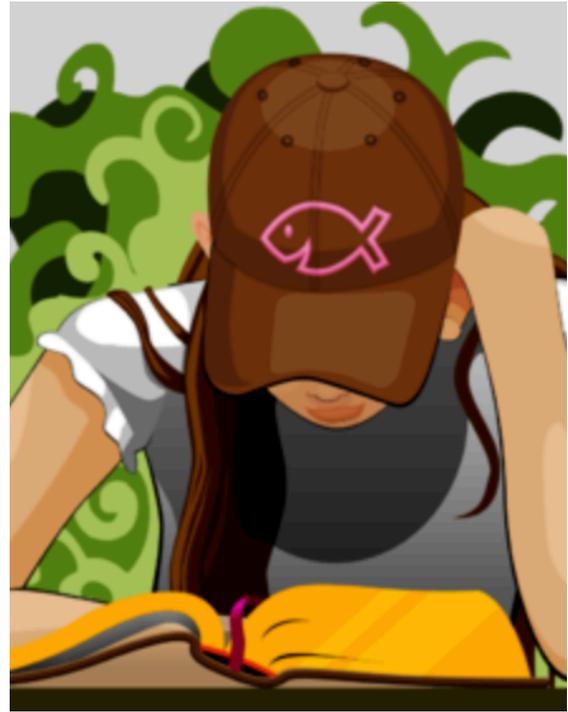


## Two Friends

Her home, so lovely, gently lit  
With natural light and softest hues.  
A farmhouse couch of natural white  
A tidy stack of books and news.  
Simply decorated halls,  
Tastefully and sparkly clean.  
Peaceful nooks and pristine walls,  
Aroma: flowers and coffee beans.  
Children quoting poetry as  
Pleasant as the bread she kneads,  
Politeness in their nature, do  
Arise to call her “blessed” indeed.

And then there’s me, first class hot mess.  
My couches, dark, to hide the stains  
Of spills and splashes, slips and smears  
With clutter, books, nerf guns and trains.  
My walls, adorned with fingerprints  
And pictures, drawings, dirt and slime.  
The smell of trash that someone hid  
Wafts down the hall dust bunnies line.  
I pick up once again, and then  
Into the chaos, daddy enters,  
To the sound of lively children  
Yelling loudly, “What’s for dinner!?”

Once again I’ve made the choice  
To call “comparison” a friend.  
Permitting her to join my musings  
When I should not let her in.  
She is not real or true or kind.  
She causes me to doubt God’s gifting.  
“Contentment”, she’s the one I need -  
Who does the loving and the lifting.  
Reminding me that all I have,  
My home, my flaws, my family,  
Are constant beauty in the making  
stuff that human eyes can’t see.



With swords and costumes strewn around  
And sticky flour everywhere  
From messy projects gone awry  
And meals that children helped prepare,  
I’ll do my best to keep us running -  
Laundry, dishes, matching socks -  
But in the end what they’ll remember  
are blanket forts and painted rocks.  
So Jesus, help me recognize,  
As window breaks and dust accrues:  
While elegance and charm may thrill me,  
True refinement’s found in YOU!