



What does a woman of God look like?

She's a hotel housekeeper, stripping beds.
She's a nurse drawing blood at a medical lab.

She's pumping caramel into a latte at a Starbucks in the mall.
She's sacking groceries at Kroger. She's the surgeon on call.

She's every shade of brown from ebony to light.
She's suntanned, spray tanned. She's bright, she's lily white.

She's under 5 feet, over 6 and in between.
She's a golfer, ballerina, an Olympic athlete.

She plays first chair flute in the high school band.
She's a hunter, a florist, she's a rabid football fan.

She's walking with her daddy to the altar wearing white.
She's up with a baby for the third time tonight.

She's wiping behinds and telling kids to mind.
She's refereeing siblings. She's in a bad financial bind.

She's enduring a divorce, exhausted from the fight.
She works 10-hour days, she studies late at night.

She's in the armed forces. She drives only Porsche's.
She's an active blogger mom. She takes college courses.

She's online dating. She's on call-waiting.
She's out on the ice in her tights, figure skating.

She's an activist, a lobbyist, a pacifist, a botanist.
She's thirty years and counting and never more than kissed.

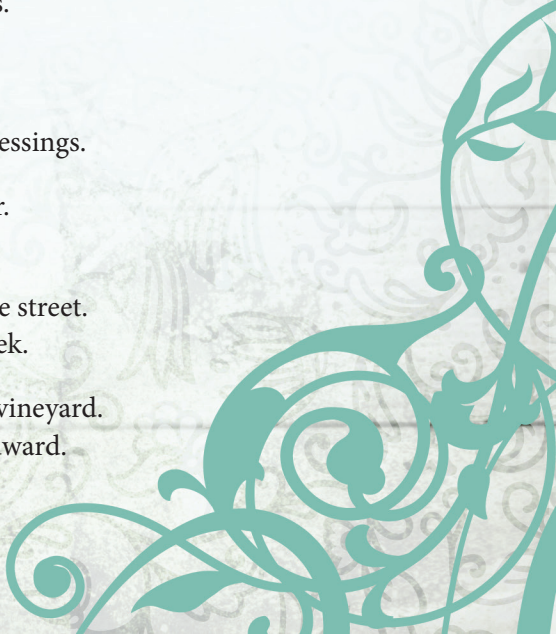
She works for the DA. She serves behind bars.
She builds skyscrapers, she sells used cars.

She's slicing turkey in a grocery delicatessen.
She cooks a thousand meals. She says a thousand blessings.

She tears show tickets at a local movie theater.
She writes speeding tickets as a law enforcer.

She works at the Whitehouse. She protests across the street.
This one earned her GED. This one parses Greek.

She's a self-declared teetotaler. She owns a sprawling vineyard.
She crochets baby blankets. She sails a cutter windward.



She smokes a pack a day. She puts out fires.
She's got her learner's permit. She's a retired truck driver.

She's sitting on a plane in 17b. She's piloting the plane over oceans and seas.
She's handing out samples of a new kind of cracker. She breeds Pomeranians.
She's a financial backer.

She's waiting for her big break. She's totally broke.
She's a Girl Scout, a talent scout. She drinks diet Coke.

She's reformed, she's Pentecostal, a Lutheran, a Quaker.
She's a butcher, she's a baker, she's a candlestick maker.

She's a CEO of a big corporation.
She's holds a homeless sign at a nearby intersection.

She has asthma. She has Asperger's. She struggles with infertility.
She's scared to death she's pregnant. She works with disabilities.

She's a fifteen-year-old stuffing books into her locker.
She's a make-up artist. She stands with a walker.

She hates cosmetics. She likes big hair.
She goes in for treatment. She has no hair.

She's manic. She's quiet. She's too thin. She's on a diet.
She's vegan. She's organic. This one grills it. This one fries it.

She has two breasts, one breast, no breast at all.
She has implants, transplants, and scars from the fall.

She's a sister, stepsister, cousin, mother, friend.
Stepmother, grandmother, and a surrogate blend.

She's an aunt, mentor, teacher, and a deeply cherished niece.
She is somebody's daughter. Someone's missing piece.

In bleakest oppression, she's degraded, she's enslaved.
She's hiding. She's hungry. She's slipping toward the grave.

She's your mother with Alzheimer's.
She's forgotten who she is.

But she's a woman of God
He remembers. She is His.

A glimpse of what a woman of God looks like.