

Parent's of SPC – Reflections

Based on 2 Samuel 11: 1-15 and Psalm 14

The Power of Love Versus the Power of Lust

David, oh David. Reacting in lust instead of responding to God's love. What happens when we act out of fear, lust, jealousy, hate? Does the stench ever go away? Can the memory ever fade? What makes us look at what others have and say, I want that? As if what God has given us is an insufficient blessing. As if what God hasn't given us is a blessing denied. When we react to our inner lust, an unquenchable desire, we are saying what God has provided is not enough. That God's timing is off, their delivery is off. For what do you lust? For what do I lust? David's lust may seem ridiculous. He is a blessed king, with wealth, power, and willing partners to fulfill his desires. But it is not enough. He sees another man's wife and says, I want that! This leads to a cascading series of unfortunate events; death and more death. Death of men, death of a baby. Shame, guilt, and ultimately a confession and repentance.

As Psalm 14 says, do we “devour God's people like bread and never call on the Lord”, or do we provide comfort and aid to God's people? Do we create refuge or refugees? The power of God's love lets us live in a perpetual state of sufficiency and charity. Instead of wanting more and more, never having enough, and wanting what others have, we can love. Simply love. We are free from fear of not having enough, or not having tomorrow, or someone stealing away with what was “supposed” to be ours. Today and what we have today is sufficient. Not only is it sufficient, but there is enough to share. Even if we can't see it. It's there or will be there. And when we all share, there is enough for everyone. I struggle with this. I struggle with my faith in God providing and not knowing what the future holds. I lust for knowledge. But I know who holds the future and continuously pray that the power of love will conquer all.

Than said, this is good. Try to tie it to parenthood. So, here we go. I don't want to tie it to parenthood because motherhood has been the most triggering, terrifying, expensive, sleepless, most difficult thing I have ever done or been. I purposefully didn't tell anyone at the FAA I was married or had kids for the first few months after transferring from my previous federal agency. What I learned when I had Abigail is that people who didn't know me very well would default to asking about “my baby” whenever we ran into each other. Not about my risk analysis of a particular financial procedure, or the report I drafted for Congress. Nope, it was, how's Abigail?

King David must have felt such a weight lifted off his shoulders when Nathan called out his sin through the parable and after the death of his son. His sin was forgiven, and God's justice was done. All he could do was move on and since he now knew better, to do better.

That's what motherhood has felt like to me. One challenge after another, one mistake or perceived mistake, post-partum anxiety followed by finding a good therapist. And lots and lots of therapy. Lots and lots of prayer. And then God's grace and mercy show up, and the beauty of motherhood slowly began to manifest.

Someone once said, the world is full of dragons, but instead of being afraid of the world for my children, I raise dragon slayers (Unknown source). I raise children who I pray will know God

through me, and through this church. That light always overcomes darkness, faith overcomes fear, and love overcomes everything.