# Children Under Foot

(Lord, hear me, a mother with children underfoot.)

Teach me the prayer of the sanctified
The mother washed by the water of surrender
The heart transformed by love
The posture of the delivered, make it mine

Teach me the song of the still
Seeing You in the shine of his golden hair
Seeing You in the stains-of-the-day
Seeing You in the mess of a table-turned heartbeat

Receiving the gifts of this holy haze, children underfoot, Lord, open me

Teach me the dance of contentment
As others race by
As lives not for me come and surely go
As the now becomes more beautiful than the maybe then

Teach me the way about grief
As I bid farewell to my maiden, usher in my mother
As I hide the tiny shoes away, welcome the position of late-night counselor
As I lay my life down to you and now them
Transformed, not delivered,
from the great I thought was
to the freedom of service

Free
Free
Free

Softening to the call of motherhood, present and joyed...ALIVE, Lord,
Let me be a reflection of your salvation, of grace, clung to you, while children underfoot.
Amen

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