

A Journey Into Motherhood

Leaning Into Faith And Letting Go

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Acknowledgment First and foremost, I thank GOD for keeping me in this season and those to come. Secondly, I want to start by thanking my tribe of women, who have been there encouraging me every step of the way. I believe GOD predestined our sisterhood

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Foreword

This book emerged from the moments with The Father during a Christmas break. One compelling motivation behind sharing the narrative was sparked by the heartbreaking realization that many children had lost their parents to COVID-19. One account resonated deeply with the author as they delved into articles recounting these stories. It told the journey of an immigrant family from Iraq, an ordinary family working tirelessly to shield their children from the adversities they had faced. Tragically, both parents fell victim to the pandemic, leaving the eldest son to shoulder the responsibilities of provider and caregiver. Upon reading this account, the author empathized with the challenges he would face as the new head of the household, grappling with the relinquishment of certain freedoms. The author found parallels in their situation, reflecting on the profound impact such transitions can have on one's life. Additionally, the narrative underscores the pressing issue of mental health, a topic that gained significant prominence during the lock down. Reports surfaced of individuals who, after years of sobriety, succumbed to relapses, with their loved ones bearing witness to the consequences.

Amidst these turbulent times, the world also witnessed the tragic events surrounding George Floyd, where a white police officer held his knee and the total weight on the neck of a man who posed no threat, unfolding for an agonizing eight minutes. The year 2020 felt akin to high stakes fight between Floyd Mayweather and Conor McGregor. Yet, the comforting thought persists: God remains on the throne, assuring readers that even this tumultuous chapter will eventually fade away.

Chapter 1 My Plans

“For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.” - Jeremiah 29:11 NIV

In the latter part of 2018, my life seemed to be on a promising trajectory. I was on the brink of completing my associate degree, had earned induction into an honorary club for acts of service, and eagerly anticipated my enrollment at the prestigious Lipscomb University. Surrounded by the warmth of my loved ones during moments of celebration, I remained blissfully unaware that divine intervention had alternate plans for my journey, plans that were yet to unfold. As with many students, the post-graduation challenge loomed large — finding gainful employment. Despite diligently sending my resume to numerous companies, only a local tax company responded. This solitary connection triggered a cascade of emotions, plunging me into a profound state of depression that left me reluctant to step outside my own home.

Amidst this internal struggle, I was also in the midst of repairing a strained relationship with my cousin. Our daily conversations served as a lifeline during this tumultuous period. In frustration and desperation, I directed my grievances to a higher power, informing God that I intended to relocate to Nashville and forge the life I desired, even if it meant parting with everything I owned. Little did I know that this declaration would mark the prelude to a series of unforeseen events. After a month of being confined to bed due to depression, a new ailment emerged — a persistent dull ache in my lower back that gradually escalated to debilitating pain. Unable to endure the suffering, I contacted my cousin, who promptly came to my aid. The journey to the hospital unraveled another layer of the unexpected as I received the startling diagnosis of a spinal deformity.

Coincidentally, my cousin, amid her medical procedure, sought companionship during her hospital stay.

Eager to provide support, I embarked on what became a misadventure. Miscommunication initially led me to the wrong hospital, where I sought my cousin in vain. Undeterred, I persevered, navigating multiple buses to reach the correct location. However, another mix-up awaited me as I discovered my cousin was in the labor and delivery ward. Perplexed, I vehemently asserted the impossibility of such a scenario, convinced there had been a mix-up in identities. My cousin, scheduled for a hysterectomy, became the subject of a surreal narrative as I attempted to reconcile the unexpected twists in our respective journeys

“Whose baby is this?” My cousin dropped a bombshell, stating, “It’s mine, and I am giving him up for adoption, so don’t get attached to him.” My initial shock transformed into disdain, fueled by the realization that this was not my first encounter with such unexpected twists. As the baby’s cries filled the room, my cousin refused to pick him up. Unable to bear the sight, I urged her, “Pick him up!” When she declined, I took matters into my hands, lifting the infant into my arms.

Chapter 2 Surrender

No one has greater love [nor stronger commitment] than to lay down his own life for his friends. - John15:13 AMP

Stepping out of the elevator and approaching the nurse's station, I eagerly inquired about my cousin.

The nurse's response left me dumbfounded: "Oh yes, she just delivered a six-pound, two ounce baby boy." A surge of disbelief and frustration overwhelmed me, and I adamantly declared, "NO, you have the wrong person!" Undeterred, the nurse said, "Her room is right there." Reluctantly, I entered the room and laid eyes on a newborn. My astonishment deepened as I asked, "Whose baby is this?"

At that moment, I couldn't help but fall in love with the tiny bundle. Cradling the baby, I offered comfort as he nestled against me. Soon, the prospective adoptive mother arrived, and I boldly asserted that the baby was mine, refusing to relinquish him. Determined to prevent impulsive decisions, I stayed in the room, ensuring my cousin wouldn't do anything regrettable. Three days later, I left the hospital with a newborn in tow. Upon returning home, panic set in as reality dawned on me—I knew nothing about caring for babies.

My interactions with my little cousins centered around playing, spoiling them, inducing sugar fueled excitement, and then making a swift exit. While occasional babysitting had been within my comfort zone, my knowledge was insufficient. Being the fun cousin had its limits, and suddenly thrust into the role of a mother, I had to adapt to life's unexpected turns with resilience

Chapter 3 Learning Love

Love is patient, love is kind, it isn't jealous, it doesn't brag, it isn't arrogant, it isn't rude, it doesn't seek its advantage, it isn't irritable, it doesn't keep a record of complaints, it isn't happy with injustice, but it is satisfied with the truth. Love puts up with all things, trusts in all things, hopes for all things, and endures all things. - I Corinthians 13:4-7 MEV

As I gingerly entered that hospital room, little did I anticipate that within those four walls, I would unravel the profound depths of love. In the crib before me lay Ty, a tiny soul born to parents grappling with the challenges of financial and mental incapacity. Throughout our time in that hospital room, spanning restless nights, I cradled Ty in my arms. My intention was clear—I wanted him to feel the embrace of love, to understand that he was cherished and essential. I began articulating these affirmations, whispering words of love and belonging into his tiny ears.

Amidst the fussiness, cries, and the bliss of slumber, my declarations persisted. Each time, I reassured Ty that he was loved and profoundly wanted. One particular memory etched itself in my heart. While feeding him, I spoke those affirmations, and in response, Ty gazed at me, his tiny fingers caressing my face. The depth of this connection struck me unlike any I had experienced with my other little cousins. Despite playing a role in raising them, I had always been the fun cousin, maintaining that particular persona. But with Ty, my daily routine revolved around caring for this precious baby.

It wasn't a common sight—someone in their college-age 20s relinquishing the allure of a life filled with travel and freedom to tend to an infant, not of their birth. In these quiet, ordinary moments, a divine voice spoke to me. God's whispers resonated, reminding me of His unwavering presence.

He said, *'Monica, wherever you go, I am with you. Even when you believed you were alone, I was there.'* Through this unexpected journey, patience became my companion, and the essence of unconditional love revealed itself. I understood that the accurate measure of my life lay not in what I could amass but in what I could generously love and pour into others.

Chapter 4 First Three Months

The abrupt realization startled me awake, fearing for his well-being, and I implored God to safeguard his life. During our hospital stay, the decision was made for Ty to undergo circumcision, a choice that would later prove to be a source of unexpected distress.- Isaiah 40:31 MEV

On that initial night, as Ty lay peacefully in his crib, I found myself captivated by the sight of this precious life. Anxious about the responsibility ahead, I checked on him regularly, silently praying to God for guidance, terrified of making any missteps in this newfound journey of motherhood. Like clockwork, Ty would awaken every three hours, demanding nourishment. On one occasion, exhaustion overcame me, and I dozed off while feeding him. The abrupt realization startled me awake, fearing for his well-being, and I implored God to safeguard his life.

During our hospital stay, the decision was made for Ty to undergo circumcision, a choice that would later prove to be a source of unexpected distress. The second night at home unfolded into chaos, with Ty screaming inconsolably, soaked in urine, and shivering in the cold. I felt like a complete wreck after this incident, grappling with the challenges of the unexpected. The initial three months of my journey as a mother proved to be the most arduous, a period marked by uncertainty and countless unknowns and days I was passed without me enjoying a proper meal, with attempts to multitask, such as feeding Ty while managing a bowl of noodles, becoming less than enjoyable. During this time, I began to grasp the wisdom behind God's original design, the intent for a mother and father to unite in the endeavor of childrearing. The shared responsibility allowed one to tend to the baby while the other rested

Amidst the routine, the teachings of the Bible started to resonate more profoundly, offering a sense of clarity. Cabin fever began to set in, exacerbated by Ty's inability to venture outdoors until he received his first round of shots. Seeking solace, I often sat on the porch, embracing the stillness surrounding us. As Ty reached three months of age, the challenges intensified with the onset of dreaded crying spells. Despite my efforts, nothing seemed to console him. The first three months of a baby's life were undeniably taxing, leaving me covered in a mixture of puke, poo, and bodily exertion. It was a challenging chapter for Ty and me as we navigated the unpredictable terrain of early parenthood.

Chapter 5 My Tribe

Older women similarly are to be reverent in their behavior, not malicious gossips nor addicted to much wine, teaching what is right and good, so that they may encourage the young women to love their husbands and their children tenderly, to be sensible, pure, makers of a home [where God is honored], good-natured, being subject to their husbands, so that the word of God will not be dishonored. - Titus 2:3-5 AMP

One day, on a bus ride home with my dear friend Armika, she inquired about the baby's whereabouts. I casually replied that he was with my best friend. Intrigued, she asked about the crying spells, prompting her to share a seemingly ludicrous story. Armika recounted how her middle child, suffering from colic, had kept her up all night crying. Eventually, in a moment of frustration, she called her baby's father, urging him to take the baby before he succumbed to shaken baby syndrome. I burst into laughter, a blend of amusement.

and bewilderment, and asked her, “Why doesn’t anyone warn you about these things when you’re having a baby?” After a sleepless night with Ty, my best friend called and, hearing my exhaustion, invited me for valuable advice. Her first tip involved propping up the bottle with a blanket. Then, she demonstrated how to swaddle Ty, easing his crying spells and allowing me to attend to household chores. Another revelation was the optimal time to introduce cereal into Ty’s bottle, a discussion that led to a trip to the store and a subsequent improvement in Ty’s sleep pattern. As we sat down, my friend inquired about my feelings, offering a breath of fresh air.

The reality hit me — having a baby necessitated adjustments. Gone were the days of leisurely sleep-ins; now, I had to tend to Ty, change him, and patiently wait for 45 minutes. The diaper bag needed preparation, and I had to prepare both of us, ensuring I didn't forget any of Ty's essentials.

Enter Sissy, a crucial member of my support network. Her genuine concern for Ty and me brought joy and soothing to my soul during long bus rides. Another pillar of support was Porcha, who offered encouragement throughout the process. When legal concerns and frustrations overwhelmed me, she lent a listening ear, playing the role of a therapeutic confidante. A moment of panic during a doctor's appointment, where a stranger's glance at Ty and the milk canister triggered irrational fears, was assuaged by a call to Sissy, who talked me off the ledge.

In the age of endless Google searches for baby-related queries, nothing compares to having a tribe of women to share experiences and offer encouragement in this new chapter of life. The women mentioned embody the spirit of Titus 2:3-5, serving as guides and companions on this unpredictable journey. Grateful for their presence, I recognize the timeless value of women supporting one another, carrying forward the tradition of imparting wisdom about My Tribe 13 homemaking and child-rearing. I thank God for placing these women in my life, walking alongside me, and providing the encouragement. I need on this journey.

Chapter 6 Beautifully Broken

After a short while on the road, Naomi told her two daughters-in-law, “Go back. Go home and live with your mothers. May God treat you as graciously as you treated your deceased husbands and me. May God give each of you a new home and a new husband!” She kissed them, and they cried openly.

They said, “No, we’re going with you to your people.

But Naomi was firm: “Go back, my dear daughters. Why would you come with me? Do you suppose I still have sons in my womb who can become your future husbands? Go back, dear daughters—on your way, please! I’m too old to get a husband.

Why, even if I said, ‘There’s still hope!’ and this very night got a man and had sons, can you imagine being satisfied to wait until they were grown? Would you wait that long to get married again? No, dear daughters, this is a bitter pill for me to swallow—more bitter for me than for you.

God has dealt me a hard blow. Ruth 1:8-13 MSG

The book of Ruth, often associated with themes of marriage, delves into a narrative that transcends traditional expectations. If one were to peel back the layers of the relationship between Naomi and Ruth, the foundational element would be unwavering loyalty. When Naomi urged Ruth to return to her family, permitting her to return to her kin in Judah, the essence of their bond was akin to the sturdy mortar holding their connection together. Reflecting on this story, I find parallels in my own life, where the choice to embrace the role of a parent was not an obligation.

In the aftermath of Ty's arrival, I stood at a crossroads. I could have left the hospital, returned to my life as a single individual, focused on my desires, and carried on. Yet, a divine ordination prevailed. The prospect of life without Ty seemed inconceivable.

Obedience to God led to an abundance of love and joy, blessings that surpassed any preconceived notions. A testament to this unexpected journey unfolded when my co-workers learned of my situation and rallied together to throw a heartwarming baby shower. The support from people who barely knew me was a testament to the strength of human compassion. Additionally, a neighbor's generosity in providing diapers and clothes for Ty further highlighted the unexpected sources of support that emerged.

Contemplating an alternative scenario where my plans unfolded as envisioned, I recognize the potential blessing I could have missed, a concept exemplified by Oprah's life journey. In embracing the responsibility of caring for Ty, I found purpose, akin to how Naomi's second chance at life granted her renewed purpose in the face of tragedy. Ty, seamlessly integrated into every facet of my life, became a source of profound purpose and joy. The parallel between Ruth's heroism and Naomi's chance at a new beginning echoes in the unexpected turns of my own story. Through trust and obedience to God's guidance, life's intricate obstacle course becomes navigable. Like Naomi, who found purpose and fulfillment in the company of Ruth, Ty has become the source of purpose that enriches my life in ways I never anticipated

Chapter 7 Woman in the Mirror

*As in water, face answers to face, so the heart of man to man. –
Proverbs 27:19 MEV*

Before Ty entered my life, the concept of how my moods and behaviors influenced others was not something I had to confront. Mornings, in particular, emerged as the most demanding part of my day, where meticulous preparation was essential to ensure we had all the necessary items. It became evident that my attitude was pivotal in setting the tone for Ty's behavior. The realization struck me that my frustration and sense of urgency, especially when underprepared, heightened the overall stress.

Navigating public transportation with a toddler added an extra layer of complexity, exacerbated by the challenges of a pandemic. The morning rush to catch a bus, particularly on one of the busiest routes with sporadic schedules, often proved nerve-racking. On this occasion, the buses ran every 20 minutes, and the struggle to catch one amidst the hustle and bustle led to a missed connection.

In those moments when things deviated from the planned course, my demeanor mirrored the disruptions. Ty's reactions, in turn, escalated, culminating in intense tantrums that left him visibly distraught. Recognizing the direct correlation between his actions and my own, I faced the stark reality that Ty gleaned from my behaviors more than my words. It was a revelation that prompted self-reflection, forcing me to acknowledge where I had faltered and how the cascade of reactions originated with me. In those instances, God gently revealed the areas where I could improve and reminded me that it all started with my demeanor. The need for better preparation and organization became apparent to alleviate the chaotic shuffle we faced during such moments.

Acknowledging my imperfections, I found solace in looking to Jesus, the epitome of perfection, as a source of strength and guidance through this transitional period. While I may not be flawless, the grace and wisdom derived from following His example provide a road map for navigating the challenges that come with this new chapter in my life.

Prayer: Lord, I thank you for this day and for allowing us to see it, so I ask that you give us traveling mercies, guidance, and peace throughout our day.

Chapter 8

Fear and Anxiety

I have said these things to you, that you may have peace in me. In the world, you will have tribulation. But take heart; I have overcome the world. - John 16:33 MEV

Raising a child amid the chaos of COVID-19 and endemic racism in America has brought profound challenges and poignant reflections into my life. The global outcry following the horrifying death of Mr. George Floyd, witnessed in real-time as a police officer pressed his total weight onto Floyd's neck, left an indelible mark on both me and the world. Since Ty's arrival, compliments on his beauty have been plentiful. Yet, as I gaze at my big, brown-eyed little boy, all I see is innocence. However, the world's harsh realities prompt me to wonder at what age he might be perceived as a threat, particularly by white police officers. This concern, coupled with the disproportionate impact of COVID-19 on black and brown communities, adds an extra layer of worry to my journey as a mother.

The haunting video of Elijah McClain, combined with the racial and health disparities faced by marginalized communities, weighed heavily on my mind. A particularly challenging day, marked by grocery shopping and racing thoughts, culminated in a sudden anxiety attack as I brought groceries into the house. Ty, witnessing my vulnerability, began to yell, prompting a call to my cousin in Christ for solace and guidance. I found strength as she ministered to me, emphasizing the importance of refocusing and rejecting the enemy's lies. Ty looked at me with his brown eyes and resumed playing after the storm passed. Turning to prayer and anointing oil, I sought divine protection for my son.

Recalling the biblical narrative of Jesus as an infant and the attempts on His life, I found comfort in the assurance that God watches over His children. The parallels between my worries and the biblical stories became apparent, reinforcing my belief that Ty and I would be kept safe from the plagues of our time.

The pandemic heightened my concerns, especially with Ty having Sickle Cell anemia, a pre-existing condition. Cleaning became an obsession, and I adhered to strict measures to protect us from the deadly virus.

Trusting in God's protective hand, I forged ahead, embracing the certainty that just as He kept the Israelites safe from plagues, Ty and I would be shielded from the pandemic's ravages.

A constant need to stay busy, coupled with feelings of inadequacy, took a toll on my mental well-being. As I juggled work, school, and parenting in the fall, exhaustion set in. The breaking point arrived when God, in a moment of revelation, whispered to me, urging rest. The biblical verse from Genesis 2:2 resonated, emphasizing the importance of rest. Vowing not to exhaust myself, I experienced a divine intervention that changed my perspective. A timely call from my supervisor, pointing out changes in my work ethic and attitude, aligned with God's reminder that I had been living in self doubt and anxiety.

Reflecting on the biblical story of Jesus walking on water, I recognized that, like Peter, I had momentarily lost focus. Distractions and worries had overshadowed my connection with Jesus. Realizing the need to prioritize self-care, I now focus on essential tasks and resist the urge to overburden myself with non-essential activities. The storm may be raging outside, but I am determined to focus on Jesus and maintain the strength needed to be Ty's best mother.

Chapter 9

Grace and Mercy

You have heard it said, “You shall love your Neighbor and hate your enemy.” But I tell you, love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven. For He makes His sun rise on the evil and the good and sends rain on the just and the unjust.

- Matthew 5:43-45 MEV

Growing up two months apart, my cousin and I shared a special bond as best friends. However, life took its toll, and we lost touch as we navigated the challenges of becoming young women. After years of silence and heartfelt prayers, our relationship began to mend, and I believed we were moving forward. Little did I know, an unexpected twist awaited.

I invited my cousin and her children to join me at my graduation party. That night, there were no indications of her pregnancy, and we all enjoyed a delightful time together.

Gradually, our conversations on the phone became more frequent, and she began to ask me for occasional babysitting assistance. As our connection deepened, my cousin confided in me about her impending partial hysterectomy and the removal of a blood clot in her leg. With twelve children, all close in age, the prospect of this operation filled me with hope, as it seemed overdue. I firmly believe that children are a blessing from God, provided one is in a happy marriage with the means to care for them. Unfortunately, my cousin lacked both the means and the willpower to give proper care to her children, and they suffered as a result of unprotected intercourse.

Recognizing my cousin's brokenness, I fervently prayed for her healing through Jesus, hoping she would find wholeness and raise her children in the ways of the Lord. Three months after I took custody of Ty, my cousin abruptly reneged on our agreement in a deplorable manner. She would call and utter cruel statements, resorting to browbeating and manipulative tactics. In one instance, she bizarrely asked, "When are you bringing my child?" This comment puzzled me, as I believed she wanted nothing to do with him. At the time, lacking a car, I relied on public transportation, and her behavior only added unnecessary stress.

Attempts to secure a power of attorney for Ty's insurance and essential documents proved futile, leading me to petition the juvenile court. My cousin, a manipulative and narcissistic sociopath, staged a performance for the courts, portraying herself as capable of caring for her twelve children.

As I gradually refocused my life, drawing closer to God, a call from a caseworker altered the course of events. Learning that all her children were being removed, I decided to take Ty into my care, unwilling to see him placed with strangers.

While I love all my little cousins, the reality of caring for them all was unfeasible. In that brief period, I discovered that my cousin had

been subjecting the children to abuse and neglect. The revelation of her actions haunted me, and I grappled with the inability to step in and care for them all. Amidst this turmoil, she became pregnant again, prompting a deep introspection and a steadfast reliance on Jesus. God revealed to me that every human being has lessons to learn, and it was through these challenges that I sought strength and guidance.

For I am the Lord your GOD who takes hold of your right hand and says to you, do not fear; I will help you.

-Isaiah 41:13 NIV

If you do well, shall you not be accepted? but If you do not do well, sin is crouching at the door. It desires to dominate you, but you must rule over it.

– Genesis 4:7 MEV

In your anger do not sin: Do not let the sun go down while you are still angry, 27, and do not give the devil a foothold.

– *Ephesians 4:26-27*

Firstly, God always provides an escape route for those who belong to Him before a harmful action is committed. Secondly, God understands that we all harbor passions that can be stirred, but succumbing to them is not an option because they are ever-changing and inherently deceptive. Essentially, they are false and should not be trusted. Lastly, bringing these emotions to Jesus in prayer is crucial, allowing them to be expressed.

He intimately comprehends the sensations, yet our alignment with the Father's will is paramount. I love my cousin and pray that she will ultimately encounter Jesus, the healer of all wounds. However, I am also aware of who she is. Ty and I have limited interactions, which will be the only communication outside of my legal representation.

Chapter 10 Divine Providence

After some time, the brook dried up because there had been no rain in the land. The word of the lord came to him, saying, “arise, go to Zarephath, which belongs to Sidon, and live there. I have commanded a widow there to provide for you.” So, he got up and went to Zarephath, and when he came to the gate of the city, a widow was there gathering sticks. He called to her and said, “please get a small cup of water for me to drink.” As she was going to get it, he called to her and said, “please bring me a morsel of bread in your hand.” She said, “As the lord your god lives, I do not have bread, but only a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a jar.

I am gathering two sticks, that I can go in and make it for me and my son, so we may eat it and die.” Elijah said to her, “do not fear; go and do as you have said, but make a little cake for me first, and bring it to me, and afterward, make some for your son and you, for thus says the lord god of Israel: the barrel of meal will not run out, nor will the jar of oil empty, until the day that the lord sends rain upon the earth.” She went and did what Elijah told her to do, and she, he, and her household ate many days. The barrel of meal did not run out, nor did the jar of oil empty, according to the word of the lord, which he spoke by Elijah.

– 1 king 17:7-16 MEV

Amidst all the challenges, I've encountered heartwarming acts of kindness, illustrating how God can intervene and make a difference in your circumstances. Learning to manage my finances until the next payday was one of the most challenging lessons. My great-aunt occasionally cared for Ty, allowing him to spend time with his siblings. However, a recurring issue was the lack of a car seat, a luxury I couldn't afford when I relied on public transportation.

My great-aunt had a connection with a friend who worked for the state, and a minister from her church was also employed there. Despite my initial desire to move away at eighteen, it didn't materialize, and the Lord's approval for such a move is still pending.

Yet, as I aged, I found solace in the serene escape the nearby mountains provided—the rustle of the forest floor and the gentle sway of trees in the breeze felt almost heavenly. There’s truly nothing like the mountains I call home. Amid the turmoil, the caseworker responsible for dropping off the kids failed to provide essential items despite the promises. However, my great-aunt’s friend, a minister, rallied to secure the necessary items for us, overcoming the caseworker’s resistance. During the early days of the pandemic, a compassionate woman flagged me down while I was walking to the grocery store. She offered a formula for babies, and though Ty had outgrown that stage, I accepted it and promptly shared it with a new mother in need.

In another instance at the bus terminal, I saw a kind man approaching me with money, leaving me both puzzled and grateful.

These acts of generosity echo the biblical story of the widow who fed the prophet Elijah. Though she had little to give, her obedience to God's prompting ensured her provisions did not run out during a famine.

Chapter 11 Redemption

Instead of your [former] shame you shall have a twofold recompense; instead of dishonor and reproach [your people] shall rejoice in their portion. Therefore, in their land they shall possess double [what they had forfeited]; everlasting joy shall be theirs.

– Isaiah 61:7 AMP

My cousin had found herself in a similar situation before. In 2009, she faced a challenging circumstance with her second baby. At the time, she gave the baby to a man she believed to be the father, while my great-aunt cared for her first baby. Court-mandated requirements were set for her to regain custody, but she failed to meet them, resulting in the loss of custody for both children.

Carver, the second baby, faced various health issues due to his premature birth, necessitating a blood transfusion. The doctors requested blood donations from the baby's father and my cousin as a precaution. As it turned out, the baby's father was not a match, raising questions about paternity. Despite the commotion, Carver was not returned to his biological family. Though Carver was loved, it was evident that holding onto him was not the right thing to do. When my cousin didn't make the right decision, I took steps to initiate the process of gaining custody. With a supportive lawyer, I was enthusiastic until fear and selfishness led me to back out.

Eventually, my cousin relinquished custody, never pursuing visitations or pressing the matter in court. Our occasional arguments reflected my disappointment in her abandonment of her child to strangers.

Living across the street from Carver for five years, I witnessed his pain through his questioning eyes, mirroring Ty's. The burden of my cousin's choices weighed heavily on me until I found the strength to forgive her and release myself from the emotional bondage. Her decisions were hers alone, and she would answer for them on judgment day.

One day, as I sat on the porch, God spoke to me, offering me a second chance to do the right thing. Overwhelmed with emotion, I cried, realizing that this was a season where obeying God's calling was crucial. In following His guidance, I not only experienced blessings beyond material gain but also received healing. Becoming Ty's mother became the most rewarding role among all my titles.

Final Words of Encouragement

This book unfolds a sincere and transparent journey of a single individual embracing motherhood amid life's intricate twists and turns. I share my story with the hope that it may resonate with someone facing a similar circumstance. The loneliness accompanying difficult seasons can be overwhelming, but we must remember that we are daughters of the Most High GOD.

Even before the earth's foundations, our paths were known, and in Jesus Christ, we have already secured victory. I pray that this trial, much like it did for me, draws you closer to the Father.

Embedded within these pages are scriptures that aided me in developing a robust prayer life. You need not succumb to a life of fear and worry for your child(ren) or yourself. Once this season passes, you will emerge more assertive in your faith.

“Psalms 55:22 MEV - Cast your burden upon the LORD and He will sustain you; He will never allow the righteous to be shaken.”

“Psalms 91:1-2 MEV - He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say to the LORD, ‘My refuge and fortress, my God, whom I trust.’”

“Psalms 46:1-3 KJV - God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, we will not fear though the earth gives way. Still, the mountains are moved into the heart of the sea. Still, its waters roar and foam. Still, the mountains tremble at its swelling.”

“Isaiah 41:10 MEV - Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you, I will help you, I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.”

“Deuteronomy 31:6 NIV - Be strong and courageous. Do not fear or be in dread of them, for it is the LORD your God who goes with you. He will not leave you or forsake you.

“Matthew 18:19-20 AMPC - Again I tell you if two of you on earth agree (harmonize together, make a symphony together) about whatever [anything and everything] they may ask, it will come to pass and be done for them by My Father in heaven. For wherever two or three are gathered (drawn together as My followers) in (into) My name, there I Am in the midst of them.”

“Colossians 3:2 AMP - And set your minds and keep them set on what is above (the higher things), not on the things on the earth.”

“Proverbs 3:5-6 MEV - Trust in the Lord with all your heart, lean not on your understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct your paths

Prayers to Pray Over Your Children

Father GOD, I ask that you draw my son closer to you and put you inside so he will not be led astray. In Jesus's name, Amen.

Lord, please give our children a discerning spirit so they can grow up to be kingdom men and women who will draw others to your incredible love. In Jesus' name, Amen.

GOD, I ask that you help my child to be careful of the words that will leave their lips. Lord, I ask that their words will be words of encouragement to uplift those who are downtrodden. Bring forth life in a dark world. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Lord GOD, as we start a new week, I ask that you watch over and protect my child from unseen dangers in Jesus's name. I put my faith in you because only you can be in and out of time. Just as David ran to your strong tower, so must we, lord, in Jesus's name. Amen.

Lord, we come against any spirit that is not of Christ; we are raising little boys and girls to be victorious in your name, to be soldiers in the army of the Lord, so be with them throughout their day. In the matchless name of Jesus, Amen.

Prayers for Peace, Strength, and Mind

Father GOD, I ask that you give me the resilience to get through any adversity in my path and a sound mind to keep pushing forward in your son Jesus' precious name, amen.

Lord, I ask that you send restoration, joy, and healing into our spirits so we may serve you and walk out the calling you have designed us for. In Jesus's name, Amen.

Gracious GOD, I lift my hands to surrender it all, ask for your help, and comfort me, Lord, in Jesus' name, amen.

Abba, sometimes I am overcome with fear and anxiety, Lord, because of the issues going on in the world, but I know you said this would happen in the last days, so in this midst of this, please do not forget that I can only bear so much. Lord, I ask that you surround me with your love to keep me from losing it. In Jesus precious name, Amen.

Gracious GOD, I lift my hands to surrender it all, ask for your help, and comfort me, Lord.

Lord, I ask that you send restoration, joy, and healing into our spirits so we may serve you and walk out the calling you have designed us for. In Jesus' name, Amen.

Lord GOD, I ask that you give me strength to keep fighting the good fight. I cannot do it in my power because your word, Lord, says when I am weak, your strength is perfect. In Jesus's name, Amen.

Father GOD, I ask that you give me the resilience to overcome adversity and a sound mind to keep pushing forward in your sons. Jesus' precious name, Amen.

About the author

Monica Goodman is a dedicated member of the community, and a loving mother. When asked, she will tell you that her favorite title out of the three is mom. Her two favorite places on earth are her church and nature. When she is not outdoors, you will find her helping out in her church, serving in any way she can and encouraging others to find their purpose in life and be their best selves. She always has a kind word and a warm smile for everyone, and her goal is to urge believers to stay connected with Jesus. Her book *A Journey Into Motherhood* supports her purpose by providing real-life examples of God making a way when there is none. Monica believes in the power of prayer and strives to empower working mothers everywhere and help them achieve their dreams. As a mother herself, she knows God will always be her strongest ally.

