



Job 42:1-3 (NLT)

42 “Then Job replied to the Lord: ²“I know that you can do anything,
and no one can stop you.

³You asked, ‘Who is this that questions my wisdom with such ignorance?’
It is I—and I was talking about things I knew nothing about,
things far too wonderful for me.”

The wedding was over, the joyful bride and groom were on their way to their honeymoon, and I was exhausted. But as I lay in bed, as much as my body needed it, sleep was the last thing on my mind. All of the events of the day and the 22 years before were spinning in my head. And then the tears began to flow. An ocean of tears. And they wouldn't cease. Rod tried to comfort me but I was inconsolable. Was it the exhaustion that caused my emotions to spin out of control? No, it was the realization of the one chance.

One child, one wedding. One everything. My dream of having several children was never realized and the reality of the one chance at every stage slapped me in the face. And it hurt. It wasn't supposed to be this way. All those mistakes I made with our first child? I was supposed to get a second, third, and fourth chance but our child was an only child which means you only get one chance. As good as it is, I wanted more. One chance. You better grab it when it comes cause that's all you're gonna get. One chance of giving birth, and caressing the delicate cheek of the tiny human you gave life to. One chance of sticky toddler hands and kisses. One chance of releasing the little hand as they leave you at the door of the kindergarten classroom. One chance of dance, soccer, and tennis. One chance of teenage angst, the first boyfriend, and one graduation day. One college move-in day. One chance and then it's done. My opportunity for raising a child was over. Done. And now she was grown.



Why? Why did God allow us only one chance at raising a child? Oh, don't think I wasn't grateful for the one. And please believe I have a tenderness for the women who yearn for a child and don't have even one. I'm not being ungrateful or selfish. I love my daughter with all my heart. And she's brought us more love and happiness than any child could ever bring. But the dream did not include her being an only child. The dream was a household of children. A sister to play and share secrets with. A brother that would fish and hunt. So the question is why? Did God know we couldn't handle more? Did he know I would be a bad mom? Or that we couldn't afford to have more children? Did he know my sin, past, present, and future and this is what I deserve? Am I too selfish? Spoiled? Uneducated? To be sure, if you need a reason the enemy will give you one.

People often think of the one question they will ask God when they get to heaven. It's likely that when I see Jesus face to face the memory of the one chance will disappear. But if not, I will ask "Why only one?" And then wait..

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