



## *To a Homeschool Mom*

*By Amelia Harper*

*He gave this gift with gentle hands,  
A treasure rich and rare;  
But sand and rock and rugged stone  
Obscured the gem so fair.*

*"I give this gift to you," He said,  
"To polish and to prime;  
The future lies within your hands,  
So make use of the time."*

*Some others placed their precious gifts  
Within another's care,  
Because they knew the craft took time—  
And time they could not spare.*

*But you were not content to trust  
This task to other hands.  
You sought to teach yourself the craft  
That such a task demands.*

*For, you said, "No other hand  
Can craft this gem so fair;  
My loving eyes can better see  
The treasure hidden there."*

*So carefully you chipped away  
Till brilliance sprang from stone.  
You shaped each facet, smoothed each face,  
Until the task was done.*

*Some days you feared that you would fail;  
Some days, you saw success.  
But still you labored on with love  
And gentle tenderness.*

*Thus, soon the gem He gave to you  
Reflected Light sublime; And then you knew no other task  
Was better worth your time.*





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