



WEEK ONE

JONAH 1:1-3:10

God uses a large fish to teach Jonah that going God's way is always the best way.

SAY THIS

**WHOSE WAY IS PERFECT?
GOD'S WAY IS PERFECT.**



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**WHOSE WAY IS PERFECT?
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DO THIS



MORNING TIME

When you go in your child's room this month, say, "Good morning! I see someone Mommy loves and Daddy loves and (name people who your child knows) and God loves! God loves you SO much!"

DO THIS



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REMEMBER THIS

"God's way is perfect."
2 Samuel 22:31, NIV

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BASIC TRUTH

GOD LOVES ME.

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HOW TO BE OKAY WHEN YOUR BABY GOES TO SCHOOL

By Sarah Anderson

I've never had my whole life flash before my eyes, but the morning we pulled up to the school for my oldest child's first day of kindergarten, my son's whole life flashed before my eyes. His baby fuzz and wrist rolls suddenly gave way to little boy knobs and angles. Just like that. Asher walked confidently and assuredly up the sidewalk and towards his classroom. I wrapped him in a hug, got my kiss, then he turned to face this new frontier, and it hit me. He was okay. More than okay. And I, well, I wasn't.

Luckily, I dropped him off and got back to my car without melting into a puddle of tears. Part of that was due to the excess of tears already cried in expectation of this moment. But it was also because that day I started to realize how I handled this milestone didn't just matter for me. It mattered for him. I started to see how I behave communicates what I believe is true about the world he's heading into.

As a mom sending my firstborn into kindergarten, the world out there seems big and scary and full of anxiety producing scenarios. And since worry is a mother's native tongue, defaulting to what comes easiest, and talking

and behaving with worry setting the course feels like second nature. But if I did that, I would be missing out, and I would be selling my son short. Because I would never hear my boy grow up to say, "Thanks . . . For not worrying about me. For believing I'd be okay. And as scary as the world may be, I don't have to be afraid."

My son is watching and observing to see what my beliefs and behavior say about the world. I want him to know I believe in a God bigger than the world's scariness and sturdier than our well-constructed worries. As our kids move farther from our reach every day, we are reminded of Whose they are and how impossibly much they are loved by the One who gave them to us in the first place.

It's a learning process, I think. I'm sure I'll always have my moments. But as long as I keep it together enough to see him walk confidently and assuredly into a future for his taking, I think we'll be just fine.

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