

“Mommy... Why?”

A Titus 2 Guide for
Young Girls

By Cindy Voss

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CrossBook

Dedication

To my mother, Harriet Beezhold, the “older woman” who trained me to appreciate and honor the high calling of motherhood. And to my two lovely daughters, Bethany and Michelle, who have given me the privilege of training them to love God’s Word and His wise and loving plan for women.

Note to the “Older Women”

I wrote this book for young girls in an effort to inspire women of all ages to once again aspire to the high calling of motherhood. Gone are the days when little girls looked forward to becoming a wife and mother. Today, the spread of feminism has infiltrated the culture with a trend towards independence and “career fulfillment” that has enticed a whole generation of young women to exchange the God-given call of motherhood for a fleeting and worldly view of success.

As you read this book with your daughter let your love for being a wife and mother flow to your daughter. God has blessed us with a very high calling...one that He deems very precious. No, we are not always whistling while we do the laundry, nor are we forever patient and kind. We make mistakes and have bad attitudes. But God is good and He has blessed us with children who almost always ask, “Mommy....why?” When those opportunities come may we use them to give godly, practical wisdom, and may we seek to give all the glory to God.

In Christ,
Cindy Voss

Chapter 3

The front door banged shut as Joshua, Sarah's older brother, bounded into the room followed closely behind by the twins, Jonathan and Nathan. It was a warm summer day, and the three of them looked like they had been swimming.

"Mom!" yelled Joshua. "Come quick!"

"What's the trouble, Joshua?" Mom asked looking up from the page she was coloring with Sarah.

"Mrs. Littleton is coming and she's mad," he said nervously.

"Why? What happened?" questioned Mother.

"We were playing baseball, and I hit an awesome home run....but it went through her bedroom window," he finished sheepishly.

"Oh dear," she replied as she headed out the door. Sarah and the boys watched as their mom approached their neighbor. Mrs. Littleton's voice carried into the room as she pointed her finger at their mother and talked in angry tones.





Sarah's mother listened to Mrs. Littleton and spoke quietly in return. The four children looked at each other and waited for her to come back into the house.

The door opened, and their mother came into the room. Joshua was the first to open his mouth. "We're really sorry, Mom. We didn't do it on purpose," he said quietly.

"I know that, Honey. I think we are going to have to find a new place for you to play ball....a safer place," she said with a little smile.

"What did you say to her?" Jonathan wanted to know.

"I told her how sorry I was about her window and that when your dad gets home he will talk to Mr. Littleton," said Mother with a sigh. "I'm afraid you boys are going to have to help pay for the window. For now, why don't you go and play in the backyard, and we'll talk to Dad when he gets home from work."

Sarah went back to the table to finish her coloring. Her mom sat down in a chair and pushed back the hair from her face. Sarah looked at her and said, “Mommy,.... Why?”

“Why what, Peanut?” Mommy said slowly. She sounded tired.

“Why didn’t you yell back at Mrs. Littleton? Billy Littleton spilled his pop all over our carpet yesterday and left a big stain, and you didn’t even tell his mom.”

Mommy smiled and said, “Billy didn’t mean to spill his pop. It was just an accident.”

“But Joshua and Jonathan and Nathan didn’t mean to break their window either,” Sarah interrupted.

“Sarah,” Mommy said, “Jesus tells us to treat others with love and to be controlled in the way we act. Remember when I told you that the Bible teaches us how to obey so that we can love God and our neighbors?” Sarah nodded her head as her mother continued, “We need to control the way we speak and act in every way. It is very important to be self-controlled in the way we live so that when people see the way we act and speak they will see Jesus.”



“It’s hard to be self-controlled, Mommy,” sighed Sarah. “I was mad when I saw Mrs. Littleton talking to you so angrily.”

“Yes, it is hard,” replied Mommy, “because we are all sinners, but you know that the Holy Spirit works in our hearts to help us. I know He helped me today,” she finished with a smile.

Just then Jonathan burst into the room. His face and clothes were covered with mud, and he was breathing heavily.

“Hey, Mom!” he called anxiously. “Is it almost time for lunch? I’m starving!”

Mommy looked at Sarah and laughed. Then she said to her scruffy little son, “I think you need to learn self-control over your appetite!”



Sarah giggled at her younger brother's puzzled face. "I think you're right, Mommy," she said.

"Come on, my little Piggy," Mommy said scooping Jonathan up in her arms. "Let's go have some lunch."



Titus 2:4-5

**“Then they can train the younger women
to....be self-controlled...”**

End of Sample

