



THE MOM CODE

Refusing to Rush

Architect of Atmosphere in Our Homes

PART 1: SUBJECT SCRIPTURE

Matthew 11:28-30

"Come to me, all you who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart; and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

Matthew 11:28-30 (WEB)

Jesus offers tired people **rest**—and then, surprisingly, He offers them a **yoke**. Not a hammock. Not an empty calendar. A yoke. For years I read this as being only about weight: He carries the heavy load for me. But the Lord showed me something more. A yoke is what keeps two animals walking **together**, in step, at the same pace. To take His yoke is to fall in sync with Him—His pace, His season, His speed. This lesson is about the quiet thief that breaks that rhythm: **hurry**.

PART 2: TEACHING

Walking at His Pace

Ruthlessly Eliminate Hurry

There is a well-known moment when the author John Ortberg asked his mentor, the philosopher Dallas Willard, what he needed to do to stay spiritually healthy. After a long

pause, Willard answered: **"ruthlessly eliminate hurry from your life."** Ortberg wrote it down and asked what else there was. Willard's reply was that there was nothing else—hurry, he said, is the great enemy of the spiritual life in our day.

If this stirs something in you, John Mark Comer's book *The Ruthless Elimination of Hurry* is a beautiful, longer journey into the same truth—one of my all-time favourites, and well worth the read.

But notice first what hurry actually is. Hurry is not the same as being busy. Busy is having a lot to do; **hurry is a condition of the heart**—the inner frantic, the constant lean toward the next thing, the rush of "one more." A mother can be very busy and deeply unhurried inside, and she can be doing almost nothing and still be hurried in her soul. This lesson is not about doing less for its own sake. It is about healing the rush within.

The Yoke: Falling Into Step With Him

Here is the picture that changed everything for me. In Jesus' day, a young ox was not trained alone. It was yoked—joined at the neck—to an older, stronger ox who already knew the field. Bound together, the young one could not lag behind and could not bolt ahead. It simply learned, step by step, to walk at the pace of the one beside it.

So when Jesus says **"take my yoke upon you,"** He is not only offering to carry the weight. He is inviting us to be matched to Him—to learn **His pace, His season, His speed**. Rest is not found by escaping the field; it is found by walking it in sync with Him. Eugene Peterson beautifully paraphrased these verses as learning *"the unforced rhythms of grace."*

Which means most of our exhaustion is not from the work itself—it is from **straining against the yoke**. When we hurry, we pull ahead of the very One we are bound to, setting a pace He never asked of us, and wearing ourselves out trying to drag Him along behind. His yoke is easy. Our hurry is what makes it heavy.

His Pace, His Season, His Speed

Hurry flattens everything into one speed: *faster*. But God does not move in one speed—He moves in seasons.

"For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven."

Ecclesiastes 3:1 (WEB)

There are seasons for building and seasons for waiting, seasons of full hands and seasons of small, slow moments with small children. Hurry tries to drag every season up to the same frantic tempo, as if waiting were wasted and slow were failure. But refusing to rush is simply trusting His timing—not lagging behind in laziness, not running ahead in anxiety, but walking in step. The unhurried are not the weak; in God's economy, those who wait on Him are the ones who renew their strength (Isaiah 40:31).

The Blur, the Moment, and Love = Time

Here is what hurry costs us. It turns life into a **blur**. We are physically in the room but mentally three steps ahead—already at the next task, the next stop, the next worry. And then we reach the end of a day, a season, even a childhood, and find we can barely remember it. This is how hurry quietly breeds regret and dissatisfaction: not because life was bad, but because we were moving too fast to actually be there for it.

And our children feel it first. To a child, love is spelled a particular way: **T-I-M-E**. Not perfect days, not grand outings—unhurried presence. As John Ortberg put it, *"Love always takes time, and time is the one thing hurried people don't have."* When we are forever rushing them along, the message they absorb is not "I am loved," but "I am in the way."

"...you shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise up."

Deuteronomy 6:6-7 (WEB)

Notice where faith and love are actually passed on—not in scheduled, polished moments, but in the unhurried in-between: sitting, walking, lying down, rising up. The very moments hurry steals are the ones God designed to carry the most love. To slow down with our children is not a break from the important work; *it is the work*.

And here is the golden thread once more: we cannot white-knuckle our way into slowness. Refusing to rush is not one more thing to achieve, one more way to strive and fall short. We slow down because we are **yoked to the One who is never anxious and never**

rushed. His unhurried presence fills us, and an unhurried mother simply overflows from an unhurried soul. We do not manufacture peace by trimming the calendar—we receive His pace, and let it gently reshape ours. The rhythms of grace are unforced. We are not asked to strive for them; we are invited to walk in step and receive them.

PART 3: PONDER

Reflection Question

Sit with this: Where is hurry stealing your presence?

Take a few quiet moments—not to pile on guilt, but to notice honestly and with grace:

- ♦ What did I miss today because I was rushing toward the next thing?
- ♦ When my children picture me, am I present—or always on my way somewhere else?
- ♦ Where am I running ahead of God instead of walking in step with Him?
- ♦ What season am I in right now—and am I trying to rush through it?
- ♦ If love is spelled T-I-M-E, what would my children say I love most?

This isn't about doing less and feeling guilty about the rest. It's about being present for the life that is actually in front of you. Where is He gently inviting you to slow down and stay?

PART 4: PUT IN ACTION

This Week's Practice

One Unhurried Moment

Each day this week, choose one ordinary moment with your child—bedtime, the school run, breakfast, a bath—and refuse to rush it. Put the phone down. Stop mentally racing to the next thing. Be fully, slowly there.

You are not wasting time. You are spelling love the way they read it: **T-I-M-E**.

The Pace Prayer: Walk, Don't Run

When you feel the inner frantic rising—chest tight, thoughts racing ahead—pause and pray a single line: *"Jesus, I've run ahead of You. Set the pace."* Then take the next thing at His speed instead of your own.

And once this week, build in a little margin on purpose: leave ten minutes earlier, plan one less thing, leave space in a day. Practice letting an unhurried God set the rhythm of an ordinary week.

Closing Prayer

Jesus, my gentle and lowly Lord: *Thank You that You are never in a hurry, and never anxious, even when my days feel like a sprint. Thank You that You loved me enough to offer me Your yoke—not to crush me, but to keep me in step with You. Forgive me for running ahead, for setting a pace You never asked of me, and then wondering why I am so tired.*

Teach me Your pace, Your season, Your speed. Slow me down enough to actually be here—present to You, present to my children, present to this one ordinary, holy day. Heal the rush in my heart, so that my home is not a blur I race through, but a place I am fully alive in.

*I cannot manufacture this slowness by trying harder, and You have never asked me to. Fill me with Your unhurried presence until it overflows—until being still and being present become the unforced rhythms of grace in our home. Let my children feel, in the gift of my time, how deeply they are loved—because that is how deeply You love me. **Amen.***

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In His Presence Ministry