

## A Conduit of His Grace

Mouths to feed  
And memories to make  
Tears to dry  
And hearts to shape.

Decisions to guide  
Broken hearts to mend  
Messes to clean  
And a hand to lend.

Hurtful words to absorb  
Unconditional love to give  
Striving to offer our best  
Yet imperfectly we live.

Though failures are often  
And weaknesses are felt  
Confess our constant need  
His strength to be dealt.

They don't need perfection  
But our presence and embrace  
Pointing to the Savior  
A conduit of His grace.

As I shape my children  
He is shaping me  
Working through my weakness  
So only Him, they see.

Trusting Him who loves them  
The One who holds their lot  
Shaping their little hearts  
In ways that I cannot.

The calling of a mother  
Is to lay herself down  
Carrying a cross  
That leads to a crown.

