

POSSIBILITIES NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1

FEBRUARY 2009

IN THE MONTH OF PASSION

I was driving with my husband Luke—off on one of our mini-adventures. We love to drive around without any particular destination in mind. We treat ourselves to a coffee and then explore the local area—different towns, different streets, and generally end up in really interesting conversation.

Our 3 month old son, Tyler, slept soundly in the back (he is such a cutie if I do say so myself!). It is our way of having a “date” without the expenses of dinner and a babysitter (are we cheap or budget efficient? I’ll let you decide).

But during this particular conversation I began expressing concern that my drive, my ambition was a straight shot from the dumpster. Currently, I stay at home with my son, and though I would give my life for him in a heartbeat it didn’t take very long for me to

realize that I need an outlet for my creative energy (though this is hard to say) beyond creating noises and silly faces to interact with my son. Of course, like many mothers I was terrified to admit this. Was I not cut out to be a mother? How could I not be fully content with taking care of my son, if that in fact was what this “ambition declining” syndrome was?

When I was in college my sights were set high. (Heck, in 5th grade I wanted to be President of the United States!) Now, just years later, I was applauding myself if I managed to take a shower during the day. How could things have changed so drastically?

I expressed my concern in between long sips of dark roast coffee (with cream), and Luke encouraged me to find something worth pursuing again.

So, after some initial brainstorming, I decided to write a monthly newsletter to connect with other Christian moms who love being a mom, but also feel like God has given them unique and wonderful gifts to be used to fulfill a purpose for His kingdom. My hope is that the newsletter will offer hope, accountability, challenges and experiences we can all benefit from.

And what better month to start this newsletter than the month of passion?

If you know any mothers that might be interested in receiving this on a monthly basis let me know or feel free to forward this along. If you’d like to be removed (no hard feelings!) just email me. In future months I’ll be sending the newsletter from the email account:

momswithpassion@gmail.com



QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH:

- *Besides being a fantastic mother, who is God calling you to be?*
- *What (if anything) is blocking you from pursuing it?*

If you feel like you are already fulfilling God’s calling on your life let me know! Testimonies are inspirational, and if you feel like sharing (150 words or so) I’d love to broadcast it to everyone.

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RECOVERING ZEST

For awhile now, I’ve been craving a writer’s life. Of course, as usual, I’ve idealized it in my mind—what could possibly be better? In all honesty, I don’t think much beats the life of a writer, but like every other profession (paid or unpaid) there are demons that must be defeated in order to achieve success.

Personally, I battle with high expectations for myself. I struggle with perfectionism and only outwardly admitted that fact within the last two years or so. You see, the perfectionist side of me clashes greatly with the creative, artsy side—the side that makes piles and likes to save anything from old movie stubs to brochures

to coupons to every note ever given to me. The two sides bicker constantly and in the end usually leave me clamoring for the Tylenol or Advil or whatever medication hides a headache. When I decided to start writing again, this was my biggest obstacle (continued on page 2).

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RECOVERING ZEST (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)



“IT’S THE JOURNEY
THAT IS MOST
IMPORTANT.”

Too often I have sat down at a computer and stared blankly for long periods of time. My creative side aches to fill words in the dreary whiteness, but my perfectionist side refuses to cooperate until the sentences and paragraphs have a distinct flow and are, well, perfect. This is why for years—mainly between the years after junior high through last year (roughly 1996—2007 with a few minor exceptions)—I did not write creatively. I wanted to, and so many times I thought about what I would write, but my fear of less than perfection kept me buried in a pile of blank pages. And so I trotted on, ignoring the gnawing urge to return to my childhood love, and refusing to believe that the calling on my life was that of a writer.

I am still working on kicking perfectionism out of my life, most importantly in the area of writing. It’s been like a bad relationship—one that for some reason tempts me to keep coming back even though I know it’s the worst thing for me. Perfectionism does not treat me well, it does not respect me or my other thoughts, it does not even acknowledge my creative side. It is quite literally bad for my health. I am 27 years old and am spotting gray hairs all over my head—not just one or two, they seem to be springing up absolutely everywhere. The only reason I haven’t broken out

into a full-fledged panic is because of the beauty miracle called hair dye, which I am anticipating at this rate I will be using in a couple of years.

It is a process, and I am trying to be patient with myself. Julia Cameron has helped me out a lot with this concept in her book, *The Right to Write*. She is an advocate for imperfection, for the process of writing, for creativity, for the artist in everyone. For me, writing is more of a need, not a luxury. My mood is much more pleasant, my attitude is much more confident, and I am much less stressed when I have had the opportunity to write...even if only for a short period of time.

And I am giving myself permission to just write. I am giving myself permission to let the laundry sit in the dryer for an extra so many minutes if Tyler is napping so that I can write. I am giving myself permission to jot down a random thought or two that I may want to explore at a later moment, regardless of how jumbled or imperfect it may seem. And most importantly, I am giving myself permission to leave my husband and son alone together *without guilt* and set up camp at the local coffee shop for a couple hours once in awhile: to write.

What is important is that I am letting creative juices flow without feeling selfish. I would never forsake the calling of motherhood, so why

are the other callings so often thrown to the wayside? Don’t they deserve some attention as well?

Luke so often likes to quote (I forget who) in saying it’s not about the end destination—it’s the journey that is most important. The road to discovering (or rediscovering) God’s callings on our lives is certainly a journey. But one that is infinitely important in traveling.

For me, this journey requires me to have time for “just me” to write. By doing this I am stepping out on a limb and saying, “Yes, God. I hear You. I trust You, and I will follow Your lead.”

He is showing me that He gave me a purpose in being a mother and a wife, but that He also gave me a purpose that is unique and worthy of attention. And I believe there is nothing that will add zest back to your life quite like uncovering your very own life purpose.

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LET US BOW DOWN AND WORSHIP

~Job 8:5-6

~Psalm 9:10



As humans, we are broken and fallen. And often times I find that my brokenness prevents me from truly understanding God as the loving, forgiving and never-forsaking Father that he is. Sometimes I find that when I “forget” or don’t make time to do devotions the more I am likely to make it a pattern. Part of me believes that there is a sneaky form of guilt that comes into play in these moments—part of me is avoiding a reprimand from God. In ways, I am expecting him to hold a grudge against me, give me the silent treatment or other human forms of showing disappointment.

But recently I had a moment, sitting by myself in our living room where I began praying after a dry spell of faithfulness. I was not expecting anything—I definitely didn’t deserve it. But rather than the silent treatment I felt an overwhelming sense of God’s love. He didn’t care about what I deserved; He cared about me. And I felt His forgiveness, and it drew me to tears. It was an “aha” moment. I felt His commitment to me. I felt what it meant to “never forsake.”

It has to start with us. Seeking God is an all the time process, which may be a reason it can easily be put to the side in our world. But isn’t it marvelous that our God refuses to let that stand in the way of a meaningful relationship with Him? Isn’t it amazing how He waits and waits and then, without any bitterness or resentment, welcomes us back into His arms with joy?

I have a hard time wrapping my mind around this kind of love, but when it hits me, like it did that day in the living room, it is a peace that I have never known in any other way.

How will you seek God this month?

How have you felt Him restore you to “your rightful place”?

When was the last time you felt God’s love and forgiveness?

In what ways can we learn to love and forgive ourselves? And others?

VERSES OF THE
MONTH:

JOB 8:5-6

PSALM 9:10





MOMS WITH PASSION

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Marlborough, MA 01752

DO YOU HAVE A POEM,
RECIPE, STORY OR
DEVOTIONAL TO SHARE?

EMAIL IT TO:

MOMSWITHPASSION@GMAIL.COM

POSSIBILITY BEGINS WITH
PASSION

Today I am a Rebel

Today, I am a rebel.
I forget about the laundry and dishes.
I turn all my phones to silent
And write.

Yesterday, I cared what others thought.
I primed and prepped to please.
I scrubbed in detail on my knees
For what?

Today, I am a rebel.
I get angry at the ways of the world,
At those who have hurt others, who have hurt me
And cry.

Yesterday, I cared what others thought.
I watched what I said in order not to insult.
I watched what I did so that I might be liked.
I hid reality, and died a little inside.

I have realized
It takes time to regrow what has died.
Work must be done, hard and painful at times.

Love what has been lost,
and watch it bloom again in a different shade of purple.
Cultivation, imagination, and commitment.

I am changing the patterns of old in the minutes of now.

Today, I am a rebel.

SHARING THE GOODS: CHOCOLATE COVERED STRAWBERRIES

Ingredients:

5 oz bittersweet chocolate, chopped
1 pint fresh strawberries with leaves

In a microwave-safe bowl, or in the top of a double boiler over simmering water, cook chocolate until melted. Stir occasionally until chocolate is smooth. Holding berries by the stem, dip each one in molten chocolate, about three-quarters of the way to the stem. Place, stem side down, on wire rack and chill in refrigerator until hardened.

Prep Time: 20 Min Cook Time: 10 Min Ready in: 1 Hr 10 Min

Nutrition Facts:

Servings: 15
Calories per Serving: 59
Fat: 3.2g
Carbs: 7g
Dietary Fiber: 1.3g
Protein: .8g

This recipe was taken from: www.allrecipes.com

