

# MULTUM NON MULTA AND MOMS

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Before I took a break from blogging a few years ago, I announced that I would be taking the summer off of public writing to embrace "**Festina Lente**," (Latin for "make

haste slowly"). My plan was to strategize the next season of writing, because I love it here. And truly, I still hope this might be a place of encouragement to the lives of the people who find themselves here. At that time, it required slowing down enough to reflect, listen, and plan. Life seems to demand that a lot, doesn't it?

What happened was this:

After interviewing a bunch of women, **I became freshly reminded of the tremendous job we are called to do as Moms.** For several years I've been drawn to the unseen and eternal and how that changes everything — the fact is, as the primary nurturer of the next generation of forever people, we are touching eternity *every day*. Waves are built by wind. And with every dialogue, every encouragement, every meal we place and lunch we pack, clothes we wash and chores we delegate we are creating an *ethos*, or a hum in our home; a wind that starts to develop a wave. Our words matter. Our time with the Lord matters. Our eyes for their hearts matters. Our discipline matters. Because we are pointing to a story, shaping a love, building a value, underscoring a truth; **we are nurturing waves that will build, roar and ripple in the hearts of our people forever.**

And that takes capacity.

And for that, I have clung to the phrase, **"Multum Non Multa;" which means "much not many."** In fact, it seems more and more wise. When we pour out our lives on our kids, you are doing much. When you engage the giftings God gave you, you are laying your efforts on the altar and saying, "I love you," to the God who made you to do it. Even when it feels small.

"And if anyone gives even a cup of cold water to one of these little ones because he is My disciple, truly I tell you, he will never lose his reward." — Matthew 10:42

I can't do 75 things well. Maybe three. Some days one. And for some women, it's ten or twelve... depends on the capacity you were wired with and the season of heart health you're gifted. The real question becomes, **what is your assignment?** What has God asked you to do? Let's sluff off the opportunities to spend our executive function, our energies in places that are not the point — not the thing God has asked you to do. Let's embrace Multum Non Multa and watch while we breathe and winds beckon waves.