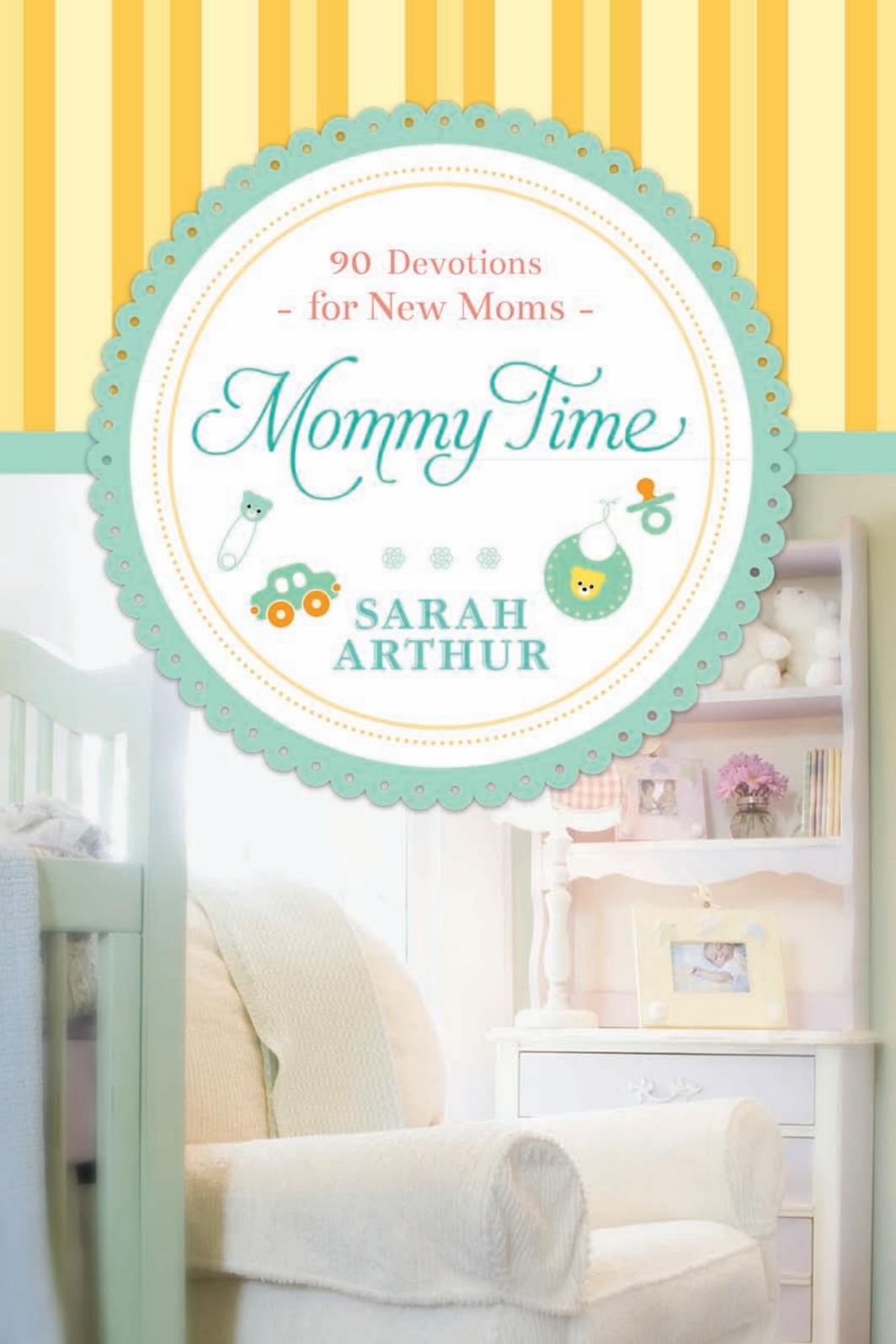


90 Devotions  
- for New Moms -

# Mommy Time



SARAH  
ARTHUR





MOMMY TIME

Sarah Arthur



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To my supportive husband, generous parents, and understanding church family: you are the reason this book exists at all.

And to my son, Micah John, whose toddler mantra is “Why walk when you can run?”: thank you for slowing down long enough for hugs.



## CRAVING MOMMY TIME?



**WELCOME TO THIS LITTLE** devotional book of daily readings for new moms. Well, “daily” is probably a bit ambitious, so let’s say “regular.” Or more like “occasional.” Okay, so you probably won’t get to most of these devos till sometime next year, when your new baby has finally settled into a dependable nap routine and you’ve dug yourself out from under the pile of laundry that began before you went into labor. Trust me, I’m not offended. I’m a new mom.

If you’re anything like me, you’re craving Mommy Time. Time to yourself, time to breathe, time to actually finish a meal. The whirlwind of your child’s first few days or weeks is over. Reality has set in: you’re tired and overwhelmed. You know that carving out space for God every day is important; but so is, say, brushing your teeth—which itself has become a moving target. Life seems to demand that you pick one or the other, and tooth decay sounds expensive. So you put off prayer yet again.

While having a daily quiet time with God is a worthy



ideal, I'm deeply aware that motherhood is itself a spiritual discipline. And maybe that's the point. Maybe that's what this little book is about: cultivating awareness of God's presence in the small things, in the daily tasks of caring for infants. Finding joy in the details. Motherhood is a school of humility and self-sacrifice—if we open ourselves up to it—and those disciplines alone can bring us closer to the heart of Jesus.

So ditch the spiritual guilt. Take a breath. God is here, as close as your baby's heartbeat. Even if it's forty seconds, it's God's time, and he gives it to you freely. Yours. Mom's only. Mommy Time.

- 1 -

## *Into My Arms*



*I was thrust into your arms at my birth.  
You have been my God from the moment  
I was born.*

PSALM 22:10

**WELL, HE'S HERE.** Our son has arrived. We didn't know he would be a *he* until my husband peered over the curtain of my unplanned C-section, paused for a moment, and then said hoarsely, "It's a boy?" (In the mess of emotions and bodily ick, he wasn't sure.) I was mostly delirious, so all I remember is a red, gooey, unhappy creature held out for me to see and my husband vanishing to hover over our new son while the baby was weighed and cleaned up. An angry squawk came from that direction—our son's first cry.

"It's okay, sweetheart," I croaked, even though I myself was totally unhinged.

Not a very illustrious beginning. But he's here. That's all we care about.

I won't go into the details of labor right now: everyone has their awful or amazing story. (Just hope my thirty-plus

hours never happen to you.) We women enter the Labor Zone, aware of nothing but our bodies and the occasional annoyance (“What’s that *beeping*? I don’t care if it’s someone’s life support: turn it off!”). Time and other details seem to vanish into the haze of pain. Decisions are made, familiar and unfamiliar faces come and go, our bodies perform astonishing feats that we have not invented. The fleeting thought crosses our minds that we will never be normal again. And yet somehow none of it matters. Only the baby matters.

And now he’s here. Pink and clean, wrapped in a blanket and sporting a striped hat that makes him look like a gnome. He blinks with unfocused eyes at the lights, the monitors, the figures coming and going, my looming face. All his movements are in slow motion, like he has found himself in a strange dream. Eventually the excitement wears off, we attempt a feeding, and then he sleeps, nestled against my neck, skin on skin.

After all this waiting, he has made his grand entrance, and I finally get to hold him in my arms. I get to inspect his comical face, his fringe of reddish hair (which looks like neither of his parents’), his little limbs and digits. Not many hours ago *all this* was inside of me. Totally surreal.

On his ankle he wears a tiny plastic band bearing our name, claiming him as ours, belonging to us. And yet, everything I know about my Christian faith tells me that this child is not really mine. As the Bible says in Psalm 22:10, the arms that *really* hold my child—the arms into which my child has been so unceremoniously shoved—are not mine, but God’s. The one who created my son, the one who calls him into a

life of faith, the one who gave up his own Son, Jesus—that's the one who truly holds him now.

Which is a good thing, because at present all I want to do is sleep.

