

**SAY THIS:**

Who is alive?  
**JESUS IS ALIVE.**

**DO THIS:****MORNING TIME**

When you go into your baby's room, say, "Good morning, [baby's name]! Today is a great day because Jesus is alive!"

**FEEDING TIME**

While feeding your baby this month, list all of your baby's friends. Say, "Mommy is your friend. Daddy is your friend. [Sibling's name] is your friend. ... And Jesus wants to be your friend forever!"

**CUDDLE TIME**

Cuddle with your baby this month and pray, "Dear God, thank You for giving us Jesus to be our friend forever. I pray [child's name] will believe that Jesus is alive and trust Him to be his/her friend forever. We love You, God. In Jesus' name, amen."

**BATH TIME**

Sing the following words to the tune of "London Bridge is Falling Down" while bathing your baby: "Jesus wants to be my friend, be my friend, be my friend. Jesus wants to be my friend. Jesus loves [child's name]."

**BASIC TRUTH:**

**JESUS WANTS TO BE MY FRIEND FOREVER.**

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## PERFECT EASTER EGGS

By Sarah Anderson

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My husband often tells me “the happiest and healthiest people are those whose expectations meet reality.” I frequently need reminding of this. I live in expectation—playing things out in my head of how I would like them to unfold. The problem is, as you might imagine, the more expectations I have, the more likely I am to be disappointed when they aren’t met.

Last Easter, I had expectations which seemed harmless enough. My husband had come across an egg-dying method involving silk ties and twine. Though craftiness deficient, even this seemed simple enough. I imagined our experiment unfolding like the pictures online promised. We included my two-year-old in the process, hyping it up, promising beautiful eggs when we were finished and he waited patiently for the great unveiling.

But when we unwrapped the first egg we were—disappointed. It was not some psychedelic paisley print. It looked exactly like it did when we first put it in the vinegar. Considering my son was in the throes of the terrible twos, I did not expect this rather anticlimactic reveal to go well. But when we took a deep breath and turned to Asher to navigate his unmet expectations he simply stared wide-eyed. “Look!” he whispered in unabashed astonishment, “It’s a white one!”

Unwrapping a perfectly white egg, I observe my little boy and his effortless expression of wonder. It was an Easter weekend miracle—at least to an innocent toddler. To me, these white eggs were a failure. To him, they were perfection.

My kids are teaching me—whether I like it or not—that **when I let go of my tightly held plans, I am more free to see the world as they do.**

Magical. Enchanting. An extended invitation to be present, thankful and captivated by the gift of what we do have, instead of lamenting what isn’t.

So this Easter, while trying to . . .  
get out the door to church,  
smooth dresses,  
wipe dirty mouths,  
break up arguments and  
appear as cool, calm and collected as  
you wish you felt,  
. . . . take a moment to enjoy the white  
eggs in your life.

Your expectations may not be met, but you may just find yourself happier and healthier than if they had been.

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