

Becky Thompson and Susan K. Pitts

BESTSELLING AUTHORS



tonight we pray for the momma

100 Midnight Mom Devotions and Prayers

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Tonight We Pray for the Momma: 100 Midnight Mom Devotions and Prayers

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*To all our midnight mommas who show up and pray with us nightly . . .
this book is for you. May the Lord meet you on each page.*



to you, momma, before we begin

BEFORE YOU EVEN KNEW THIS BOOK EXISTED, we prayed for you. We prayed for the momma who often walks the line between joy and sorrow, hope and heartache, anxiety and peace. We prayed for the momma who loves her children but is tired. She's grateful for the family God has given her, but she has so many questions in her heart and so many feelings about the painful places on the path she has walked. She turns to God for help, hope, and healing, and still most days she feels a little bit of everything. Even though she juggles so many plates, there's often one thing so heavy on her heart.

She may feel anxious, overwhelmed, or exhausted to her core. Some days she doesn't even know what she feels. But despite her own stress, she leans into God for strength, peace, and guidance. She asks Him to help her make the right decisions and to reassure her that she is doing a good job. Some days she feels as if she is barely making it, but she keeps putting one foot in front of the other.

Her children may be of any age. There are so many reasons moms often see midnight. She might be the momma running her

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kids to and from appointments and activities, burning her candle at both ends as the events of the day stretch well into the night. She might be the momma of a newborn. She might be an empty nester, reaching across town or across the country with both active love and unceasing prayer, awake at all hours. She may be the stepmom, foster mom, bonus mom, aunt, or nana. Whether her kids are hers by birth or by choice, she loves the family God designed just for her.

It's for this momma—for you—that we have been praying nightly since 2015, and it's you we had in mind as we wrote these prayers and devotions.

When you imagine the place where we wrote this letter to you, you might picture a table in a kitchen, dining room, or perhaps a local coffee shop (though our town is too small for one of those). In fact, our worktable was pulled from the backyard after it didn't sell on Facebook Marketplace. After wiping it clean of cobwebs and the red Oklahoma dirt, we placed it next to the window seat in Momma's bedroom where the sunniest of light pours through the tree branches outside.

This was a quiet place for important conversations. It was where we told our stories and read God's Word, one of us sometimes slipping a round butterscotch candy to the other when the writing got hard. It was where we found encouragement and hope, not just for the sweet things in life, but for the heavy things as well. Sometimes as we recounted the ways God had met us in our journeys, the tears outweighed the laughter.

The truth is, this book of devotions isn't just for the lighter moments of motherhood. This book is for you, Momma, in all of your midnight moments.

Who are we? We are a mother (Susan) and daughter (Becky) who didn't set out to lead almost two million praying moms online, but that's what we do today. All across social media, you'll see our prayers, each of which begins with these seven familiar words: "Tonight we pray for the momma who . . ."

The Lord is our ultimate hope, and we cling to Him for strength during all the hard moments of motherhood. We recognize there are so many. Yes, there are happy times full of joy when we celebrate and rejoice in God's goodness. But in this book, we believe God asked us to point to all the places in our stories where He meets us when the light seems dim, we can't see His presence, and we need Him to bring healing in places of heartache.

Tonight We Pray for the Momma reaches into so many areas of a momma's heart and offers you an opportunity to meet with the Lord who heals, restores, and brings you hope, even in your weariest moments. You may recognize some of the prayers in this book from one of our viral posts. We gathered one hundred of our most beloved and widely shared prayers from the thousands we have written and posted online. We then paired each one with stories of hope and encouragement from our lives and the Word of God. That's what you'll find in the pages ahead.

Each of these devotions is truly a colabor of love, written by

both of us. When a story begins from one of our perspectives, you will surely be able to tell from context who is initially speaking—only one of us is a grandmother!—but the heartbeat of each day comes from both mother and daughter.

Read one devotional at a time, or as many as you need each night. Open the book to see what the next page says or turn to the back and search through the index to find hope in the midst of whatever you face. We invite you to make each prayer your own by engaging with the simple prompt that follows each one. You can decide whether to whisper or write your response.

Momma, this book was written just for you. It's our honor to walk with you through these one hundred midnight mom devotions and prayers.

Tonight we pray for the momma who holds this book in her hands. Lord, You know her full story and right where she stands today. You see every need, every area that needs healing. You hear every question she hasn't even asked. Lead her deeper into Your love and meet her through the pages ahead. Please give her rest tonight. We ask in Jesus's name, amen.

*So much love,
Becky and Susan*

who has one thing so heavy on her heart

*Cast your burden on the LORD, and he will sustain you;
he will never allow the righteous to be shaken.*

PSALM 55:22, CSB



ONE DAY I WAS IN THE KITCHEN refilling my glass of water when my eleven-year-old daughter walked in the house and asked if she could watch a show in the living room. Distracted, I agreed and turned back toward my office. We were in the process of yet another move, and it had been a hectic few weeks. Working from home was harder than usual. With clutter and boxes and a life that wasn't fully in one location or another, everything seemed anything but settled. No matter what else I needed to do or think about, details surrounding the move played like a background track in my mind.

Twenty minutes later, unable to focus, I walked back out of my

office again. That's when I noticed my daughter in the big, comfortable chair in our living room. After removing her shoes, she had collapsed into her favorite spot and hunched forward. She was completely oblivious to the fact that she hadn't removed her backpack when she sat down to rest. I chuckled and wondered how she had been able to ignore the heavy pack—until I realized that what I saw reflected my own situation.

How many times had I prayed even that day, “Lord, help me with this move. It feels like too much. I'm overwhelmed and stressed, and I can't get it all done”? How many times, both through Scripture and whispers directly to my heart, had God told me, *Give it to Me. I'll carry it, and I'll carry you. Cast your burden on Me, and I will sustain you?* And how many times had I been so focused on my need for rest that I hadn't practiced the simple and yet imperative task of taking off what I needed to set down?

I just wanted peace, stability, and the reassurance that everything was going to turn out okay. I'm no stranger to these heart needs. I think if we're honest with our own feelings, this is what all mommas crave, no matter what we face.

We want to know that the one issue that weighs heaviest on our hearts and minds has an answer and resolution. We want to know that God sees us *and our needs*. More than that, we want to know that He cares and will help us with all we've been shouldering.

Momma, God never intended for you to bear the weight of unanswered questions or cumbersome concerns on your own.

The truth is, you might not know the answers, but He does. You might not have your own peace, but He gives you His. He has all that you need, and you have Him. Tonight let's make an exchange. Let's cast our burdens on Him and receive the reassurance that He doesn't just know what we need—He will also carry us through.

Tonight we pray for the momma *with one thing so heavy on her heart. Lord, we don't know what it is she's facing, but You do. You know all sides of the situation. You are with this momma as she thinks it over and wonders and worries. And in the middle of it all, You hold her close and tell her again and again, "I've got it. You're okay. It's going to be okay. I have it." Help her to feel You and hear You tonight. You're louder than the fear, closer than she realizes, and fully able to take care of what needs to be done. Help her place this one thing into Your capable hands. Help her step out of the worry tonight.*

We ask in Jesus's name, amen.

Lord, these things are so heavy
on my heart right now:

who feels a little bit of everything

*Every good and perfect gift is from above,
coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights,
who does not change like shifting shadows.*

JAMES 1:17



I'VE BEEN A MOMMA FOR FOUR DECADES NOW, but when I had my first baby, I was so nervous that I was going to make a mistake. My extended family—my own momma, aunts, and cousins—lived far away, and I very much felt the absence of that generational support. I remember that in those early days I felt a little bit of everything. Weariness, joy, and loneliness seemed to happen all at once, especially late at night when the house was quiet and the voices of discouragement and fear seemed to be the loudest.

I picked up a valuable lesson in those midnight hours that has

kept me in good stead all my years as a momma. I learned the power of praying and asking the Lord into my situation. As the rocking chair would go *click, click, click*, I would bring each prayer request to Him. It was like a midnight metronome that set the rhythm of my motherhood.

Maybe you are still in those early days of mothering, or maybe your own midnight hours are filled with memories from seasons past. In either case, when you and I feel a little bit of everything, we can trust that God has the answer we need.

Despite the changing seasons of motherhood, the Lord remains the same. Whether we feel worried or joyful, hopeful, or discouraged, at peace or overwhelmed with grief and heartache, the Lord stays steadfast and loves us through it all. He offers His presence as a gift.

Friend, I know that most of the time you're not feeling just one emotion. You're sorting through several at once. You need God's help in so many areas. The good news, as James 1:17 reminds us, is that "every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights, who does not change like shifting shadows."

The Lord is steady even when life is not. The rhythm of His heart is true and constant. He can help us navigate not only the tasks that must be done but also the tangle of our own hearts when we feel a little bit of everything.

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Tonight we pray for the momma *who feels a little bit of everything. Lord, she may feel tired, discouraged, or worn thin. She might feel overwhelmed or sad. Hope may come in waves, or perhaps fear rests just beneath the surface of her busy mind. Lord, she is doing the best she can to sort through what needs to be done and her feelings one by one. Tonight we ask You to bring what her heart needs. If it's peace, You promise it. If it's strength, You're already there. If it's hope or joy, bubble it up from inside her. If it's rest, meet her here.*

We ask in Jesus's name, amen.

Lord, steady the rhythm of my heart
and help me sort through all of these emotions:



who didn't know she could be this strong

She got a basket made of papyrus reeds and waterproofed it with tar and pitch. She put the baby in the basket and laid it among the reeds along the bank of the Nile River.

EXODUS 2:3, NLT



YOU MIGHT NOT RECOGNIZE the name Jochebed immediately, but this momma in Scripture had faith that ultimately brought freedom to her nation and her people. Jochebed was the mother of Moses, an Israelite boy born during the time in which Pharaoh decreed all male Hebrew children be put to death.

Pharaoh feared that the Israelites would rise against the Egyptians, so his plan was to put an end to the next generation of boys before they could grow into warring men. He demanded that each male newborn be thrown into the Nile River. But the Hebrew mother Jochebed did not fear Pharaoh. She revered God, and

when she gave birth to her third child, a baby boy, she defied the Egyptian ruler.

Jochebed hid Moses for three months until she knew she could no longer conceal him. Then, Exodus 2:3 says, “She got a basket made of papyrus reeds and waterproofed it with tar and pitch. She put the baby in the basket and laid it among the reeds along the bank of the Nile River.”

Can you imagine that with me for just a moment? Jochebed, holding her newborn baby, hushing his cries, knowing day and night they could be discovered. Can you imagine her constantly swaying and rocking and holding and calming and daily trusting God to protect her and her son? Can you picture her as she carefully coated a basket, making sure no water would seep inside, because she was preparing to put her infant into this small boat? Can you see her slipping the baby from her shoulder, down into the ark, securing the ark in the reeds, and walking away? Can you imagine the cries she heard ring out loud and clear for the first time, those sobs that she had muffled for three months?

Moses was rescued from the water by Pharaoh’s daughter and grew to be the man who would lead the Israelites out of Pharaoh’s grip and right into the hand of God’s good and merciful freedom. Moses’s momma didn’t just save her baby; through him, she saved the nation of Israel.

The truth is, you and I are a lot like Jochebed. We obviously face different circumstances, but we also are women willing to do

whatever it takes to love, protect, and provide for our children. We are also women seeking to trust God even when we face impossible circumstances. My friend, I don't know what you're dealing with. I don't know to what extent you're placing your children into the ark of God's presence, asking Him to take care of them, but I believe that His arms will keep them afloat. His arms will strengthen yours. You might not have known you could be this strong, but God sees and knows every outcome, and you can trust Him.

Tonight we pray for the momma *who didn't know she could be this strong. Lord, she didn't know she had this in her. She didn't know she could push herself to this point. She might have thought she was strong before, but this strong? Lord, tonight we ask You to help her and remind her that she doesn't have to rely on her own strength. You are there with her. Help her rely on You. Lift off the heaviness. Hold back the fear. Blow away all the anxiety. And pull her near.*

We ask in Jesus's name, amen.

Father, please fill me
with faith and fortitude so I can ...
