

# Raising Great *Girls*

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# Raising Great *Girls*

**HELP FOR MOMS**

To Raise **CONFIDENT,**

**CAPABLE**

**Daughters**

(perfection not required)

**DARLENE BROCK**



*The Grit and Grace Project*

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## Introduction

# NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

### | JOB DESCRIPTION |

*One of the most rewarding and challenging jobs in the world, raising great girls. No experience necessary...?*

**H**INDSIGHT: THE ABILITY to understand a situation or event only after it has happened. A word that becomes abundantly apparent in every area of life as you ponder the past. It is also something I possess a lot of today, especially when it comes to the subject of raising great girls. You see, I have two.

When my hindsight takes a moment to list the riches of my life, my daughters take the lion's share. Perfect and exempt from life's pitfalls, they are not, very much like their mother. But they are amazing, talented, funny, passionate, and kind. They are indeed great girls, or now I should say, young women.

Whether the girls who are in your life came through marriage, foster care, adoption, or by birth, a mother's hope and desire is to raise them to be great ones—girls who have the grit to get through life with perseverance,

standing up for themselves, as well as others. Also possessing the grace, they need to live each day with kindness, compassion, and understanding. They will not be perfect, nor will they be problem free. They will be challenging, illogical, willful, and some days simply confusing. They will also be wonderful, delightful, a treasure, offering a relationship that will surpass most others in your life.

In the years I raised my two girls, I was working in the music industry full-time, often traveling, logging long days and late nights. My husband and I were building our businesses, so it never stopped. But I loved the career I chose. I had always been passionate about my job, accomplishing it to the best of my ability. If I made a mistake in the task at hand, it was usually fixable and didn't throw me. I just tackled what I needed to do to make it right.

But the moment I found myself unexpectedly pregnant with our first daughter, I panicked. The job of "mom" was one for which I felt utterly unprepared and convinced that any mistake I made would not only be unfixable but would be the ruination of this child entrusted to my care. This was not a job I felt qualified to undertake.

I can tell you these things in hindsight—I was not prepared, at least not in the way I thought I should be. What I did discover was already within me existed the strength and tenacity I needed to tackle this new job. The life I had lived and the challenges I had faced had prepared me. I just didn't know it yet.

Indeed, I would make mistakes. Sometimes they were quickly fixable; sometimes they initiated a season of education. But more often than not, they were an opportunity for me to ask for and receive grace. These would become great teaching moments, as we moms like to say, for both me and my girls.

As the panic subsided, taking a deep breath, I gave myself a lecture—if I could pull off every other new endeavor of my occupation, there had to be a way to do this one as well. I had seen other mothers do it.

I believed that to have the best chance of accomplishing any new vocation; you need to find ones who had already apparently succeeded at the task at hand. I quickly sought good mothers to learn from what they had done.

## **The Super Bowl of Mothering**

What better place to look for the “best-of-all moms” than the mothers of United States Presidents? I figured these women had to be the “Super Bowl” of mothering. It was in their stories that I discovered surprising facts about these women and stumbled across some great role models who gave this new mom hope.

### ***Sara Delano Roosevelt***

You may not know that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was reared by Sara Delano Roosevelt in a New England family of wealth and aristocracy. Franklin was well traveled and educated in the best private schools, even receiving a law degree from Harvard. This family lived with virtually no financial want.

When young Franklin was ill in the Groton School Infirmary with scarlet fever, his mother returned from Europe to care for him. In those days, scarlet fever was highly contagious. All patients were in quarantine, and only healthcare workers were allowed in the room. Undaunted, this resourceful mother dragged a workman’s ladder to the second-story window of her son’s room. Each day Sara climbed that ladder and tapped on the window. When opened, she talked to and read to her son, caring for him in the only way she could.

The refinement, dignity, and wealth of this world-traveled woman couldn’t compete with the nature of motherhood. She would not be kept off that ladder. She was there performing her job when her son needed her most.

### *Dorothy Gardner King*

It was in the year 1913, under the cover of darkness, that Dorothy Gardner King boarded a taxi with her sixteen-day-old son in her arms. They were fleeing from an abusive husband and father. Dorothy had grown up in a prominent family and married into affluence. In those days, a woman simply didn't leave a husband of position, especially with a child in hand. A divorce required that each act of violence be publicly detailed and witnessed, bringing unwanted scrutiny upon prominent families. Dorothy courageously did just that. She rescued her child from a life of violence, filed for divorce, and left an abusive household behind.

Nearly three years later, Dorothy Gardner King married a common paint salesman who had only an eighth-grade education. A delightful, loving man, Jerry Ford became the instant father of a three-year-old son. He promptly gave his full name to this child, Gerald Rudolph Ford, raising the boy as his own. The reward of Dorothy's unselfish act of protection was seen in the life of the 38th President of the United States.

### *Martha Young Truman*

America's 33<sup>rd</sup> President, Harry Truman was the child of a family of farmer reared on the rich soil of Kansas. It was important to Harry's mother, Martha Young Truman that she taught her children hard work as well as personal innovation and culture. This middle-class family worked the land together, awakening at 4:00 a.m. to complete the farm chores.

But Martha Truman made sure her son was not limited but armed with the tools and dreams to achieve his destiny. Living within the budget of a family farm, Martha scraped together the needed funds to purchase an expensive set of books entitled *Great Men and Famous Women* by Charles F. Horne. Harry's education consisted of twelve years at public school, graduating with a high school diploma; he never attended one day of college. These works, given to him by his mother, fueled the inspiration of this young farmer's son. Because Martha recognized Truman's voracious appetite for knowledge through the written word, this mother sacrificed to provide the education and inspiration he needed.

## A Doable Job?

The more I read about these women, the more I liked them. They had figured out their mothering style and found their mothering prowess along the way, and that gave me hope. If these women in their varied roles, financial statuses, and unique personalities could raise a President, my job as mother appeared doable. These were truly “ordinary” women who performed mothering tasks extraordinarily well. Other than the times in which they lived, they weren’t different than we mothers today. They didn’t know what their sons would become; they merely set out to face the challenges before them and accomplish their motherhood profession well.

I, like you are today, was destined to rear two females in the fast-paced, challenging information age in which we live. They would be growing up with multiple conflicting definitions of who they should be as girls and then as women. These ideas would not only come from watching my actions and hearing my words, but they would also from television, social media, film, education, music, and even Barbie dolls.

Other women in our culture, from their platforms as entertainers, businesswomen, politicians, teachers, etc., would be determined to help me train my girls (whether I wanted them to or not). Fear struck one more time as I realized there were many things I didn’t want my girls to be taught.

I discovered then, and I can confirm with great assurance now, that this motherhood thing is not merely one job. Mothers are not just “Mom.” They fulfill a variety of positions and responsibilities. We are required to be Professor, Counselor, Financial Advisor, and Coach; we must brainstorm, create, figure out, simplify, organize, protect, and encourage. And like many of you, I had to do all of this while fulfilling another job outside the home.

This book contains what I learned about the jobs moms need to master, insights I gained, the advice from other women that helped me, as well as some realities about the life and culture we live in that will inform your perspective. It also includes a section for dads. After being asked by dads if I had advice for them, I just had to add what I consider the three most important jobs done best by the man in our daughter’s life. And to accommodate most men’s reading style, I made it short and to the point!



As hindsight has shown me, I can assure you that there will be both success and failure. But I'm living proof to tell you this—Mom, your goal can be accomplished, and your hope can be realized! You won't raise perfect daughters, but you will raise great girls who will make a difference in the world in which they live. You will be proud of them, admiring many of their traits, in awe of their abilities, and encouraged by their passions and compassion.

So even if you feel unprepared, you can take this on, and Mom, you will do it well—the job of raising great girls.

## TIME MANAGER

### | JOB DESCRIPTION |

*Create the principles and systems individuals use to make conscious decisions about the activities that occupy their time. Responsible for developing strategies directing time and motion studies to promote efficient and appropriate utilization of personnel and facilities.*

**I**T WAS TUESDAY. My elder daughter sat in the front passenger seat of the car, changing the station on the radio at least once every minute and thirty-three seconds. You see, she was incapable of listening to any song in its entirety. First verse, chorus, second verse, and she moved on. My younger and her friend were in the back seat talking continuously—about what, I had no idea. I was driving, late to their gymnastics class and on my cell phone with a calendar in my lap, changing a business meeting I would not make.

I had picked up one child from middle school and the other two from elementary. I was driving back by the middle school because it was the route

to the gymnastics class. Logic would have it that I should have gone to the elementary school first, then middle, but of course the school dismissal times would not cooperate with this line of reasoning.

Knowing I was late, yet not paying an enormous amount of attention because I was placing a call, I failed to realize I was back in the school zone. You know—the one where the speed limit drops from 40 mph to 15 mph when suddenly I heard the abrupt siren. Looking in my rearview mirror, I saw the flashing lights of a police car directly behind me. My heart sunk to the bottom of my stomach, I pulled over and stopped. The officer walked toward my driver's door, peered in the car, and asked me if I was aware I was driving 40 in a 15. What could I say? I had three children with me and was speeding in a school zone. This zone was designed solely for the protection of children, including those in my car.

Sheepishly I said, “Sorry, I should have known better. I was late for an appointment, and I wasn't paying attention,” etc., etc. I had that sick feeling you get when you know you are in the wrong, and you desperately wish for a do-over. My husband would be so frustrated because this is the second ticket I had gotten for speeding in less than one year (and admittedly those were the times I got caught).

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*I had that sick feeling you get when you know, you are in the wrong, and you desperately wish for a do-over.*

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*There go the insurance rates,* I thought. I begged, pleaded, and told the officer my entire story, yet I still got the ticket. He felt sorry for me but said there were a lot of speeders in the school zone and the police were on a weeklong crackdown, ticketing everyone they pulled over. He was nice, doing his job, and unquestionably in the right. What else could I have done but meekly take my ticket and say okay?

The police officer did compliment us on all having our seatbelts on. But when I told my husband that to try to soften the blow, it didn't work.

He was not convinced the seatbelt issue was enough. Perhaps not speeding directly in front of the school would have been a better option. Yet, I was always late.

I was late to pick up my girls, late to dance class, late to business meetings, late to gymnastics, late to dinner. You name it; we were late. We had so much to do. My husband and I were building our businesses, my girls were growing up, and I wanted to be in their lives. I wanted them to have every opportunity, learn all of life's valuable lessons, be brilliant in all endeavors, be involved in everything available to them—and all before they were finished with the lemonade stand on the street.

We mothers enroll our daughters in soccer, ballet, modern dance, T-ball, basketball, art, music, and gymnastics. I have always envisioned a cartoon of a child wearing a tutu, with a helmet on their head, a number on their shirt, basketball, bat, paint supplies, and musical instrument cradled in their hands while dancing on tiptoe. Who is this child anyway? Are we expecting any girl to possess all of those gifts and excel in them by age eight? At the same time, they have to attend school...and get straight A's, of course.

In hindsight, I can emphatically say that we mothers are officially nuts. The idea that our children should be involved in every activity available is unequivocally wrong. We have created a family circus that exhausts our daughters emotionally, physically, and mentally. And that's not even taking into account *our* state of mind.

The busier we are achieving all of the "programs," the more we miss out on precious time where we could be experiencing life together with our families. Achievement by volume is not achievement—it is distraction.

When you involve yourself in every activity, you miss the important ones. Instead of my daughters observing me breaking the law in a constant state of overdoing, I wonder how much better they would have fared if I had taken the time to sit with them and look at the stars? But we were all too weary from our run-around days.

So, what's the solution?

## Stepping out of the Family Circus Ring

No one wants to be involved in the family circus of exhaustion. But to get out, we have to choose to step out. We must become effective Time Managers. We must slow down, evaluate the schedule objectively, then decide when we want to get into that car and drive. Allow yourself to ponder—does that extra trip you're making this afternoon matter to your daughter's life, success, and well-being in the long run—not to mention your own?

### *Identify natural talents*

The way to manage time well is to understand your daughter first. Every child is talented, but every child does not possess every talent. It's seldom in life that we find the athlete who is also a musician, or the mathematician who is also a painter. It would be unlikely for an engineer to be a politician or a dancer to be happy sitting in an office. Happiness and fulfillment will be found in what we are good at and have a natural inclination toward. Instead of enrolling our children in everything available we serve them better by finding out what their natural talents are before we begin.

To understand the appropriate commitments for your daughter, begin your research by exposing her to as many options as you can. Note that I didn't say *sign her up* for the classes or events. Instead, take her to the soccer games to watch, the concerts and plays to observe, the art museum to look at the paintings. Watch to see when your daughter's eyes light up, listen to her evaluations of the event, and ask if she wants to return to that place. Whether she's excited or not will be telling. Is she watching raptly, anxious to experience more? Or has she wandered off to find something else to do, wiggled nonstop until intermissions, or drawn on whatever scraps of paper you have in your purse until it's time to go home?

Observation is a key to choosing activities to fill your family time. Does she enjoy tackling her brothers or cousins? When she goes outside to play, is she headed for the basketball goal or the sidewalk with the sidewalk chalk? Maybe she creates art projects out of her food, sees colors at a young age as not merely blue and red but as navy, teal, burgundy, or red-orange. Perhaps she tells delightful, imaginative stories.

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*Every child is talented, but every child  
does not possess every talent*

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Don't limit your daughter to activities you consider "for her gender." This is not about gender confusion. Instead, it recognizes that the breadth of talents and abilities exist in both boys and girls. There are the girls who want a train set or building blocks; if so, perhaps you have a future architect. Some daughters collect bugs, frogs, and pull worms into two halves to see which direction each part slithers. When music plays, does she sing into her hairbrush, hit the pans in the kitchen rhythmically, or dance through the living room? Maybe she acts out scenes from her life—a dramatic actress before the age of five.

These may not be scientific assessments, but they are Time Manager indicators. A part of your job is to look carefully *before* you sign up. To check out the signs before you cross the metaphorical commitment street—the signs that read Warning: Exhaustion Ahead, Undue Pressure for All, or Leap Only When Massively Prepared. If you perform the job of gathering the data on each child, you'll choose to sign your daughter up for one class, two classes, or no classes at all.

### ***When mother guilt strikes***

I have to warn you, though. There's something unique to *mothers* who are Time Managers. Most people who fulfill these duties of responsible decisions for efficient time management sleep well at night. They don't think about what they *didn't* do. We moms, on the other hand, have boatloads of "mother guilt." You know exactly what this is because there's not a mother on the planet who has not experienced it. It's the emotion that hits when your daughter wants to invite a friend over to play on Saturday, and her friend's mother informs you there's no opening in her daughter's calendar.

The conversation between mothers goes something like this after school, when you're both in the pickup line at the curb:

**You:** “Olivia would love for Charlotte to play with her Saturday. They’ve become such good friends at school.”

**Other mother:** “Oh, sorry she can’t play on Saturday. Charlotte has soccer games. They start so early that Friday night is out as well. What team does Olivia play on?”

**You (limply):** “She doesn’t.”

**Other mother (raising an eyebrow as if reconsidering your motherhood status):** “Well, we’ve been involved with soccer teams since Charlotte was five. We think she could play pro one day. But she loves basketball as well. Last year her team won state finals, you know. Oh dear, I must get back in my car because I need to be the first in line. Charlotte has to be at dance in twenty minutes, as well as working on her art project tonight. I can’t forget to pack her violin for tomorrow’s lesson, either. Is Olivia going to take swimming classes, go to the Y camp, or enroll in the community art center this summer? Perhaps the girls could see each other then.”

**You stutter a reply:** “No.” Then creatively you add, “Our family will be busy spending our summer helping to design the new space shuttle that will launch from the Kennedy Space Center in the fall. You may know they retired the old one.”

As you crawl back to your car, you know you must be a failure as a mom, for running beneath the conversation you hear, “If you were a good mom, Olivia would not be available Saturday, either.”

Fear hits the middle of your stomach. What if you failed at your motherhood profession because you chose to keep Olivia home instead of joining the T-ball team? What if your daughter is a complete failure in life because you have denied her an abundance of activities?

Mother guilt weighs like a brick wall as you sink further into your car seat. You want to be a good mother; you don’t want to miss any opportunity for your daughter. What if you alter her success by choosing not to sign up?

## Putting Busyness in Perspective

It may come as a surprise to most mothers, but historically women achieved all kinds of success before we ever invented events for our youth. They became doctors, lawyers, business owners, artists, musicians, and scientists, leading successful, fulfilling lives. Again, one of the most valuable reinforcements of this philosophy is the women of history themselves.

### *Molly Pitcher*

You may have heard of this incredible woman before. She gave water to soldiers on the battlefield during the Revolutionary War for America's independence. She was a tobacco-chewing, hard-talking, tough mama. When the soldiers were losing the battle because of thirst, not only did she bring them pitchers of water, but at one point she took over the loading of the cannon for her husband and shot it herself. He had collapsed from exhaustion; she hadn't.

I doubt that Molly Pitcher had to play T-ball to learn to be a team player.

### *Betsy Ross*

This "flag lady" didn't just sit in her living room, sewing the first United States flag on her lap. She ran her own business, which was hired to make this symbol of newfound freedom. General Washington met with her, holding a rough, hand-drawn rendition of his concept. Knowing her business as she did, she changed the proportion of the stars, rearranging General Washington's drawing. Then, together, she and the General made a new sketch that was used to tailor the first American flag.

Do you think Betsy Ross's mother signed her up for a year of art lessons to accomplish this success? No, the only thing Betsy was probably taught as a little girl was how to sew. The rest came from her creativity, originality, and her business skills.



### *The price of overachievement*

This phenomenon of unrealistic overachievement has been perpetuated in the last fifty years. Sadly, during this same time, the rate of suicide, depression, anorexia, bulimia, and clinical exhaustion have climbed astronomically. The win-at-all-costs attitude we've adopted has placed our children on the altar of self-destruction. If the philosophy holds true that busy is better, then our busy children should feel better about themselves...they don't. They believe they aren't smart enough, talented enough, pretty enough, or anything enough to feel confident in their self-worth.

What's the answer? We need to return to what's simple. To a philosophy that self-esteem is gained by who you are, not what you accomplish. Time management is not merely a time or energy issue; it's an issue of self-esteem and character.

Something so often missed when keeping our daughters so busy is that they don't have time to appreciate the world around them. Lost is the beauty when you don't spend the time observing it. The simplicity of a flower's structure and purity of its design is only seen when you examine its clarity. If your daughter has never studied the night sky and marveled in awe at its wonder, how can she understand the majesty of God and his care for her?

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*Psalm 8:3-4 says:*

*When I consider your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon, and the stars, which you have set in place, what is man that you are mindful of him, the son of man that you care for him?*

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In the midst of our constant state of busyness, do we take time to see the stars? Or do we miss out on the beauty and the wonder? The magnificence of creation is far grander than any activity or event.

Time Manager mothers of today are faced with one challenge in our technology entrenched society that mothers in times past were not: It's

Saturday morning, and you have left your daughter at home sitting on the sofa in the family room checking her social media accounts and texting her friends as you run errands. Grocery store shopping, car's oil change, and dropped the dog at the vet, all tasks complete, you arrive back at the house... only to realize that your daughter has not moved. She is in the same clothes, in front of the same screen, repeating the movements you observed before you left. Sure, you gave her the list of chores that needed to be accomplished before you returned. But while you were gone, she has been lost in the abyss of her current social realm for hours, not realizing her morning is gone.

That daughter of yours is texting her fingers to stubs posting every moment of her existence. Not a good idea on any level. But it is a mainstay in her life nonetheless.

Then, walking toward her room early evening, carrying on a conversation (one-sided), you approach her doorway to find this precious girl staring blindly at her computer or her tablet, grunting responses with no realization that you are in her universe desirous to communicate. It is these moments you realize between all the devices she has at her disposal your daughter has succumbed to a newfound malady: the "I am an electronic zombie losing all track of time or purposeful existence" disease.

In the age of brilliant new inventions—and they truly are—the discoveries that inform, entertain, communicate, and enlighten, we have to guard against them taking over. Your girl's cell phone, video game, computer, and any innovation that enters your home can transform from being a part of your daughter's life to consuming your daughter's life. When technology leaves the realm of a useful tool with a noble purpose and becomes the center of her universe, then it's time to set the timer. You may have to limit the smart-phone usage, turn off the tablet, or take away the computer for a period. Just don't be afraid to take whatever steps needed to keep technology in its rightful place.

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*When technology leaves the realm of a useful tool  
with a noble purpose and becomes the center of  
her universe, then it's time to set the timer.*

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So, Time Manager Mom, manage this time consumption as you do with every other item your daughter is involved. You will instruct, monitor, and control. Set the standard, set the limits, and be in charge of the time lost in the world of technology. Do not be afraid to allow her to experience the benefits of these useful innovations, just limit their influence. If you succeed at this one, they can glean the meaningful, fun, and educational elements of this great technological age without falling into its consuming and controlling snare.

In our distractions, wherever they come from, we may also miss the people in our lives. There was a time in history when children were taught relationships and cooperation by being part of a family or community unit, not as part of some other kind of team that changes every few months or every year. And absolutely not through social media groups.

I know many of us don't live in the same town as the rest of our family. But Manager Mom, make time for your children to create relationships in the community you live in with people of other generations. The role once played by grandparents is lost in our mobile, fragmented society. The wisdom of ages is not shared with our girls because they are not in our daughter's lives. But learning from this generation, as well as learning to care for them, yields profound personal results in every next-generation daughter.

My father-in-law stayed with us for five months while recovering from difficult hip surgery. He couldn't walk without a walker for quite some time, and when he did, it was not very far. As a result, he was confined mainly to his room and was very dependent on us while his body healed. Caring for anyone 24/7 is exhausting, no matter how much he or she means to you. There were times my husband and I needed to take a short break.

During one of those instances, we left our daughter Chelsea, seventeen years old at the time, in charge of her grandfather for the evening. When we arrived back home, he was fed (grilled cheese), his medication had been given, his personal needs had been attended to, and even his room was straightened. Chelsea did it all on her own, missing nothing and spending time just talking with him as well!

I couldn't have been more proud. It was one of those "I must be doing okay as a mom" moments, because my daughter had grasped what was important, and she had been responsible and reliable when left in charge. When I told her that I was proud of her, she simply shrugged, said, "No big deal," and headed back to her room. A minute later she was on the phone talking with a friend—with music blaring.

Somehow in the midst of those teenage, self-absorbed years, my daughter had gained the understanding that time spent caring for someone you love is indeed well spent. My mother side could only sigh and say of my daughter "all is well."

So, mom, become that effective Time Manager. Learn that you manage time; it doesn't manage you. Control the time-consuming distractions in our technological world. Discover who your daughter is, what talents she possesses, and enroll her in *only* the things appropriate to her natural gifts and interests. Ignore that mom in the carpool line. She'll soon be hospitalized from exhaustion, and the girls can play together then. Make time with your daughter to experience the beauty of the world around you. Finally, help your daughter know and love the people in her life, those of all generations. This, above all, will show your success as a great Time Manager.

## About The Author



Darlene Brock. Co-Founder and President of The Grit and Grace Project, Author, and Co-Host of This Grit and Grace Life Podcast left home at 18. Her first pay your rent job was a receptionist at a prestigious law firm, which she left to live in a Christian commune. As her life pendulum swung again, she took the job of running a summer camp and conference center before spending the next 20 plus years in the music business. One to always enjoy a new adventure, Darlene once para-glided off the Bavarian Alps with her two daughters; you just can't put this lady in a box.

It was not long after leaving home at that young age; she realized embracing grit and grace were the traits that got her through many trials and triumphs. It was this realization that led her to launch her most recent venture, The Grit and Grace Project with co-founder and husband, Dan.

In addition to the podcast, "This Grit and Grace Life," this organization currently produce a women's online lifestyle magazine. Every element of The Grit and Grace Project, including their book publishing affiliate, was created to remind women that true beauty is found in a woman's strength.

As Darlene embraced grit and grace to master the challenges in her life, she became inspired to write about raising confident and capable daughters, understanding that perfection was not required. Holding to the belief that a woman's self-confidence and strength is best gained at a young age it was her goal to arm mothers with the tools they need to complete the job of raising great (but not perfect) girls.

Having two adult daughters, she understands that motherhood is not just one job, but it is many. To set any girl in your charge on a life course for potential success requires mastering a broad range of positions. In different seasons of a girl's life. From Coach to Military Strategist, every mother takes on various responsibilities when embracing the title of mom.

Darlene has been featured on the Fox & Friends morning show, Focus on the Family and Family Life Today radio programs, and multiple ABC, CBS, NBC and FOX affiliates. She has been a featured columnist for CNN and written for numerous Family oriented magazines and websites.

It was in the busyness of producing award-winning music videos, managing music groups, promoting concerts and serving as COO of ForeFront Records that Darlene raised her two daughters. This unique blend of author, mother, businesswoman, wife, and creative producer has shown her that it is indeed true, "life challenges should neither defeat nor define you." And just so you know, she wears the tool belt in her family.



## *The Grit and Grace Project*

The Grit and Grace Project was co-founded in 2011 by Darlene Brock with business partner and husband, Dan R. Brock. The company, established to publish books, e-books, and other materials, was created to inspire women to discover their inherent strength.

In 2015 a separate company, under the same name, was launched as a 501c3 non-profit corporation. With this debut as a women's online lifestyle magazine, [thegritandgraceproject.org](http://thegritandgraceproject.org) provides insights, how-to's and tips on real beauty, relationships, work, finances, motherhood, purpose, and faith. The articles are written by real women who have discovered within themselves the grit and grace needed to conquer the challenges of a woman's life. Every insight delivered in such a way that women feel encouraged and inspired, often laughing along the way.

The next unveiling of The Grit and Grace Project was in Fall of 2017, producing This Grit and Grace Life Podcast, co-hosted by Darlene and Julie Graham. This cross-generational weekly podcast is like having a cup of coffee with your best friends, being part of the conversation as these ladies tackle hot-topics and issues facing all women, with occasional visits from great guests who will join to talk about some of the more difficult subjects. From the boardroom to the bedroom, car-lines to college, single married or single again you'll leave each episode with women's tips and advice on all things life.

No matter what the undertaking The Grit and Grace Project entities have done or will do, all driven by the belief that true beauty is found in a woman's strength.

*For more information go to [thegritandgraceproject.org](http://thegritandgraceproject.org).*

# Raising Great Girls

Did you enjoy reading this chapter of *Raising Great Girls*? “Time Manager” is only one of the 13 jobs for moms that Darlene Brock discusses in *Raising Great Girls*.

To read about the other 12 jobs, including Creative Counselor, Media Director, and Communications Specialist (plus three bonus jobs for dad), order your copy of *Raising Great Girls: Help for Moms to Raise Confident, Capable Daughters* (perfection not required) [here](#).

Learn more about Darlene Brock by visiting [www.darlenebrock.com](http://www.darlenebrock.com) and visit *The Grit and Grace Project* online magazine at [www.thegritandgraceproject.org](http://www.thegritandgraceproject.org).

