

Hi KC Parents!

One of the greatest gifts of having children is experiencing first hand the deep and inexplicable love a parent has for their baby. And everyone who has a child is nodding their head. These little babes come into the world and instantly steal our hearts.

Nothing could have prepared me for the overwhelming emotion of love and protection I felt for each of my children the moment they were born...and no one could have described it to me. It's an indescribable love that's fierce and ferocious. It's a love you'd lay down your life for. A love that you would sacrifice everything for.

It's the kind of love that God showed each one of us through Jesus.

Those first moments as a new parent can be revelatory... "Oh, this is how God loves me?" "Oh wait, he loves me more than this? How can it be"?

Jesus described this kind of love that God has for us in the parable of the prodigal son...

"So the young son set off for home. From a long distance away, his father saw him coming, dressed as a beggar, and great compassion swelled up in his heart for his son who was returning home. So the father raced out to meet him. He swept him up in his arms, hugged him dearly, and kissed him over and over with tender love."

Lk.15:20

This sad father who is pining after his son for years sees a person a long-distance away. He can't quite make out who it is, but wait...he knows that walk, the way he swings his arm. He recognizes his silhouette—the things he studied about his son because there were times he just couldn't take his eyes off of him! His son is home!

He's filthy, he's broken, he's smelly and sickly. He's broken his trust. He's made every wrong decision and has disrespected his father. Yet all his dad has for him is compassion and joy because he is coming home. He races to him—sweeps that bag of bones into his arms and hugs him profusely. The father can't let go and kisses him over and over and over. What a fierce display of love and forgiveness.

I know this love. It floods my soul when my grandkids walk in the door. I don't care if they've made mistakes, if they haven't accomplished anything, or if they've been moody and throwing tantrums all day. It has nothing to do with what they do. It has everything to do with who they are. They're my grandkids and I love them. And yes, just like the father in our story, I kiss them over and over and over until they either duck out of my arms or push me away with their grimy little hands. Give me more!

Our God loves us unconditionally, uncontrollably, unimaginably, uncontainably, and you can add every other "un" you can think of or find in the dictionary! He doesn't love you for what you do, he loves you for who you are. You are his child.

The more we recognize and receive God's love for us, the more love we have to lavish on our children and the world. It's a love that can't be contained. Lord give us this love for you, our children, our families, those who belong to you and the entire world. Your love knows no bounds! Give us more!

Blessings,
Viv Stone