

I grew up in a super small Iowa town. Before I moved to that town, I lived on a farm. So that farm town, well, it was even smaller. We had rotary phones, and you didn't even have to dial more than four digits to reach the person you were calling.



We didn't have cell phones. We didn't have computers.

We had each other. Jana, Carrie, Nathan, me. Sounds kind of "Little House on the Prairie", but it's true.

We had days of catching crawdads in the muddy creek. We rode horses along the purple and yellow wild flower ditches. We "walked beans" and "walked corn".

I had the most fabulous of play houses. An old corn bin was my kitchen, my house and my living room. It was home, and I can still feel my feet landing on the dark, squeaky boards as I walked along the "kitchen" corridor, preparing the next meal for my guests.

Childhood. My childhood. Memories near and dear to my heart.

I pray that you let your children be little. I pray that you will allow them the time to make memories as children, to remember that they once were learning to be big. Time goes so fast, and if you blink, you will miss it.

Hold each moment and remember that God has a plan for you. Don't let the moments pass by without really embracing each and every second. It's in the quiet moments that things become clear.

Let them be little.

It only happens once.



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