

Praise God For Moms – 1 Chron 16:8-9 (Mother’s Day 5/10/20)

It’s Mother’s Day, and we’re going to take a break from our Ephesians study to focus on it. To focus on moms. One of the most honorable . . .

And God-ordained roles there is. 1 Chron 16:8-9.

Just two verses, that we are going to spend the rest of our time applying. **(Intro)**

The setting here, is that King David has just put the Ark of the Covenant – the container holding the 10 Commandments, and the place where God . . .

Manifested himself in that day – in the tabernacle. And it had been a long time coming.

So David wrote a song, encouraging the people to *praise* God for it. Saying . . .

[8] *Oh give thanks to the LORD; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the peoples! [9] Sing to him, sing praises to him; tell of all his wondrous works!*

While that was originally intended for the occasion of placing the ark, there are *two* phrases that make it applicable to *everything* God does.

The first, is *make known his deeds*, plural; and the second is *tell of all his wondrous works!* All of them.

And since those principles are reiterated *throughout* the Bible; and moms are a *part* of God’s wondrous works in our lives, we ought to *praise* him for them.

Foster moms, stepmoms, biological moms, adoptive moms, all moms. Especially *godly* moms. We ought to *thank* God for them, and *praise* God for them.

➤ Unfortunately, that’s happening less and less these days.

Not only are children and teenagers *disobedient* to their parents, and *ungrateful* for them, 2 Tim 3; but motherhood in *general* is falling out of favor.

Some women, scrapping it *altogether* for the sake of their careers; and others, deferring it later and later in life, and having fewer and fewer *kids*. It’s happening.

All of which is contrary to God’s command to *be fruitful and multiply*. (Gen 1:28)

And contrary to his desire for *godly offspring*. Mal 2:15.

Don’t get me wrong. I’m not saying we should throw *birth* control out the window. Or that you should have more kids than you can take care of.

I’m saying that we’re not having enough. Reflected in our national *birthrate* that’s at an all-time low. And nowhere *near* the replacement rate.

I’m saying if we don’t have kids in the *church*, we risk *losing* it the church.

It’s a problem. And one of the biggest *reasons* for it, is our diminished view of motherhood. Our diminished view of moms.

And the best way to correct it, is to draw *attention* to their work and role.

Elevate it and exalt it. (A) By praising God for them; and (B) Doing so openly; *among the peoples*, v8.

We have to fight the cultural malaise regarding moms and motherhood, and start with praise. Praise for 5 attributes. Here’s the first.

Praise God for moms who are:

Often invisible

Isn’t that true? Are they not completely unnoticed often times?

From the wash that magically gets done, to the food that magically gets cooked; the cleaning, disinfecting, putting away, picking up, doing it again . . .

For all kids know, and most husbands if we’re honest, little elves do it.

Because moms are often *invisible* to those they serve – hardly noticed and under-appreciated.

And yet they keep on keeping on, because they do it for an audience of One. At least godly moms do. Looking to the reward of heaven instead of the applause of earth.

➤ They’re like the builders of the old **cathedrals** in Europe. Men who gave their whole lives to the work, at great sacrifice, with little to no credit.

They just showed up, day in and day out, and did the job.

Why? Because they were doing it for the Lord.

Like the story of one man, who was seen carving a tiny bird on the inside of a roof beam that would never be seen.

And when someone asked him *why* he was doing it, when no one would see it, he replied, “Because God sees.”*****

➤ Just like he sees the invisible sacrifices *moms* make every day. From sewing a button on, to wiping a counter off. Baking cookies to cooking dinner. God sees. God knows.

And God rewards. Later, with “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into my joy;” and now, with flourishing children that *bring* them joy.

Praise God for that. *Give thanks to the Lord. Make known his deeds. Sing praises and tell of all his wondrous works* in and through moms.

Especially those who are often invisible, and good with it.

Second, praise God for moms who are:

Frequently invaluable

How many times did your mom bail you out growing up? Or how many times has she bailed you out so far?

How many times has she delivered your homework to school after you forgot it? Or your lunch? Or your gym clothes?

How many times has she rescued you from a miserable situation? Or run interference to avoid one? Moms are invaluable.

➤ I’ll never forget the phone call I received one Thursday night a few years ago. It was about 9 o’clock, and Becky was beside herself. Mad.

She was driving Anna to a volleyball tournament in Des Moines that started early the next morning. And lo and behold, Anna discovered about 2 hours into the trip . . .

That she forgot her shoes.

And I was like, “Well, I guess she doesn’t play. You snooze, you lose.”

And as mad as Becky was, she turned on a dime and said, “Honey, that can’t happen. That would be devastating for her, and she can’t do that to her team.”

“She’s the only setter, and they depend on her.

“Plus, she’s never done this before, and it’s an innocent mistake.”

And the next thing I knew, I was in the car with Anna’s shoes, driving west; while Becky turned around to meet me.

To this day, I still get mad when we pass the gas station where we met.

But that's what moms do. They go above and beyond, making them frequently invaluable.

➤ Here's another way to look at it.

Salary.com is a compensation firm who published the results of a study they did several years ago, about how much a stay-at-home-mom is worth. In dollars and cents. And they concluded, if she were paid, she should earn \$138,095 every year.

They came to that conclusion, because they found that moms work an average of 92 hours a week, fulfilling at least 10 different jobs:

Housekeeper, cook, daycare teacher, facilities manager, laundry operator, chauffer, janitor, computer tech, CEO, and resident psychologist. 138k is cheap.

Some things, money can buy. For everything else, there's a mom. Frequently invaluable.

Give thanks to the Lord. Make known his deeds. Sing praises and tell of all his wondrous works.

Third, praise God for moms who are:

Constantly educational

First, by seizing opportunities and making every moment a teaching moment.

I didn't realize it growing up, but every time I turned around, my Mom was voicing some principle or platitude.

Like when I disobeyed and got hurt, and she said, "See, something always happens when you disobey." Constantly educational.

Or how about teaching me about personal cleanliness by giving me a spit bath on the way to church every week. Kid you not.

She'd look over at me, notice some dirt on my face, lick her finger and wipe it off.

And you thought *texting* while driving is bad.

On a more positive note, our yard was the *baseball* yard in the neighborhood. Not because it was the best yard, but because it was available.

The other parents said it would ruin their grass. And when I asked mom why she didn't feel the same, she said her and Dad were more interested in growing kids than grass.

Preach Mom, preach. She was constantly educational.

➤ A few years ago I ran into a *list* of "educational adages," and every time I read them, I laugh. Because I heard most of them.

It's titled, *I Owe My Mother*. Let me read a few.

My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."

My mother taught me about RELIGION.

"You better pray that [comes] out of the carpet."

My mother taught me about LOGIC.

"Because I said so, that's why."

My mother taught me about IRONY.

"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."

My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.

"[You] just wait until we get home [young man]."

And my mother taught me about JUSTICE.

"One day you'll have kids, and [it will all come back to you, mister. Mark my words.]"

Praise God for moms who are constantly educational. Even in frustration.

➤ But especially so, in the Scriptures. Praise God for moms who constantly disciple their kids. Telling them Bible stories from the day they're born.

And then reading them aloud in a good **Children's Bible**. Like this one.

When your kids are young, this should be one of your main go-to's for reading. Right next to *One Fish Two Fish*, red fish, blue fish.

And when they're old enough to understand, share the *Gospel* with them. Like one of the moms in *our* church did with *this* little girl. (**Video** – Coffman)

Praise God for that.

➤ But don't stop there. Teach the truths of God's Word in a *systematic* way. Like with a catechism. **The New City Catechism** is excellent in that respect.

I wish I'd had it when *our* girls were growing up. Just download the app, and you're off.

And by all means, don't neglect Bible memory (**Fighter Verses**). Memorizing verses together. I'll never forget memorizing Ps 119:9 with my mom. King James and all.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word. (KJV)

Fighter Verses is my go-to on that.

3 resources to help you disciple your kids constantly.

And praise God it's happening in our church. I see it. And love it. (**Summary**)

Give thanks and sing praises for moms who are constantly educational.

4th, praise God for moms who are:

Graciously sacrificial

Here's how one mom put it. And I'm going to read it slowly, so you can "imagine" it.

"Motherhood is sleepless nights spent pacing the floor with a colicky baby, fretting over a feverish toddler, or waiting up for a teenager out too late. It's a crumb-strewn car, mountains of dirty dishes and laundry, and a toilet always left un-flushed. It's changing wet or poopy or vomit-strewn sheets at three in the morning; it's taking time to dissect topics that bore you to tears . . . It's doling out medicines and wiping noses when you are sick, too, and wishing for your own mommy to take care of you. And I hear that as the kids get older, it becomes all about driving, and driving, and more driving."

(Sarah Kinnard, Goings Graces blog, 5/11/14)

(<http://goingsgraces.wordpress.com/2014/05/11/mothers-day-expectations-and-what-we-honor/>)

You know what that is? That's graciously sacrificial. With no expectation of payment. No charge. Just grace. And most of the time joyful grace.

➤ Like the story of one teenager who thought he was clever and left his mom a note one day, listing all the things he had done that week and the payment he expected.

Cutting the grass: \$20

Cleaning my room: \$10
Running errands: \$5
Baby-sitting: \$15
Good grades: \$10
Total bill: \$60

Upon finding it, his mom read it, smiled, turned the paper over, and wrote this:

4 months of morning sickness: Don't talk to me.

Late night feedings: Don't go there.

Diaper changes: You don't have enough.

Potty training: I can't.

Taxi service: Ridiculous.

Not to mention 16 years of cooking, cleaning, tutoring, and cheerleading.

Total bill: No charge.

Because that's how moms are. They're graciously sacrificial. And we ought to praise God for them.

- But sometimes motherhood and Mother's Day is about the gracious sacrifice of loss and longing, isn't it? That too is sacrifice. Like the sacrifice of moms who have lost children. Or children, moms.

Some women grieve for babies they could never bear, and the moms they never were. Others grieve for the moms they never *knew*. Or the relationship with her that was never good.

For some, motherhood is about the gracious sacrifice of loss and longing.

Including those who face the sacrifices of motherhood *alone*. *Single* moms. A route they *never* thought they'd take.

And what about those who ache because of the brave and loving decision to give their baby up for adoption? A gracious sacrifice for sure.

Or those who excitedly prepared for another ultrasound, but received the worst news of their life.

And definitely don't forget the women who are waiting and wondering if *their* turn in marriage and motherhood will ever come. That too is a gracious sacrifice.

As is the plight of women who wonder why everyone thinks *they* should desire those things, when they don't. (Sarah Kinnard, same blog)

- There are all *kinds* of gracious sacrifices associated with Motherhood and Mother's Day. Longing, loss, ache, *and* joy. And one, shouldn't keep us from the other. Loss shouldn't keep us from celebrating the sacrifice of joy, and joy shouldn't keep us from acknowledging the sacrifice of loss; or longing.

We should weep with those who weep, *and* rejoice with those who rejoice. Even if we're weeping. Even if we're longing. Even if we're celebrating.

It's not either/*or* on Mother's Day. Or *any* day for that matter.

It's both/*and*. And praise God for those who *do* both. Especially moms.

It's one more gracious sacrifice on their part.

Give *thanks to the Lord*. Sing praises to him.

And last, praise God for moms who are:

Consistently faithful

Faithful to God, faithful to their husband if they're married, faithful to their kids, and faithful to their church. *Consistently* faithful.

Striving in the strength that God provides, and resting in his sovereignty.

Trusting him to guide and protect, and leaning on him when it seems like he doesn't.

Especially so in the midst of daily burdens, failures, disappointments, and hardships.

Praise God for moms who are consistently faithful. Not perfect, but faithful.

No mom is perfect. Even on her best day. They *all* fail. They *all* fall short.

But there's grace upon grace if they continue. *Continue in faith and love and holiness* the Bible says. There's grace. (1 Tim 2:15)

- So praise God for those who bear great burdens, and though fail from time to time, are consistently faithful over the long haul. Praise God for those who suffer great hardship, maybe even poorly here or there, but are consistently faithful. Praise God for those who endure great disappointment, but are consistently faithful. Praise God for those who face great temptation, but are consistently faithful. God knows. If that's you, God knows. And God's glorified.

And if you *haven't* been faithful, if you've failed miserably at these things, ask God to forgive you; and restore you. Redeem you and help you. Because he will. It's under the blood.

Repent and keep on. Because the glories of motherhood are worth it.

Including the reward, the satisfaction, and the praise for the One who *began* the work in you. It's worth it. Keep on. **(Summary)**

- God bless you moms. For being consistently faithful, graciously sacrificial, constantly educational, frequently invaluable, and often invisible. We praise God for you.

Pray – Father, thank you. Praise you. May your work in moms be elevated and exalted more and more. May your calling be followed more and more. And may you bless the moms in our lives for their labor of love, their steadfast hope, and their work of faith. And for those whose sacrifice is loss and longing, fill and comfort them as only you can, with peace and rest.