

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!