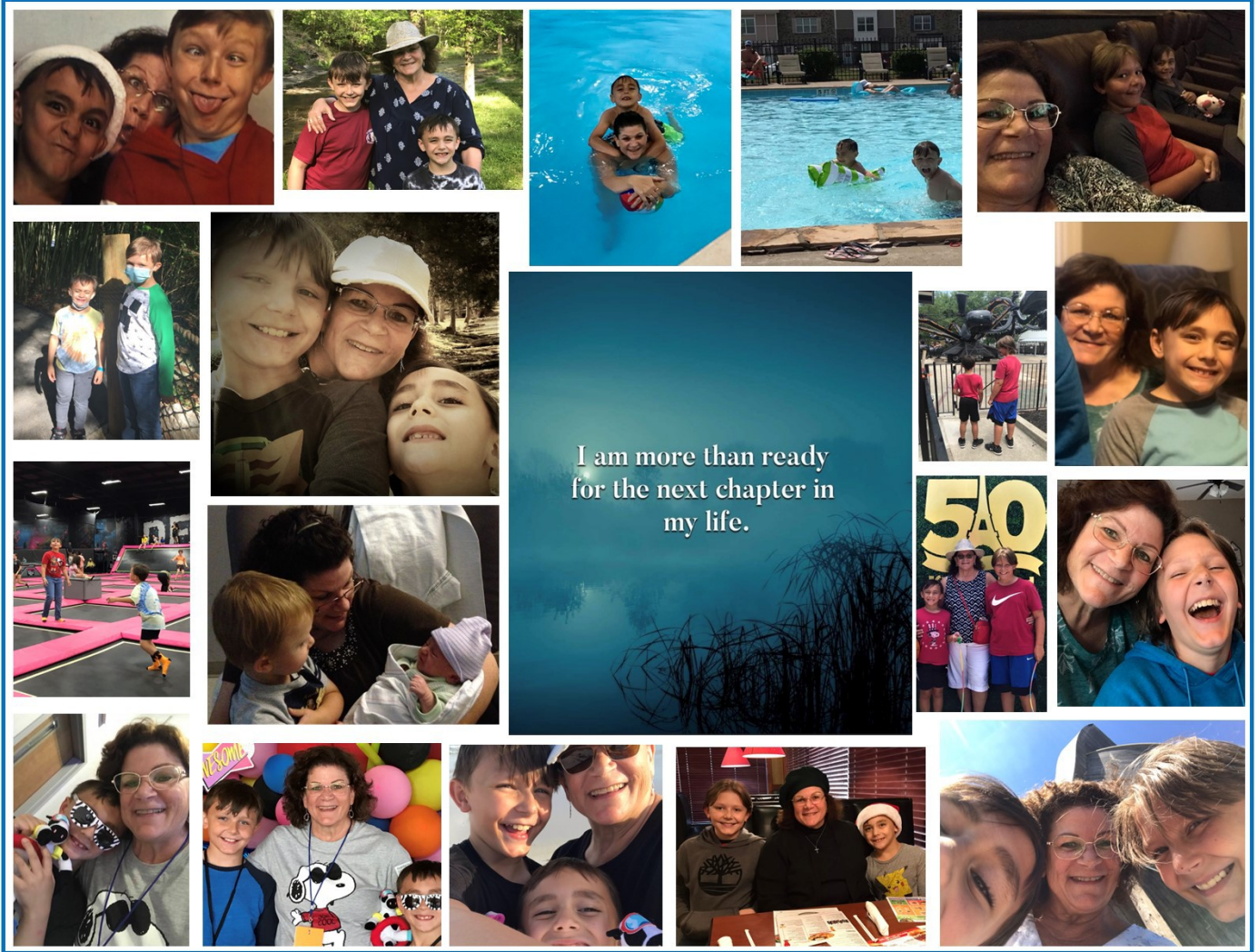
I want to ask my daughter to look at the pictures below. They contain wonderful memories for me, and I hope for my grandsons. But what I really want her to see are moments that she should be having with her boys. She's the one missing out. Then I think about the pictures that aren't shown here. The birthdays, tucking them into bed, waiting for the school bus, going to open house at school to meet their teachers. As I watch them grow before my eyes and see the little men they are becoming, I think about how she, their dad, and now their grandpa, are missing it all. My heart grieves for these little guys.

When she finds the energy to start sending me messages that have no other motive other than to tear me down, I also start thinking about how she / they aren't having to deal with the fighting and noise, or the arguments when it's time to go to bed. School supplies and new clothes are purchased by me, and birthday gifts and Christmas presents are my concern alone. I guarantee they aren't thinking about Alec's birthday coming up. My daughter won't go without her cigarettes, but she has yet to remember to buy a stamp to send a letter or buy a birthday card for either of her boys. Alec will be nine years old next week. Other than about six months, the boys have been in my / our care since Alec was about five months old. Her hateful words cut me deeply, and she has no clue.

But then I also remember some very important truths. I can say without a doubt, being responsible for these two little guys has saved my life. I can't say I understood this prior to my divorce, but I can see it very clearly now. If it hadn't been for my needing to get up every day to feed them, to make sure their needs were met, I could have easily slipped into a depression so deep that I may not have had the strength to get out of bed, or worse. I know they need me right now, but I need them just as much. I believe God knew this, possibly all the way back to before they were born. Yes, I long for quiet moments. I wish I didn't have the responsibility at times. But I owe these two boys my life, by God's grace.

Realizing I was going to have to care for them by myself, I have been praying earnestly for God to give me guidance. If they were to get hurt or sick while at school, I wouldn't be able to get to them for at least an hour due to my commute to work every day. I believe God answered my prayers, and led me to quit my job, knowing I had no new job to go to. I can't express the peace I felt, believing he was going to take care of us. He has proven himself faithful, over, and over again. I knew I could trust him with this. Today is my last day at work. Earlier this week I interviewed for a position close to our home and learned yesterday that the job was mine. God is so, so good.

Well, that's it. This is my message to my daughter. First, it's best to just be quiet and learn to say 'Thank you' when someone else is raising your children. At thirty years old, it's time to get over your past, and find a way to move on. If you really want to be in the lives of your boys, do it, without expecting others to do it for you. Finally, and most importantly, life is a gift from God. It's time to count your blessings, ask God what his plan is for your life, and obey him. Quit blaming others for where you are.



[For Such A Time As This - YouTube](#)