



# A ROSARY FOR PARENTING LITTLES

*THE JOYFUL MYSTERIES*

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*in the  
Trenches*

FINDING GOD THROUGH PARENTING LITTLES

With an Introduction by  
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## Introduction

When announcing each mystery, take a moment to read the author's reflection on discovering the fruit of that mystery in her own life as a parent of littles. Enter into the mystery by praying the Our Father. Then pray the special intention before each of the ten Hail Marys, asking for the fruit of that mystery in ten realities of parenting. Close each mystery in trust with the Glory Be.

May God bless you!

## Essential Prayers of the Rosary

### Apostles' Creed\*

I believe in God, the Father almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried; he descended into hell; on the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and is seated at the right hand of God the Father almighty; from there he will come to judge the living and the dead. I believe in the Holy Spirit, the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen.

\* English translation of Apostles' Creed © 1988 English Language Liturgical Consultation (ELLC). [www.englishtexts.org](http://www.englishtexts.org). Used by permission.

### Our Father

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

### Hail Mary

Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

## Glory Be

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

## Hail Holy Queen

Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve. To thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn then, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

## **First Mystery: The Annunciation**

Fruit of the Mystery: Humility

I used to think humility meant denying compliments and rejecting affirmations. But I've learned that's far too easy (and too self-deprecating) to be what God calls us to. No, God wants us to love ourselves and others more than that. He wants us to dive deeper. Love bigger. Live life in abundance, not denial. So when the angel Gabriel greets Mary with a reverent, "Hail, full of grace!" she doesn't blush and deflect the famous words with a shake of the head. Instead, she receives his words and turns her attention to how she can put her God-given gifts into action to serve God. Humility, then, is not thinking less of ourselves, but thinking of ourselves less. It's the grace we need to put others' needs before our own. And that type of humility? That is much tougher—and also much more fruitful. How can you joyfully put the needs of your kids before your own today, without neglecting yourself?

## **Second Mystery: The Visitation**

Fruit of the Mystery: Love of Neighbor

When I think of "loving my neighbor," I always envision my neighbor to be someone out there. Outside the walls of my house. Someone relatively easy to love, perhaps. Like in Mary's trip to visit Elizabeth. But I rare-

ly consider my kids—those loud, raucous, ever-present people—as my neighbors. Loving them can be much harder. How can you love the neighbor in your own home today?

### **Third Mystery: The Nativity**

Fruit of the Mystery: Poverty

For a long time, I wondered why “poverty” is considered a “spiritual fruit.” Why should poverty be something I want? Something I pray for? But the “fruit” of poverty is not necessarily the lack of having things. Rather, it’s the lack of wanting things. It’s being able to detach our hearts from the things of this world. That’s what we learn from the nativity. After traveling 90 miles from Nazareth to Bethlehem by donkey, Mary and Joseph didn’t have a whole heck of a lot with them, but they didn’t want for anything, either. They had Jesus, and he was enough. Poverty is trusting that God will give us everything we really need, even if we don’t get some things we thought we needed (if you’re me, that’d be a full night’s rest, alone time, or a cup of coffee in the morning). Poverty is the ability—the desire, even—to let go of all our other wants so we can cling entirely to Jesus. And boy, is that a gift. What can you let go of today so you can hold more tightly to Jesus?

### **Fourth Mystery: The Presentation in the Temple**

Fruit of the Mystery: Obedience

All too often, I find myself yearning to do God’s will, as though it were some far-off, futuristic endeavor, rather than these trenches I’m trudging through on the daily. I think I’d be happier/closer to God/holier/able to serve more people/etc., if I were doing something else. Something far more important and noble than taking care of little kids. But when Mary was told she would be the Mother of God, she didn’t get distracted from the present by obsessing about what life would be like later. She got to work living out her call as Mother right away. She

obeyed God's will in the trenches of raising baby Jesus. How? By bringing him straight to the temple and presenting him to God. The same is true for us. This vocation of raising littles is what God is calling me to do today. That is his will for my life right now. These trenches are my path to heaven. How can you obey that call and bring your child(ren) to God today?

### **Fifth Mystery: The Finding in the Temple**

Fruit of the Mystery: The Joy of Finding Jesus

For so long, I thought I had to remove myself from the noise and chaos of life—from the noise and chaos of my family—in order to find Jesus. But, thank goodness, we have a God who not only will meet us in the mess, but wants to encounter us there. When Mary and Joseph joined the caravan to leave Jerusalem and head home after the Passover, they joyfully joined the crowd and got moving. Surely things weren't perfect. Kids probably bickered. The roads may have been bumpy and dusty. Travel was hard. But there was order and organization in moving with a large crowd. It wasn't until later—when Mary and Joseph realized Jesus wasn't in the organized group—that they ran back. Back through the hordes of people who had left the city hours before. Back into a city littered with forgotten things and remnants of good memories. Back through the streets that were jammed and throbbing with people, saturated with shouting and celebration. (Goodness, that sounds an awful lot like my house!) In essence, they ran back to where the real chaos happened. And that's where they finally found Jesus, in the unbridled joy of re-encountering him. How can I encounter Jesus in the chaos of motherhood?

*Our Father . . .*

### **Special Intentions for Each Hail Mary**

When I get woken up in the middle of the night, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary . . .*

When I must sacrifice my own wants or needs to take care of my child(ren), Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary . . .*

When everything around me is loud and messy and chaotic, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

When I feel tired, frustrated, or annoyed, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

When I'm about to lose my temper, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

When I'm covered in filth, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

When I feel like I'm drowning, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

When I feel like I'm not a good mom, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

When I feel alone, unseen, and unappreciated, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

When I feel like I have nothing left to give, Lord, give me the grace of . . . *Hail Mary* . . .

*Glory be* . . .

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