

Jayne Foster



Hi Friend,
Here's a short story to help you smile, reflect, and rejoice in the journey you're on. I hope this lightens your load and encourages you to keep your eyes on the One who is always a part of your next steps.
Jayne

Happy New Year, Friends!

What new challenges are ahead for you this year? For our family the “new” is best summed up in one word...teenagers. Our trio arrived a few days after the new year began 13 years ago. These wombmates were born just seconds apart and couldn't be more different from each other. For Moms ahead of me on this journey, you already know that every day is a new day with teenagers.

I have a dear mentor who says maintaining relevance is the key to relating to teens. They are changing and adapting quickly, and so must we. What worked when they were 8 is now obsolete. We can resist the motion and dig in our heels, longing for what used to be- or we can be here now. We can accept what we have today choosing to embrace its gifts and challenges. A growth mindset sows seeds for the future. I know this cognitively, and yet I still find myself at times resisting growth. This was never more apparent than at our family ski trip this new year.

We arrived in Colorado on New Year's Day, excited to see snow and feel the crisp air of winter. December in Texas was unseasonably warm this holiday season. It was nearly 80 degrees on Christmas Day. Absolutely no fire in the fireplace. In fact, my kids were running around in shorts! As we bought our lift tickets and rented our skis in preparation for 3 days of fun slopeside, the kids began to discuss their favorite runs and new things they wanted to try this trip.

I, however, instead of getting hyped up about blazing new trails through the snow began giving myself a pep talk about keeping up with my pack.

“You can do this. You can ski the black runs. You can ski the powder. You must ski at own your pace. Do not become a ski patrol statistic on a sled.”



My ski partner for life!

Two years ago, the kids passed me in ski ability. We started our journey as a ski family when they were 5 years old. I'll never forget dropping them off at ski school for the first time. After an hour of, “where’s my mittens?” and “I don’t want to wear those socks!” and “why do I have to wear sunscreen in the snow?” and “I have to go to the bathroom,” (of course after being FULLY dressed in all the layers!) and “what’s for lunch?” my husband Troy and I carried 3 pairs of skis uphill and deposited our crew with a group of saintly ski instructors. By the time we navigated getting them to the lesson on time, Troy and I were exhausted and beginning to question our own sanity. We spent at blissful morning skiing together, but chattered the whole time on the ski lift wondering how our crew was taking to their first day of ski boots.

Fast forward 8 years and the kids are dressed, ready, and waiting for us at the lifts before they open. They openly question why their parents take so long to put their ski boots on. Cell service is unreliable on the mountain, so each child has a walkie talkie for communication. They ride the lifts up together and decide which runs to tackle. The kid who draws the short straw gets to look out for Mom. I went from

having a trio of little ducks following me down the mountain as I would shout, “Ski right, lift right” then, “Ski left, lift left,” as I attempted to teach them how to turn with some measure of control, to being the weakest link.

I rode the lift up with a member of ski patrol. These are the folks who are both expert skiers and medics. They respond to all manner of unfortunate mishaps and injuries on the mountain.

“I’ve got a woman in her late forties with a knee injury. We’ll need to carry her by sled to the base camp.” I heard a fellow ski patrol mate speak to his partner who was riding the lift up with me.

“I’m on my way,” said my lift mate into his walkie with a deep sigh.

“Lord, let that not describe me today,” I silently prayed.

“Am I still relevant to a speedy pack of newly crowned teenagers as the slowest skier in the pack?” I pondered.

An hour later I rode the lift up with my son, Brodie. We both needed a quick pit stop at the bathroom and were separated from the rest of our crew. It was snowing hard off and on that morning. Visibility was fair to poor at best. I was self-conscious that I was extra slow in these conditions and extra annoying to my family.

“Mom, I’d like to ski a run with you. Where do you want to go?” said Brodie.

“Let’s ski the trees,” I said.

My kids are constantly competing with each other for the most daring skiing award. They strive to be the fastest or to land the coolest jump. I don’t qualify for these competitions. I’m trying to get a participation ribbon for keeping my knee ligaments intact. But, there was no competition between Brodie and me. Brodie was the obvious winner. We both knew this; it was unspoken. Skiing with me was only about togetherness and nothing about conquest.

I chose a run I was reasonably familiar with. The trees actually provided some cover from the blinding snow, even though they presented the additional challenge of obstacles to dodge. The powder was deep. It was pristine, flawless, and untouched. Most of the time when I ski trees I try and follow the tracks of the person in front of me. If someone else in my family made it, hopefully, so will I. This time Brodie asked me to lead. I veered off to the left and made my own path. I was the first through the falling snow that morning. This time, it was my son who chose to follow me.

What’s your new path this year? What will your new adventure be? Where is God leading you? Will it be a new direction in the virgin snow or a well-worn path you’ve

been down before? Blessings to you in all your endeavors. May you experience more of His presence around every bend of the road, and may God give you peace and courage wherever you may go.

With love,
Jayne



My favorite ski bums!



The Chasing Dragonflies podcast will begin airing biweekly beginning on Tuesday, January 27th! You can find it on every major podcast platform or watch on my YouTube channel https://www.youtube.com/@Jayne_Foster. Podcast links will be updated soon after it goes online at my website. <https://jaynefoster.com/>



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