

Suggested Secular Readings for the Baptism of Children

Please note, these readings are only suggestions so please don't think you have to restrict your choice to them – there is plenty more out there – have fun looking!

Children learn what they live.

If a child lives with criticism, she learns to condemn.
If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.
If a child lives with ridicule, she learns to be shy.
If a child lives with shame, he learns to feel guilt.
If a child lives with tolerance, she learns to be patient.
If a child lives with encouragement, he learns confidence.
If a child lives with praise, she learns to appreciate.
If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice.
If a child lives with security, she learns to have faith.
If a child lives with approval he learns to like himself.
If a child lives with acceptance, he or she learns to find love in the world.

The Prophet: On Children - Gibran Khalil Gibran

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said, "Speak to us of Children."
And he said: Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you,
And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts.
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as he loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the bow that is stable.

Poem – Ode to Motherhood

they say the child chooses
the parent before
they are conceived

God gave me lists
of mother's names
and pictures of them too.

I looked and looked
they all looked the same
and then I saw you.

Who is this woman?

I asked the Lord
She looks quite nice to me.
You have chosen well my child.
And he spoke these words to me.

She is kind and gentle
and very wise
and she will hold you
close to her
when you cry.

Her eyes will shine
when you take your first step
and smile at your delight.

She will show her pride
when you succeed
and pick you up
when you fail.

She will work hard
to give you the best she can
and rock you to sleep with weary time worn hands.

She will shelter you
on stormy days
and dry your fears away.
She will bask with you
in sunshine on
sunny summer days.

And when you are grown
like you soon will be
She will still be there
To comfort thee.

I choose her.
I told the Lord
For none like her
I've seen before.

And the day came
when I was born.
I had chosen well
of this I'm sure.

I picked you
above the rest
and because I did
My life is blessed

Traditional Irish Blessing

May you always have walls for the winds,
A roof for the rain, tea beside the fire,
Laughter to cheer you, those you love near you,
and all your heart might desire.

May the sun shine all day long,
Everything go right, and nothing wrong.
May those you love bring love back to you,
And may all the wishes you wish come true.

May luck be your friend
In whatever you do
And may trouble be always
A stranger to you.

A Mother's Wish

I hope my child looks back on today
And sees a mother who had time to play.
There will be years for cleaning and cooking,
But children grow up when you're not looking.
Tomorrow I'll do all the chores you can mention
But today, my baby needs time and attention.
So settle down cobwebs; dust go to sleep,
I'm cuddling my baby, and babies don't keep.

Anon

A Poem For Parents

There are little eyes upon you,
And they are watching night and day;
There are little ears that quickly
Take in every word you say.

There are little hands all eager
To do everything you do;
and a little boy who's dreaming
Of the day he'll be like you.

You're the little fellow's idol;
You're the wisest of the wise;
In his little mind, about you
No suspicions ever rise.

He believes in you devotedly,
Holds that all you say and do,
He will say and do in your way
When he's grown up like you.

There's a wide-eyed little fellow
Who believes you're always right;
And his ears are always open,
And he watches day and night.

You are setting an example
Every day in all you do;
For the little boy who's waiting
To grow up to be just like you.

Why God Made Little Boys

God made the world out of His dreams
Of magic mountains, oceans and streams,
Prairies and plans and wooded land,
Then paused and thought "I need someone to stand
On top of mountains, to conquer the seas,
Explore the plains and climb the trees.
Someone to start out small and to grow,
Sturdy, strong as a tree..." And so,
He created boys, full of spirit and fun,
To explore and conquer, to romp and run.
With dirty faces and banged up chins,
With courageous hearts and boyish grins.
When He had completed the task He'd begun
He surely said "A job well done".

Author Unknown

God bless this child with all the gifts
That Heaven can bestow,
With kind and gentle nurturing
And strength to thrive and grow.
God bless this child with sunlit days
And night's of peaceful dreams,
With robin songs and clear blue skies
And sparkling crystal streams.
God bless this child with health and hope
And courage come what may,
With common sense and confidence
And faith to light the way.
God bless this child with books to read
And new paths to explore,
With smiles to share and friends who care
And love forever more.