

Hearing Your Child's Voice

Is it just me -- or do your children also scream for you *from the farthest reaches of the attic while standing upside-down with their head in a bucket?*

Who on this green earth has convinced them that shouting down the staircase is the best way to get my attention? I need to know because I'm considering some form of revenge that may include putting tuna in their pillowcase or waking them up with a bullhorn.

What all the screaming really does is annoy me and turn me into a clenched-jaw, eyes-narrowed-to-a-slit kind of mom who lowers her voice to a steely whisper in return. That, and it has me calling the Duggars to see how I can get my own intercom system installed immediately.

So when I saw this card from Hallmark's [The Edge of Motherhood](#) series, it seemed perfect. On the front is a child that could probably be any one of ours.



The inside reads: ***Just think, in a few years, you'll actually complain that they never call you.***

True, right?

Because all parents, at the end of the day, want to hear from their kids.

This Weekend at the Allume Conference

Friday night I sat indian-style on a hotel bed in Pennsylvania. One lamp glowed in the corner. I

pulled a hoodie over my head and turned off the TV. There was a lot on my mind and I felt like I needed some space in the quiet to sort it all out.

As I opened the folder of notes to my right and adjusted the marshmallowy pillows behind my back, I noticed my phone brightened and dimmed again on the predictable hotel bedspread. There was a voicemail from home.

I turned on the speaker expecting to hear from my husband, but instead, this:

"Hi Mom...(breathing in the phone)...I'm just wondering how you're doing and stuff... So...I just wanted to let you know...(breathing). This is M... Bye."

So. Precious.

My eyes misted over and I felt my heart quicken at the sound of his sweet little six year old voice reaching out to me through the magical device in my hand. In that moment, *I loved hearing his voice.*

How prayer sends our voice to our Father

What I appreciated so much about the Allume Conference was the focus on drawing near to God *before* tackling our goals or chasing after dreams. It reminded me to prioritize according to God's checklist -- not my own.

That, friends, is easier said than done. **Slowing my chase in order to chase after *Him* requires a kind of trust that I might not have.** Re-adjusting my own goals so that there's room for God's will means some things may have to go. And getting my priorities straight means talking more to my Father, and less to my friends.

What Allume reminded me was that God *always* wants to hear my voice because I'm his kid. Whether I come to him screaming from the other end of the house or whether I come in childlike innocence, he welcomes me into his arms and says, *"Jane, I'm so glad you called out to me. What's on your mind?"*

How has prayer helped you re-focus your own priorities in life? What makes prayer difficult for you?

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