

Shooting Your Arrow By Faith

I love this time of year. Giant pencils hanging from the ceiling at Target, directing me toward the school supplies. Tax-free shopping for new shoes and skinny jeans, for my pride and joys. The anticipation of getting back into a routine.

On Thursday, my firstborn will have his first day of first grade. This time last year I was gearing up to send my little guy to kindergarten at—dun, dun dun—public school! I was kind of a wreck.

I grew up in public school. A big, 6-A public school. I was a Union Redskin from kindergarten until graduation day. I loved it and I turned out okay, right? So why was the thought of sending my son to public school so hard to wrap my mind around?

Maybe it's because in 1990, when I started kindergarten, things were different. There were no 5-year-olds with their own iPads. Christmas break was called Christmas break instead of “winter” break. I could walk to school with my older brother and play in the front yard when I got home, even though my mom wasn't home from work yet. School shootings were unheard of. No one knew what the Internet was and my teachers just stuck to the basics: reading, writing and arithmetic. There was no need to discuss same-sex marriage and gender-identity curriculum didn't exist yet.

Don't get me wrong, I was exposed to all kinds of things in public school, but times have really changed over the last 25 years and there's no denying that Jesus isn't welcome at public schools anymore. So how could I send my little boy into a place where Jesus wasn't welcome? Well, I had no choice. Christian school, where we lived, was too expensive, and I didn't feel like I was called to home school.

I really needed peace about this, so I brought it to the Lord, and He delivered.

In the second chapter of **Exodus** you can read about the birth of one of the greatest heroes in the Bible, Moses—and his amazing momma, Jochebed.

A few verses before we read about Moses being born, we read about Pharaoh ordering every newborn boy be thrown into the Nile River. Pharaoh was inexplicably evil, willing to murder precious baby boys so that the Israelites would not grow to outnumber his people.

Can you imagine the horror Jochebed felt when she delivered Moses and her midwife whispered in her ear, “It's a boy.” You know for nine months as she carried him she hoped and prayed that she would have a girl, for a girl she could keep. But God gave her a son, now what was she going to do with him?

The Bible said she saw Moses was special. She could see God's hand on this baby boy's life, so she kept him hidden for three months. I have three children and let me tell you it would be very, very difficult to keep an infant hidden for three months. I'm guessing she never let him “cry it out” to

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get him sleep-trained. She probably couldn't let him cry at all. She was probably with him every waking minute, and I'm sure her bond with him grew stronger each passing day, but the time had come when she realized she couldn't hide him any longer. She made a basket for him, lined it with his favorite blankie, put him in it, and left the basket near the river in some tall grass. She had to be terrified, right? Wrong!

Hebrews 11:23 (NKJV) *By faith Moses, when he was born, was hidden three months by his parents, because they saw he was a beautiful child; and they were not afraid of the king's command.*

This verse tells us she was not afraid. Moses' parents hid him not out of fear but out of faith! When Jochebed left her baby in the basket that day, she was showing God she trusted Him to take care of her son. She stepped out in faith and God followed with favor. God not only took care of her son, but He made a way for Jochebed to continue to mother her beautiful baby boy.

As a Christian mom sending my child to public school, I felt a little like I was putting him in a basket in the Nile River. I had to choose: fear or faith?

After reading about Jochebed, it was easy to choose faith.

Jochebed sent Moses into a land where God was not welcome and just think about how mightily the Lord used him! God had a plan for Moses; He has one for my kids, and your kids, too!

When I dropped my son off last year, I didn't shed a tear. I wasn't sad or fearful, but full of faith. I believed that like **Psalm 127** says, he is an arrow, an arrow we had spent the last five years sharpening, an arrow that would go out and fulfill His purpose. I believed that the Holy Spirit would guide him and lead him when choosing friends. I believed that he would be a light and a leader. I believed he would have favor with his teachers. I believed God would protect him physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually and that no evil could befall him or come near him. I believed that God would use him mightily! Glory to God, he had a great school year! As we gear up for first grade, I am believing the same things.

Jochebed, a wife and a mother to three children, made a decision to have faith instead of fear, and her faith changed the course of history. Whatever your plan is for school this year—home school, Christian, private, or public—don't be afraid. Launch your kids into their best year yet, full of faith in our great God

Sarah