

Lori's Stories

About Lori Odhner:

“My husband and I have 9 children including identical twins and a child with autism, just to keep things interesting. A sense of humor and an awareness of the Lord's presence in my mothering has been our rock of stability. Writing stories is a wonderful way to gain some perspective about where we are going and as one of my kids was prone to say whenever anything went wrong "You can write a story about it!" I have been a stay at home, or perhaps more accurately-take-the-kids-with-me-mother, as we have always been partial to adventures. I have loved being present for the ordinary, the dramatic and the miraculous moments that are so interwoven in motherhood. **My current passion is supporting marriage, through writing, groups and annual conferences.**”

You can email Lori at: lori@caringformarriage.org, and visit her website: www.caringformarriage.org.

The following story was written in June 1994, while she was living in California with her husband and 6 children.

Perspective

My three-year-old daughter is very excited about the prospect of being a flower girl. She squealed with pleasure at the unveiling of each article of her outfit – the frilly socks, the shiny white shoes, and the puffy dress that reminds me of the Sugarplum Fairy. Her bliss would have been complete, but she was also asked to be in the couples' betrothal (a pre-marriage ceremony) a month before the wedding. For this ceremony, Hosanna was showered with yet another dress, this one straight out of a Shirley Temple movie, more lacy socks, a barrette for her hair, and dainty little ballet slippers.

She was supposed to walk up with the bride and groom and sit in the front row during the betrothal, but after arriving at her seat, Hosanna bolted back to me and held tightly to my hand.

“Do I have to be part of their family now?” From her perspective, the dowry had been paid – she was as good as adopted.

I reassured her that she would always be my little girl – they just wanted her to be in their wedding.

Her very real concern was quite a window for me into the mind and experience of a three-year-old. It reminded me that being in the same place at the same time does not always insure having an identical perspective.

How much of the time do I walk around with blinders on, forgetting that the view may be very different for a child or a man or a foreigner or a homeless person or a cancer patient? It is then that I begin to appreciate that the eyes of my Creator are omniscient – unhindered by such earthly dimensions. His depth of vision comes not because of a distancing from those ways of being, but because He has been a Child, and a Man, a Foreigner, a person without a home, and one who has felt great pain.