



Monday Motivation #14 God Never Forgets His Children

Recently, my brothers and I were going through our parent's pictures and photo albums in an effort to divide the pictures among ourselves. The task was quite daunting but it was a sweet time of being together, sharing memories and honoring our mom and dad.

We recognized most of the people in the pictures and mom (and my grandmother) had each done a thorough job of labeling old pictures. Still, there were a few that we had no idea who the subjects were. There were many old, black and white pictures of great grandparents and distant relatives.

One picture captured my eyes and my heart. It was a beautiful, really old, vintage picture of a baby. The writing on the back had faded away and I really don't have a way of knowing who the baby is. Even though I don't know who the baby is *or* the baby's name, I know he or she belonged to someone, was special to them and loved by them.



Even though all I have is a picture, God knows full well who the baby is, and their name, when they were born and to whom they belonged. We may forget those details but God never does. In Isaiah 49:16, God reminds us that he has us engraved, or written, on his hands. He will never forget you.

You may feel forgotten sweet child of God, but you have God's promise that he will never, ever forget you! He sees you and he knows your name. You belong to him, are special to him, and loved by him. *Your* name is written on his hands.

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Isaiah 49:15-16 New International Version (NIV)

¹⁵ “Can a mother forget the baby at her breast
and have no compassion on the child she has borne?
Though she may forget,
I will not forget you!
¹⁶ See, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands;
your walls are ever before me.

Psalms 121:8 New International Version (NIV)

⁸ the Lord will watch over your coming and going
both now and forevermore.

Psalms 139:13-18 New International Version (NIV)

¹³ For you created my inmost being;
you knit me together in my mother’s womb.
¹⁴ I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made;
your works are wonderful,
I know that full well.
¹⁵ My frame was not hidden from you
when I was made in the secret place,
when I was woven together in the depths of the earth.
¹⁶ Your eyes saw my unformed body;
all the days ordained for me were written in your book



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before one of them came to be.

¹⁷ How precious to me are your thoughts,^[a] God!

How vast is the sum of them!

¹⁸ Were I to count them,
they would outnumber the grains of sand—
when I awake, I am still with you.

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