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Homemaker

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Homemaker

Last night I asked Father how He felt about Mother
And my mind went back to a similar night.

I was crying, and heaving,
Because it worries me—what my life will look like in eternity
(So forgive me if I don't want to be a glorified housewife—
It wouldn't be heaven to me)

So I asked, "But *how*,
How does *She* feel about this?
Is She happy?"

No answer.

Well, part answer:

I felt that He was there, but that He couldn't say.
And last night I found out why.

"I respect Her."

First and foremost
That was His answer.

"It is not good for me to speak for Her
For She has Her own voice, mind, glory.

But as for me," He said,
"I love Her."

And out on the creek, and the mountain, and the tree, I am called to join
Him:

"I love Her too."

Could it be that She designed this place?

With Father, of course,

But She:

A Homemaker of the earth,
Clothing the lilies with splendor
Watching each sparrow and mourning its fall
Laying the scaffolding of mountains and cliffs and

Rejoicing in their beauty.
And Father, knowing we may miss Her,
Filled the whole earth with lilies and sparrows and mountains,
Her handiwork,
To remind us of Her.
Our Mother.

Maybe it's not so bad to be a Homemaker
If this is the Home you make.
"Homemaker"—"Creator"
One in the same.