



Plans Change

Description

default watermark



First Baby



Second Baby

A friend of mine used the expression yesterday, **“if you want to hear God laugh, tell him your plans.”** It has been awhile since I’ve heard it said, but it was somewhat apropos for me yesterday. I attend a Bible study group once a week and this year’s first session was yesterday. I had gotten a call from the children’s leader asking if I could help them on the first day in the nursery. I helped them last year and if you’ve ever volunteered your services you’re probably familiar with the subsequent calls for help that follow from time to time. The children’s leader is a delightful person, and I often have a hard time saying no to delightful people in need. I’ll be honest, I love children, but not babysitting children. I enjoy the ages between 3 to 5 when kids are imaginative and start to become little people. Last year I helped in the 1 to 2 year old room filled with tears, difficulties sharing, and not wanting to pay attention to the lesson. I should also add I don’t have much patience for teaching lessons.

This year I had a plan. I was going to state what I wanted and ask for the 4 to 5 year old room. I walked into the church with a new found confidence instead of dread. Surely, she would agree to my request. No such thing happened. As soon as I could get the words out she replied with force, **“you are with the infants.”** Before I could even mutter a **“but I”** she explained that several people called in sick and they were short handed. God had a new plan for me and I wasn’t too happy about it, at least at first. My neighbor’s granddaughter happened to be in the room which was a nice surprise. There were eight babies from 2 to 10 months old and three adults. We were besieged by beautiful bouncing babies who were crawling, curious and sometimes crying. Normally my blood pressure would have hit the roof, but I remained calm and was a source of comfort. It was hard work at times especially when half of them decided to be hungry all at once. I’ve always felt a tad

awkward around infants, but this time I felt confident and at ease.

Lately I have been mourning the fact that my kids are older and don't think they need me as much except for when it comes to finding something they've misplaced. They don't need the constant comfort a baby needs. There is a HUGE part of me that is grateful my children aren't hanging on to my legs anymore. There would be something wrong if they still were at 13 and 16 years old. However, I guess a tiny part of me misses being able to hold my babies and have them fit on my lap. What I was dreading turned out to be just what I needed. The next time the children's leader calls I'll ask for infants or maybe I should just let God decide and have faith it's what I need.

Date Created

2012/09/13

Author

queenie

default watermark