

A Retreat Ahead

Here's to Blaine and Jean Harker, those lovable two,
with joy so contagious and counseling so true.
A mourner in grief is a magnet to Jean,
since few are the pains she's not suffered or seen.

At the parties they give there is greatness of table,
and every last diner eats more than he's able.
Jean's food pantry likewise, for the hungry and poor,
was much like her heart--a wide open door.

Their lives are committed to lifting the fallen,
through talkin' and workin' and sweatin' and bawlin'.
An unspoken concern here is needful of saying--
for Jean's own self-healing we are fervently praying.

While Blaine may have yet to get milk from a cow,
in spite of the Amish folks showing him how,
he's mastered the art of infectious laughter
that shatters the silence from floor-joist to rafter.

They've moved to the country near Old Shipshewana,
but they can't quite move in yet, as much as they wanna--
while waiting for lodgers to kindly dislodge
they have set up their home in a large upper garage.

We honor the Harkers today, Blaine and Jean,
and the Power behind them, so strong yet unseen.
May God bless their home, the retreat of their dreams,
granting laughter which heals, and the grace which redeems.