

***Brave Moms, Brave Kids***  
**Excerpt (3) for blog post**

Recently, I've been wanting to lay down some things I can't control. The act of surrender is both an event and a process, and I know it is going to take a sustained commitment to see the change take root and hold. I've wanted to break up with fear in a real and tangible way, and it's time for a formal ceremony. Mike builds me a fire at the campground where we're staying, I kiss the kids, and they go off to bed.

I sit in front of the fire with a notepad on my lap and begin. "Lord," I write, "I'm sorry for never really letting go of the fear. When You are..." I stop. "You are *worthy* of my trust. Your ways are always better. You are good, and You are right even when, with my limited understanding, I can't understand Your plan. You are kind, Lord, and You are loving. You will never act in a way that will harm me without cause and without benefit. You are wise and I trust You."

My pen flies across that page, filling my heart with faith, and I recognize again that I can trust Him with my fears. I shift and list them. One by one, I write down the fears that have had roots since I was young. Violence. Suffering. Persecution. I unpack the junk, and as I consider the list I see things I know are going to take more time to sift through than just one evening and one ceremony by a fire.

But this is my line in the sand; I will not be mastered by my fears any longer.

Christ came for freedom, but I have been enslaved by my fears, and it is time to let go. With resolve I name those fears—the places of my heart I have somehow believed I could keep safer than my Lord could—and ask for forgiveness. "Lord, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I haven't run to You sooner. I cast these at Your feet now. I entrust my fears to You. I choose to trust in You." Then I crumple that paper, throw it into the fire, and watch it catch and burn. I simply watch, knowing it is done.

Tears flow freely down my cheeks as I realize afresh how much I needed this moment. The Spirit keeps bringing to mind all the reasons I can entrust myself, my family, my fears, and my plans to Him. All these things are so much safer in His hands than my own.

Tonight I have gazed long at the fire, realizing how much I've needed this moment. It seems only appropriate that the moon is full. Somewhere across the lake people are releasing paper lanterns. As they float slowly across the sky, one after another, I know deep down that the Lord is celebrating with me. Just the two of us tonight in the dark. This moment in time was for me. Everything I let go of tonight has shackled me and chained me down. Not one of those situations on that paper has been resolved, but I know I don't have to carry them. I whisper in my heart, "Freedom."

It has been a beautiful surrender.

What have you done to let go of your fears and truly surrender to God? What is your prayer of faith in those times of trying to regain control?