



QUEEN of the HOME

Essays, Poetry, and Quotes on the Honor, Nobility,
and Power of Biblical Womanhood.

Compiled and Edited by Jennifer M. McBride

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To my daughters:

Catherine Marie, Isabelle Grace, Emma Jane and Priscilla Mercy

May each of you know, love and serve the King of Kings with all your heart, soul and mind. May you grow from beautiful girlhood into godly, noble womanhood and reign someday as happy queens in homes of your own.

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My beloved husband Steve: You are my knight in shining armor and the king of our castle.

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My mom for setting my feet on the old paths even when the way was lonely and people thought you were crazy. May the sacrifices you made then bear much eternal fruit.

Foreword

The volume you hold in your hands is a treasure trove. You are about to dive into centuries of wisdom and encouragement that will challenge you, renew your vision, and refresh your spirit. My friend Jennifer McBride has done a great service in pulling together resources to inspire Christian women in their calling as keepers at home.

Sadly, you will find little of this encouragement in the broader culture, particularly in the West. Having rejected our Lawgiver, it seems we are now determined to blot out even the faintest memory of the good, noble, and true path He graciously gave us to walk. All around us, voices cry out that we are “worth it,” that we are powerful, capable, and strong . . . as long as we turn our backs on “quaint” notions like homekeeping, rearing our own children, preparing meals, demonstrating hospitality on a regular basis, and showing respect and honor to our husbands. It seems in today’s world, a woman can be fulfilled in any way . . . as long as that way doesn't involve her own home or family.

At the same time, we are bombarded with the utterly false idea that women can “have it all”—the happy marriage, motherhood, and full-time career—all at the same time. But none of us can do this. We simply cannot be in two places at once, concentrating our full attention on the demands of a career while also giving our all to husbands, children, home, and church. Common sense should confirm this, but we seem to have rejected common sense along with God’s perfect will for families. Instead of ruling in our own sphere, we have become slaves in another’s. The loss to our civilization has been devastating, for without home-building wives and mothers, culture disintegrates.

Queen of the Home reminds us of our birthright as women, and it is a rich and beautiful one. In the beginning, God set Adam and Eve as king and queen over creation. They were designed to complement one another. It wasn’t good for man to be alone, as God Himself stated. Man needed woman to complete him as his perfect helper. Without woman, godly dominion simply could not take place. With his helper, Adam could tend and keep the garden, drawing on Eve’s gifts and abilities, and be fruitful as God commanded. The Fall harmed that perfect union and distorted the mysterious and holy marriage relationship, but Christ’s finished work on the cross redeems us from the Fall and calls us back to co-laboring as husbands and wives, each with important roles to fulfill as we serve the Lord. In turn, our laboring together in harmony presents a picture of Christ and His bride, the Church. What a glorious calling!

Jennifer McBride has given us a powerful dose of inspiration and vision in this volume. I am thankful for her willingness to put it together, and I look forward to sharing it with family and friends. I pray you will be blessed as you enjoy these pages and meditate on the importance of the amazing, multi-faceted role God has given you. You are queen of your home! May your home reflect the glory and goodness of the God Who placed you there.

Jennie Chancey
At home,
May 2011

Introduction

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. Proverbs 31:10

As we look back through history, we see a vastly different view of the keeper at home than the one commonly held today. It was a view that upheld the Biblical standard and understood that this was no mere job but a noble and sacred calling, and a position of power and influence like no other.

The role of wife and mother was held in high esteem and considered worthy of great honor, appreciation and respect. The homemaker was seen as strong, capable, intelligent and irreplaceable, not only a crucial part of the home, but absolutely foundational to society.

Sadly, much has changed and over the past century and Biblical womanhood has been under extreme fire from radical feminists and Marxists. In their attempts to annihilate the traditional, God ordained family unit, they have rightly understood that one of their top strategies must be not only to attack and destroy strong manhood, but to remove women from their rightful sphere.

One of their most successful tactics has been to belittle and demean the role of the woman at home; passionately proclaiming that this is a worse than useless position and one to be eschewed at all costs. Those whom they fail to convince to actually *leave* their homes are made to feel as though they are wasting their lives in mindless drudgery and are even a drain on society.

Consider this small sampling of quotes from prominent feminists and humanists:

The chief thing is to get women to take part in socially productive labor, to liberate them from 'domestic slavery,' to free them from their stupefying and humiliating subjugation to the eternal drudgery of the kitchen and the nursery. This struggle will be a long one, and it demands a radical reconstruction, both of social technique and of morale. But it will end in the complete triumph of Communism. - V.I. Lenin, *International Working Women's Day Speech*, 1920.

A parasite sucking out the living strength of another organism...the [housewife's] labor does not even tend toward the creation of anything durable...[W]oman's work within the home [is] not directly useful to society, produces nothing. [The housewife] is subordinate, secondary, parasitic. It is for their common welfare that the situation must be altered by prohibiting marriage as a 'career for woman.' - Simone de Beauvoir, *The Second Sex*, 1949.

[The] housewife is a nobody, and [housework] is a dead-end job. It may actually have a deteriorating effect on her mind...rendering her incapable of prolonged concentration on any single task. [She] comes to seem dumb as well as dull. [B]eing a housewife makes women sick. - Sociologist Jessie Bernard in *The Future of Marriage*, 1982.

Tragically, multitudes of women have drunk deeply at feminism's well—often without quite realizing just what it was they were imbibing. Though at times it is diluted and administered in more palatable forms than the shocking statements above, the poison of this radical, anti-God, anti-family movement has permeated the thinking of the entire world—including Christendom—and the consequences have been devastating.

The role of the keeper at home, once deeply appreciated and honored, is now looked upon as drudgery and an insult to the intelligence of today's woman. The woman who actually wants to be home with her family is made to feel foolish and guilty. Any one can do laundry, change diapers, make a meal and wipe noses, right? Why not just hire someone else to handle these chores? Why should modern women waste their time and ambitions on such things when they can go out and unleash their glorious selves and talents on the world?

As a result of this insidious viewpoint, society has been turned upside down, divorce runs rampant and children are commonly raised by daycare workers, government school teachers, TV and social media. Men are increasingly abandoning their roles as providers and protectors, and women are being driven to exhaustion by the myth of a super-woman who successfully juggles a husband, career, children, and plenty of time for herself.

In short, and in a terrible irony, women have willingly abdicated their actual and rightful God-ordained positions of honor, nobility and strength, for the lie that their true worth and destiny are found outside the home.

As Stacy McDonald states in *Passionate Housewives, Desperate for God*: “Rather than women renouncing this affront to their dignity, amazingly the slaves are demanding their slavery!”

Scripture declares the truth; it is through the saving work of Christ and in a life lived according to the standard set forth in God’s Holy Word that a woman is most honored and elevated to a position like no other on earth. She is given great respect, mighty responsibilities and a specific realm over which she is to reign.

When we take a closer look at the Scriptures, what we find is quite intriguing and illuminating:

I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully. (1 Timothy 5:14)

The original Greek word used for “guide the house” here is *oikodespoteō* which is translated “ruler”, or “master” (This does not mean that we rule over our husbands, but it does mean that we rule with them.)

To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed. (Titus 2:5)

Here the Greek word used for “keepers at home” is *oikourgos* which not only means to care for the home, but to guard it.

In the famous chapter of Proverbs 31 we have a detailed description that shows just how strong, capable and influential the virtuous woman of God really is. What might not be as well known is what is packed into the actual meaning of the word “virtuous” which appears in Scripture four times:

And now, my daughter, fear not; I will do to thee all that thou requirest: for all the city of my people doth know that thou art a virtuous woman. (Ruth 3:11)

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband... (Proverbs 12:4)

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. (Proverbs 31:10)

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. (Proverbs 31:29)

I used to think that the word “virtuous” as used in these texts meant “moral,” or “pure.” While the word “virtue” is at times translated this way, and while this meaning too should define a godly woman, this is not the meaning of the word used in the passages above. I was amazed to discover that in the original Hebrew this word is *chayil*—which is also translated throughout the Bible as “strength”, “ability”, “valiant”, “army”, “host”, “forces”, “riches”, “wealth”, “substance”, “power” and even “war”! No wonder such a woman is far more valuable than rubies.

The godly wife and mother is no household drudge, weak doormat, or mindless parasite. She is a mighty warrior queen who fights righteous battles at her husband's side and reigns with him over the home and domain God has given them as they work together for Christ's eternal Kingdom and glory.

What does this really mean though, lived out in the day to day? Are these just flowery, meaningless ideals or trite platitudes? How is one supposed to go about being a Queen exactly? Is this a silly grown up version of playing princess? Does this mean we're supposed to sweep through pristine palaces in velvet robes and tiaras—or through spotless, perfectly decorated houses in high heels, pearls and perfectly groomed hair? Is this about doling out commands and having our every whim fulfilled? Is it about being decorative, delicate ornaments? While beauty and aesthetics certainly have their place, Biblical womanhood is not about furthering and promoting ourselves at all—it is about obeying the Word of God and dying to self. It is about advancing Christ's Kingdom. It is about the purpose for which we were created; glorifying the Almighty God.

It is one of Scripture's beautiful mysteries that in dying, we live. It is not easy. It is hard work, and it involves sacrifice - but this is what our Saviour modeled and what the Lord abundantly blesses. Through His great grace it is in the daily laying down of our lives in service to the Lord and our families—loving and helping our husbands, teaching and training our children, caring for our homes and reaching out the hand of hospitality that we are able to do a mighty work for Him. In dying to ourselves, we bear greater fruit.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. (John 12:24)

During World War II the bloodiest battle in the history of the United States Marines was fought on the island of Iwo Jima. Six thousand eight hundred men lost their lives in a battle that waged for thirty-six days. Inscribed outside of the military cemetery are these words:

*When you go home
Tell them for us and say
For your tomorrow
We gave our today.*

The soldiers of Iwo Jima laid down their lives in sacrifice to our country and we reap the blessings of their sacrifice today. We too are in a battle as we seek to raise up armies in Christ's eternal Kingdom and we must be willing to lay down our lives for Him. We must we gladly give our todays in service to our King for the tomorrows of our children and future generations.

In the eyes of our self centered culture it would appear that in so doing we are wasting our lives, but what the world views as waste, God views as precious. The following account from Mark's Gospel

illustrates this:

And being in Bethany in the house of Simon the leper, as he sat at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on his head. And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her. And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good: but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her. (Mark 14:3-9)

To some looking on, this seemed utter foolishness; spikenard was worth one year's wages. In their reasoning it made much better sense to sell it and give the proceeds to the poor; but as we see so powerfully in this story "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." (1 Corinthians 3:19)

There is another beautiful lesson here too: Though Mary was the one to make the offering, everyone around her was blessed:

Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment. (John 12:3)

Just as the sweetsmelling savour of Mary's sacrifice filled the whole house in Bethany, our homes—and the broken, hurting culture surrounding us—will also be permeated with a beautiful fragrance when we pour out every drop of ourselves at our Saviour's Feet.

As "servant queens" we must never forget the example set before us—nor the great and awe-inspiring privilege we have. As we faithfully give our lives in self-sacrifice we are directly serving the Great King of Kings :

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. (Matthew 25:37- 40)

Much is required of us. Our days are filled with many tasks that can sometimes seem mundane and of little worth, but if we can grasp the incredible truth of what sacrificial service really means then our entire outlook will be transformed. When done for the Lord the commonplace becomes noble, the prosaic becomes beautiful and the unimportant becomes valuable.

While multitudes of Christian women are rediscovering the beauty of God's plan for womanhood and realizing the danger of abandoning their realm, the spirit of feminism can still influence our thinking if we are not on guard. Under the constant attack of our humanistic culture we can lose our vision and forget the value and worth of our position; becoming self-absorbed, miserable and discontent. *We can abdicate our thrones and never leave the palace.* The Deceiver would have us in just such a condition;

one that would render us weak, hopeless and ineffective. For “where there is no vision, the people perish.” (Proverbs 29:18).

It is imperative that we plug our ears to the lies bombarding us and to fill our hearts, souls and minds with the unchanging truth of God’s Holy Word. It is the Light that illuminates our way, it is the Two-Edged Sword with which we fight our battles and it is the firm Foundation on which we build the corners of Christ's kingdom entrusted to us. We must keep the Lord’s Standard ever before us as we “Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” (Philippians 3:14)

Over the past several years as I have studied these things out, I started looking for and collecting essays, poetry and quotes that all discussed and upheld the theme of noble, Biblical womanhood. My collection kept growing and turned into this book. It's my prayer and hope that the writings contained in this volume will renew your vision, refresh your soul and encourage and inspire you as much as they have me.

Although Feminism continues her barrage against Biblical womanhood, we must refuse to heed her lies anymore. Let us victoriously reclaim our thrones for the sake of our families, the advancement of Christ’s Kingdom, generations yet to come, and the glory of God.

Jennifer M. McBride
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www.old-paths.com

CHAPTER ONE

Noble Womanhood

In every ideal home there exists an essence that diffuses its fragrance — the fine flower of noble womanhood, without which the house is a habitation, not a home. Alone under the ministering care of woman may the routine of daily life be relieved and varied and the course of the household made to flow free from friction. Caressed by her gentle touch, order ranges itself, beauty finds a dwelling place, and peace enters as an abiding guest. Preeminently it is woman that idealizes the home, and with her sweet refining presence, creates its atmosphere of serenity and content.

George H. Ellwanger



As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow that although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen woman occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply: To the superiority of their women.

Alexis de Tocqueville, Democracy in America



I refuse to believe what I do is unimportant, that it's a job I can pay someone else to do. These duties are mine and no other's. And they are not just responsibility, but privilege, no matter how messy the job or hectic the day.

I refuse to believe that loving and submitting to my husband makes me weak and spineless. It takes much more strength to submit your will to another's than to bow at the altar of Self. We are a team not to be reckoned with...fighting spiritual battles side by side, each in the role God has called us to.

I refuse to believe that pregnancy is too hard, the days are too long, the work is unrewarded, the groceries too costly or the laundry mountain too high.

I refuse the devil's lie that I am wasting my gifts, wasting my intelligence, wasting my youthfulness, or wasting the best years of my life by being a homemaker.

I know better.

I am a queen. Queen of my husband's heart, queen of the schedule this family operates under, queen of this tiny sliver of God's Kingdom called Home. My words and convictions have the power and influence to shape this nation's future.

Resolved:

To look past the temporary inheritance of a bigger house, a great 401K, plenty of leisure funds and only enough children we can afford to send to name-brand colleges.

Resolved:

To live my life swimming upstream for Jesus no matter how angry the other fish get. My priorities will not be determined by what society expects of me.

I'm on a divine mission. Little souls hang in the balance. And I refuse to believe they're not worth the fight.

Resolved:

To see a bigger picture instead.

Bambi Moore



Are You a Queen?

By Jennie Chancey

God Made Women to Be Queens

Have you ever heard someone say, “If I ruled the world, things would be different!”? How about, “The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world?” Did you know this saying is literally true? The ones who teach the next generation are the ones who decide who will rule the world and how it will be governed. Who rocks the cradle in our culture today? Public schools, government caretakers, strangers.... There are very few women left who understand the extreme importance of their role as wives and mothers – and as daughters or grandmothers.

Did you know that God gave women a special role as co-heirs of grace to help take dominion of the earth, to rule it, to bring up godly children, and to help make His kingdom beautiful? Let's turn to Genesis 1:26-28: “Then God said, ‘Let Us make man in Our image, according to Our likeness; let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth.’ So God created man in His own image; in the image of God He created him; male and female He created them. Then God blessed them, and God said to them, ‘Be fruitful and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it; have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, and over every living thing that moves on the earth.’” As you see, God made man and woman together—mankind—to rule the earth and take dominion. Mankind is male and female together; each one with a different and beautiful role. And each role complements the other and helps the other.

The ideal woman of Scripture was described by a woman!

Feminists today like to dismiss the Bible as “just a bunch of rules made up by men to keep women oppressed.” But do you know who gave us the picture of the ideal woman? King Lemuel’s *mother* did! Look at Proverbs 31:1: “The words of King Lemuel, the utterance which his mother taught him.” It is mothers who are to teach their sons—not just their daughters—what kind of woman makes the ideal wife and helpmate.

We all know about that wonderful Proverbs 31 woman. She manages an entire household, ordering exotic foods, planting vineyards, commanding servants, creating beautiful clothing for herself and her children, teaching with kindness and wisdom, demonstrating godly ability in her special role. But the entire Bible is filled with women we can admire and model ourselves upon. Think of Sarah, who willingly accompanied her husband on a long journey to a strange land, calling him “lord” ... even when he made some foolish decisions! Think of Abigail, who quickly pacified King David with her hospitality and humility after her husband, Nabal, had insulted the king and his men. Think of Esther, who risked her life to save her people by spreading a feast for her husband and his chief adviser, showing her ability to work within the king’s laws even when she needed to ask for something that would break a new law he had just passed. And there are countless others, including John the Baptist’s mother Elizabeth; Mary, who humbly declared to the angel, “Be it unto me according to your word” when she was told she would give birth to Christ; the women who provided Jesus with food and shelter; Lydia, who let the church meet in her own household.

What ties all of the great women of Scripture together? Some were beautiful; some were not. Some had opportunities to do something amazing; others simply did what was right at hand in their own families. What they all share is a common bond of obedience to God’s Word, joyful submission to their special role, and a willingness to be used of God in the way God designed for them.

What is Our Role at Home?

So what’s so great about being at home? How could serving at home possibly be important in the grand scheme of things? After all, isn’t staying at home just about doing dishes, cleaning floors, and wiping runny noses? What’s so important about all that? Friends, this is exactly what Satan would like us to think about the woman’s role in the home. He is delighted when the home is reduced to a list of chores. The feminists of the 1960s called homemakers “parasites,” “drudges,” and “mindless drones.” Those are actual quotes! Is the woman at home a drain on society? A mindless parasite who just slumps along from one menial task to the next? If this is your idea of homemaking, it’s time to change your vision. God’s vision of the keeper at home is so beautiful, so all-encompassing, and so *vital* to the health of our world that it cannot be reduced to lists of chores. Let’s look at what the home is about.

First of all, the home is a tiny world—a cosmos all to itself. Do you want to rule the world? God has given you the entire universe of your home to manage and “subdue.” You as the “despot” of the house (this is the original Greek word for “keeper at home”) are in truth the ruler of this domain. You are the queen. Your job is to make your kingdom a small picture of God’s greater kingdom – a kingdom in which the subjects are in order and obey their king; a kingdom where beauty shines in every word and deed; a kingdom that welcomes friends and strangers with abundant hospitality and gracious care. Do you find our current culture disgusting and revolting? Look around at the homes that make up our culture. There is the root of the problem. Homes that are emptied of their meaning and purpose *create* the culture in which we live. When homes do not have creative, happy, intelligent mothers, their occupants go elsewhere to learn how to behave, to learn what music to love, to learn what art to imitate. Are you building culture in your home? Are you training your children to be the image-bearers of God in this world? This is your calling. The home is also the place where those who will later run our nation

are trained – or not trained. Do you want honest, upright, able men to guide our country’s future? Those men are sitting in high chairs today in your dining room. They are digging trenches in the flowerbeds. If we do not want another generation of greedy, power-hungry politicians, we must nurture and train the leaders we desire within our own homes.

The home is also where future queens learn how to rule their own kingdoms. Are your daughters learning by example all that goes into the management of your family estate? It doesn’t matter if you live in an apartment or in a grand house; your home is truly your family’s castle. Do your daughters see you as queen and ruler of your realm or as a slave reluctantly doing enough to get by? The future of the home depends upon the example you are giving your daughters.

Our homes are also the frame for a very special picture that has been entrusted to Christian husbands and wives. Paul wrote that marriage is meant to be a picture of Christ and His Heavenly Bride, the Church. Our homes set the stage for this picture and how it is presented to our world. Does your home reflect a wholehearted devotion to its King—your husbands and fathers? Does your home show a tender love and care for its Queen—all of you wives, mothers, and grandmothers? Your home can either lie about Christ and His Bride, or it can tell the Truth. The Truth is that the King provides for His Bride, lays down His life for her, and honors her with His own Body. The Truth is that the Bride adores the King, delights in serving Him, and rejoices at His return.

Finally, the home is meant to welcome strangers and saints, to provide shelter, warmth, food—all the things that make up hospitality. Romans 12:13 says, “Share with God's people who are in need. Practice hospitality.” I Peter 4:9 tells us to “Offer hospitality to one another without grumbling.” The older women who are given as our examples in I Timothy 5 are commended for showing hospitality. Hospitality isn’t about fancy dishes, nice tablecloths, five-course meals, or special occasions. Sure, there is a time and a place for all the nice table settings. We love to use them in our home, because they make a meal extra special. But hospitality can be shown with paper plates and sandwiches. The key element is an open heart, a loving home, and a willingness to serve others. Is your home open?

Exhortation for All Ages

Little girls, do you know that you have a special role God has made just for you? Do you know what a privilege it is to be a daughter in a Christian family? You have the opportunity to bless your parents while you are young that you might never have again. By your joyful obedience, you proclaim Christ to the world! You can bless your brothers and sisters by showing them kindness and practicing womanliness now, while you are still growing up. You can especially be a blessing to your mothers, helping them to fulfill their callings in showing hospitality, making home a haven, and demonstrating the love of Christ for His Church.

Wives, our world tells you daily that the best thing you can do to help your husband is to leave home and earn that second income. What is really sad is that our economy and our political structure have now been built around the model of the two-income family, often making it extremely difficult for a family to survive on a single income—or at least making it a sacrifice. It’s considered “radical” today to declare that God created wives to serve their own husbands at home and that the wife at home has a vital role in the health of our culture and our nation. But your role isn’t one your husband can easily replace. He can’t just buy a “stay-at-home” robot – nor would such a machine be able to take over the tasks that are central to running a hospitable, welcoming, beautiful home.

Mothers, do you know what a priceless and irreplaceable role you have? No one else can fulfill your

role. Oh, they can try, and today our society is structured around replacing mothers with daycare workers, “experts,” and “professional childcare givers.” But you really don’t need studies or graphs or statistics to tell you what you already know deep down. Every child is different, and no one can love your child like you do. No one has your child’s interests at heart like you do. And the bottom line is that God has not called anyone else to fulfill your role in bringing up your children to know Him, love Him, and obey Him.

Grandmothers, aunts, cousins, friends – do you know what a vital support role you have in God’s kingdom? We all need your shining examples, your instruction, your patience, your experience. The Bible tells us that the older women who have successfully brought up godly children and created hospitable homes are to teach the younger women. Where are the older women today? Where are our teachers? We need you more than ever, because the skills, attitudes, and beliefs that you uphold will be lost if you do not pass them on.

I hope you are inspired to see that passing on a vision of godly womanhood is absolutely vital to the health of our families and the Church at large. I hope you will see how one faithful mother can have an impact that will affect generations. It is, after all, the little things that add up in the making of men and women. Holding a child on your lap, reading out loud, extending your hand to the elderly, listening to someone who needs a sympathetic ear — these things all add up as we work to build a culture of kindness, beauty, strength, and wisdom. Do you want to rule the world? Start ruling your homes!



Thank God, O women for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the home; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on the wall. There may be no silks in the wardrobe; but, by your faith in God, and your cheerful demeanor, you may garniture that place with more splendor than the upholsterer's hand ever kindled.

T. DeWitt Talmage



Bear in mind that that woman is most queenly, who uses her wisdom and her strength for the benefit of those around her, shrinking from no duty that she should perform, but doing it cheerfully and well.

The King's Daughter and Other Stories for Girls



Womanhood is a wonderful thing. In womankind we find the mothers of the race. There is no man so great, nor none sunk so low, but once he lay helpless, innocent babe in a woman's arms and was dependent upon her love and care for his existence.

It is woman who rocks the cradle of the world and hold the first affections of mankind. She possesses a power beyond that of a king on his throne...

Womanhood stands for all that is pure and clean and noble. She who does not make the world better for having lived in it has failed to be all that a woman should be.

Mabel Hale, Beautiful Girlhood



In Defense of Noble Womanhood

Proverbs 31:10-31

Given by the mother of King Lemuel to her son

by Rebecca Belcher Morecraft

For generations our culture has chosen to believe the lie that women and men should be considered “equal” in every way. We can date this fabrication back at least to the Woman’s Suffragette Movement of the early 1900’s, if not all the way back to Eve who chose to believe Satan rather than God. The separate roles God created in the beginning for each sex have largely been forgotten in modern times and substituted with a false idea of equality that in no way resembles God’s original plan when He created woman from the rib of man and arranged for future humans to spring from the womb of woman, thus establishing a healthy “co-dependency” for the continuance of life.

Those who adhere to the world’s ideas about womanhood point an accusing finger at stay-at-home women who have more than 1.5 children and no outside job. They believe the “old fashioned” wife and mother is “stuck” at home. Surely she must be discontented and ashamed of her plight in life. Their view from the wrong end of the telescope without the filtering lens of the Scriptures and read with unregenerate eyes, seems forlorn indeed. Apparently, her husband, though hard-working, is unsympathetic to her needs. He is often gone eight hours or more a day and only comes home to eat, sleep and father more children, it would seem. Her children obviously suck her dry by constant demands on her time and energy, until, alas, she can no longer fit the image of the successful woman of the times. Just look at her! Her once slim, shapely figure is now sagging and stippled with broken veins. Her beautiful face, once radiant with the dew of youth, is now lined with care. Her once luxuriant hair has thinned and grayed. She no longer possesses boundless energy -- her quick step has slowed to a determined pace. Although she is always combed and clean, her fashion sense seems stuck in a time warp with an emphasis on femininity and modesty. Clearly she is neglected and miserable and has no sense of “self-worth”! Will she ever be able to break loose from this bondage and run free, prove her “true worth” and usefulness as she dresses in power suits and seductive fashions, becomes head of a corporation and makes men grovel? Only then will she gain respect from the world and perhaps make an appearance on Oprah to tell all about her struggles to the sympathetic thousands who will run to the nearest bookstore and buy her book. So says the world.

Observe true satisfaction! In contrast to the worldly-wise woman who is “ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth,” examine the woman whose heart, mind and body belong to Jesus. See the smile that curves the lips of the woman who writes “homemaker” on questionnaires as she watches her children grow into spiritually mature, productive adults who carry the eternal values they have learned from her into the future. How blessed is that woman whose home is full of the joyful chaos of many children!

Attest to radiant beauty as you see a life blessed by satisfaction in her noble calling as wife and mother! Full of kindness and grace, such a woman is an adornment to her husband. Place her on a pedestal, young women, rather than those whose manipulative whining and self-centered priorities may have coerced the lifestyle they crave to falsely beautify themselves but which has brought them no

satisfaction. The Christ-centered woman is able to walk with poise amongst the most elegantly attired, though her countenance is more sober than many. The beauty of holiness shines through the window of her eyes from a heart full of gratitude for God's grace and softened by grieves bravely borne. A deep contrition for her own sinfulness coupled with the joy that flows from sins forgiven radiates from her and blesses all who know her.

Attend to true wisdom! She holds in light regard all things but those that possess eternal value. Her perspectives and priorities, shaped by every Word that proceeds from the mouth of God, inform and beautify her life's callings. She daily increases her scope of learning because she knows that all truth, goodness and beauty reflect her Creator/Redeemer. She learns what her gifts are and develops them to the further benefit of her husband, children and the kingdom of Christ. Her choices and goals are not self-directed but Christ-directed as she seeks to do all to the glory of God. His Word informs and directs her behavior, her goals and her conversation. She is dependable and consistent as she finds her focus each day, not in herself or others, but in Christ and His wisdom.

Mark true strength! She makes her arms strong physically by taking care of herself for the sake of Christ, her husband and children. In all humility, she recognizes that she has no strength in and of herself. Her core of endurance comes from her reliance on God who carries her through the trials of life and empowers her with His strength in her times of weakness. She smiles at the future, not because of her preparation alone, but because she trusts her strong Redeemer, *Jehovah Jireh*, to continue to supply her needs and those of her family as He ordains from His storehouse of riches in glory.

Learn sincere compassion. She is full of patience and compassion for those still walking in darkness as well as for her little ones who will learn love at her knee. She knows how and when to speak, with plainness and kindness, and can be patiently quiet. Heedless of scorn and disdain from those around her who do not know her Lord, she persists in rightly dividing the Word of Truth so that she will be ready with answers for those who ask, being bold as a lion and gentle as a dove. The law of kindness is always on her tongue. Her thoughtfulness and kindness of speech decorate her with such light and warmth that those who are cast about in a cold and heartless world may safely come to her to be warmed and fed. To be with her is to be nourished.

Stand amazed by her accomplishments! Her husband's love ennobles her. She seeks no higher calling than to be his companion and helper. Her children, who rise up and bless her, are of unquestioned righteous character, reflecting her teachings in their lives. Together, she and her husband shoot their children into the future, confident that the God Who planned their lives before the foundations of the earth was laid, will keep and use them as sharp arrows to pierce the hearts of His enemies and bring great increase to His Kingdom on earth.

The attractions of this world and those who devote their lives to obtaining them will pass off the scene and be replaced with the next generation's empty schemes, but the woman who fears the Lord, she shall be praised. Her works will follow her, not to her credit, nor would she have it so, but to the praise of His glorious grace Who holds her heart captive and makes her life count.

This is the woman after God's own heart. Although as sinners we will never attain to the perfections of God's goals for us as women, we can know the contentment and deep joy that comes from His grace abounding as we lay down our lives every day for those God has placed around us to serve. May we do all that God has called and gifted us to do for His glory alone. Learn the ways of the godly woman described in Proverbs 31 by King Lemuel's mother and imitate her; for only then will you experience the nobility which God intended for you since long before you were created.



A Life Worth Living

Highest aim and true endeavor;
Earnest work, with patient might;
Hoping, trusting, singing ever;
Battling bravely for the right;
Loving God, all men forgiving;
Helping weaker feet to stand,—
These will make a life worth living,
Make it noble, make it grand.

Author Unknown



[I]t will, perhaps, be asked, whether I would shut up every married woman within the domestic circle, and...confine her to her own home; or whether I would condemn and degrade her to mere household drudgery. I have, I think, protected myself already from this imputation, by representing her as the companion, counselor, and comforter of man. She shall, with my consent, never sink from the side of man, to be trampled under his feet. She shall not have one ray of her glory extinguished, nor be deprived of a single honor that belongs to her sex; but to be the instructress of her children, the companion of her husband, and the queen partner of the domestic state, is no degradation—and she only is degraded who thinks so!

Christianity has provided a place for woman for which she is fitted, and in which she shines; but take her out of that place, and her luster pales and sheds a feeble and sickly ray! Or to change the metaphor, woman is a plant, which in its own greenhouse seclusion will put forth all its brilliant colors and all its sweet perfume; but remove it from the protection of its own floral home into the common garden and open field, where hardier flowers will grow and thrive—its beauty fades and its fragrance is diminished. Neither reason nor Christianity invites woman to the professor's chair, or conducts her to the lawyer's bar, or makes her welcome to the pulpit, or admits her to the place of the magistracy. Both exclude her... from the violence and evil of the military, the debates of the senate, and the pleadings of the forum. And they bid her beware how she lays aside the delicacy of her sex, and listens to any doctrines which claim new rights for her...

The Bible gives her her place of majesty and dignity in the domestic circle—the heart of her husband and the heart of her family. It is the female supremacy of that domain, where love, tenderness, refinement, thought and tender feeling preside. "It is the privilege of making her husband happy and honored, and her sons and daughters the ornaments of human society. It is the sphere of piety, prudence, diligence, in the domestic station, and a holy and devout life. It is the sphere that was occupied by Hannah, the mother of Samuel; by Elizabeth, the mother of John; by Eunice, the mother of Timothy; and by Mary, the mother of Jesus. It is the respect and esteem of mankind."



...A woman who fills well the sphere assigned to her, as a wife and mother; who trains up good

citizens..., and good fathers and mothers of other families which are to spring from her own; and so from generation to generation in all but endless succession, need not complain that her sphere of action and her power of influence are too limited for female ambition to aspire to. The mothers of the wise and the good are the benefactresses of the human race.

What would be gained to woman's comfort, respectability, or usefulness, or to the welfare of society, and how much would be lost to each, by withdrawing her from her own appropriate sphere, and introducing her to that for which she has no adaptation? Who, but a few wild visionaries, and rash speculatists, and mistaken advocates of 'woman's rights', would take her from the home of her husband, of her children, and of her own heart—to wear out her strength, consume her time, and destroy her feminine excellence—in committee-rooms, on platforms, in mechanics shop, or philosophical institutions? But may not woman, in every way in her power—benefit society by her talents and her influence? Certainly, in every legitimate way. Her sphere is clearly assigned to her by God... Woman can be spared from the lecturer's chair, the platform of general convocation, and the scene of public business; but she cannot be spared from the hearth of her husband, and the circle of her children! Substitutes can be found for her in the one, but not in the other. In the bosom of domestic privacy she fulfills with truest dignity and faithfulness the first and highest obligations of her sex.

John Angell James, Female Piety, 1853



When Queens Ride By
By Olive White Fortenbacher

John and Jennie Mangrave had eager plans when they married and took over the old farm. But their great faith dwindled as the first years passed. John worked later and later in the evenings. Jennie took more and more of the heavy tasks upon her own shoulders and had no time for the home and children. They were no further on, and life had degenerated into a straining, hopeless struggle.

One hot afternoon, Jennie was loading baskets of tomatoes to take to town when the children came running to tell her there was a dressed-up lady at the kitchen door. Warily she followed the children back and saw a woman in a gray tweed coat that seemed somehow to be a part of her brownish hair. She was not young, but she was beautiful! An aura of eager youth clung to her, a clean and exquisite freshness. The stranger in turn saw a young woman, haggard and weary. Her eyes looked hard and haunted. Her calico dress was shapeless and begrimed from her work.

Stranger (smiling): "How do you do? We ran our car into the shade of your lane to have our lunch and rest for a while. And I walked on up to buy a few apples, if you have them."

Jennie (grudgingly): "Won't you go in and sit down? I'll go and pick the apples."

Stranger: "May I go with you? I'd love to help pick them."

Jennie: "Why, I s'pose so. If you can get out there through the dirt." (She led the way along the unkempt path toward the orchard. She had never been so acutely conscious of the disorder about her. She reached the orchard and began to drag a long ladder from the fence to the apple tree.)

Stranger (crying out): "Oh, but you can't do that! It's too heavy. Please let me pick a few from the ground."

Jennie: "Heavy? This ladder? I wish I didn't ever lift anything heavier than this. After hoistin' bushel baskets of tomatoes onto a wagon, this feels light to me."

Stranger: "But do you think you should? Do you think it's right...? Why, that's a man's work!"

Jennie (furiously): "Right! Who are you to be askin' me whether I'm right or not? A person like you don't know what work is!"

Stranger (soothingly): "I'm sorry I annoyed you by saying that. If you were to tell me all about it--because I'm only a stranger--perhaps it would help. Why can't we sit down here and rest a minute?"

Jennie: "Rest? Me sit down to rest, an' the wagon loaded to go to town? It'll hurry me now to get back before dark."

Stranger: "Just take the time you would have spent picking the apples. I wish I could help you. Won't you tell me why you have to work so hard?"

Jennie (half sullenly): "There ain't much to tell, only that we ain't gettin' ahead. Henry Davis is talkin' about foreclosin' on us if we don't soon pay some principal. The time of the mortgage is out this year, an' mebbe he won't renew it. And it ain't that I haven't done my part. I'm barely thirty, an' I might be fifty, I'm so weatherbeaten. That's the way I've worked."

Stranger: "And you think that has helped your husband?"

Jennie (sharply): "*Helped* him? Why *wouldn't* it help him?"

Stranger: "Men are such queer things, husbands especially. For instance, they want us to be economical, and yet they love to see us in pretty clothes. They need our work, and yet they want us to keep our youth and beauty. And sometimes they don't know themselves which they really want most. So we have to choose. That's what makes it so hard. Just after we were married, my husband decided to have his own business, so he started a very tiny one. I helped my husband in the store, but we would both be tired and discouraged after a hard day at the office and we didn't seem to be having any great success. The house got run down and dinner was always a hasty affair, and soon we both started complaining and bickering with each other. Finally, we decided that maybe I should stay at home and let him take care of his work at the office as best he could. And then I worked in my house to make it a clean, shining, happy place. My husband would come home dead-tired and discouraged, ready to give up the whole thing. But after he had eaten and sat in our bright little living room, and I had told him all the funny things I could invent about my day, I could see him change. By bedtime, he had his courage back, and by morning, he was all ready to go out and fight again. And at last he won."

(Jennie did not speak. She only regarded her guest with a half-resentful understanding.)

Stranger: "There was a queen once, who reigned in troubled days. And every time the country was on the brink of war and the people ready to fly into a panic, she would put on her showiest

dress and take her court with her, and go hunting. And when the people would see her riding by, they were sure all was well with the government. So she tided over many a danger. And I've tried to be like her. Whenever a big crisis comes in my husband's business, or when he's discouraged, I put on my prettiest dress and get the best dinner I know how, or give a party! And somehow it seems to work. That's the woman's part, you know... to play the queen..." (A faint "honk honk" came from the lane. The stranger started to her feet.) "That's my husband. I must go. Please don't bother about the apples. I'll just take a few from under the tree." (Taking some coins from her purse) "And give these to the children."

Jennie's thoughts were too confused for speech, but, as she watched the stranger's erect figure hurrying toward the lane, she remembered her words with the pain of anger.

Jennie: "Easy enough for her to set talkin' about queens! She never felt the work at her throat like a wolf. Talk about choosin! I haven't got no choice, I just got to keep on goin', like I always have...."

She stopped suddenly and picked up a fairy-like hanky of white linen that the stranger had dropped. Its faint, delicious fragrance made her think wistfully of strange, sweet things. Of gardens in the early summer dusk; of wide, fair rooms with the moonlight shining in them; of pretty women in beautiful dresses dancing, and men admiring them.

She, Jennie, had nothing of that. Everything about their lives, her's and John's was coarseness, soiled somehow by the dragging, endless labor of the days. Suppose....suppose...suppose she were to try doing what the stranger had said, suppose she spent her time on the house and let the outside work go....

Jennie (with sudden resolution): "Mebbe I'm crazy, but I'm going to do it" Jennie brushed her hair, changed her shoes, and put on her one good dress. Then with something of the burning zeal of a fanatic, she attacked the confusion in the kitchen. By half-past four the room was clean. Now for supper! she decided upon fried ham and browned potatoes and apple sauce with hot biscuits and pie. With a spirit of daring recklessness, she spread the one white table cloth on the table.

The first pan of the flaky brown mounds had been withdrawn from the oven when Henry Davis' car came up the lane. Cold fear struck Jennie. He could be coming for only one thing. As she stood shaken, wondering how she would live through what the next hour would bring, she heard the words again, "There was a queen once..."

Jennie (cordially): "Well, howd' you do, Mr. Davis? Come right in. I'm real glad to see you. Been quite a while since you was over."

Henry (embarrassed): "Why no, now, I won't go in. I just stopped to see John on a little matter of business. I'll just...."

Jennie: "You'll come right in. John will be in from milkin' in a few minutes an' you can talk while you eat, both of you. I've supper just ready."

Henry: "Why, now I reckoned I'd just speak to John, an' then be gettin on."

Jennie: "They'll see you at home when you get there. You never tasted my hot biscuits with butter an' quince honey or you wouldn't take so much coaxin'!" (Henry Davis came in and sat down in the big, clean kitchen. His eyes took in every homely detail of the orderly room.) "And how are things goin' with you, Mr. Davis?"

Henry: "Oh, so so. How are they with you?"

Jennie: "Why, just fine, Mr. Davis! It's been hard sleddin', but I sort of think the worst is over. We'll be 'round to pay that mortgage so fast come another year that you'll be surprised."

Henry: "Well, now, that's fine. I always wanted to see John make a success of the old place, but a man has to sort of watch his investments... Well, now, I'm glad things are pickin' up a little."

Jennie felt as though a tight band at her throat had relaxed. At the kitchen door John stopped, staring blankly at the scene before him...at Jennie's moving about the bright table, chatting happily with Henry Davis! At Henry himself, his sharp features softened by an air of great satisfaction. At the sixth plate on the white cloth — Henry was staying for supper! But the silent depths of John's nature served him well. He made no comment. He merely shook hands with Henry Davis and then washed his face at the sink. Jennie arranged the savory dishes, and they sat down to supper. Henry seemed to grow more and more genial and expansive as he ate. So did John. By the time the pie was set before them, they were laughing over a joke Henry had heard at Grange meeting. As they rose from the table, Henry brought the conversation awkwardly around to his errand.

Jennie (quickly): "I told him, John, that the worst's over now, and we're gettin' on fine! I told him we'd be swampin' him pretty soon with payments. Ain't that right, John?"

John's mind was not analytical. He had been host at a delicious supper with his ancient adversary, whose sharp face was marvelously softened. Jennie's eyes were shining with a new and amazing confidence. It was a natural moment for unreasoning optimism.

John: "Why, that's right, Mr. Davis. I believe we can start clearin' this off now pretty soon. If you could just see your way clear to renew the mortgage."

It was done. The papers were back in Davis' pocket. They had bid him a cordial good-bye from the door. Jennie cleared off the table and began to wash the dishes. John was fumbling through the papers on a hanging shelf. He finally sat down with an old tablet and pencil.

John: "I believe I'll do a little figurin' since I've got time tonight. It just struck me if I used my head a little more, I'll get on faster."

Jennie: "Well, now you might." (She polished two big apples and placed them on a saucer beside him.)

John (pleased): "Now that's what I like. Say, you look sort of pretty tonight."

Jennie (smiling): "Go along with you." But a wave of color swept up in her sallow cheeks. John had looked more grateful over her setting those two apples beside him now than he had the day last fall when she had lifted all the potatoes herself! Maybe even John had been needing something else more than he had needed the hard, back-breaking work she had been giving him!

Jennie walked to the doorway and stood looking off through the darkness. A thin, haunting breath of sweetness rose from the the bosom of her dress where she had tucked the scrap of white linen. She wished that she could somehow tell the beautiful stranger that her words had been true...that she, Jennie, was going to fulfill her woman's part. She had read the real needs of John's soul from his eyes that evening. Yes, wives had to choose for their husbands sometimes.

At that very moment, speeding along the sleek macadam highway, a woman in a gray coat with a soft gray hat and a rose quill leaned suddenly close to her husband.

Husband: "Tired?"

Wife: "I'm all right. Only, only I can't get that poor woman at the farm out of my mind. It, it was so hopeless."

Husband (smiling tenderly): "Well, I'm sorry too, but you mustn't worry. Good gracious, darling, you're not weeping over it, I hope!"

Wife: "No, truly, just two little tears. I know it's silly, but I did so want to help her and I know that what I said sounded insane. She wouldn't know what I was talking about. She just looked up with that blank, tired face. And it all seemed so impossible. No...I'm not going to cry. Of course, I'm not...but...lend me your handkerchief, will you dear? I've lost mine somehow...."



In our current culture, home has become so neglected that many people haven't the slightest idea what its purpose is outside of a place to sleep, relax, and sometimes eat. Home has lost its noble place in society so much so that people can't imagine what there is to do there all day long. Any woman who dares consider staying home full-time is made out to be a unintelligent woman living with half her brain tied behind her back.

Whatever happened to home being the center of the family, a haven of refreshment, a thriving metropolis of productivity? Instead, we have elaborate McMansions that are devoid of life. They might look pretty to the observer (thanks to hired maids and interior decorators), but they are usually just houses, not homes. They sit there empty and lifeless while the occupants live a hectic, frenetic, 100-mile-an-hour life in the fast lane — trying to get ahead, trying to get to the top of the corporate ladder, trying to squish in as many activities as can possibly be had outside the home.

We don't have to follow along in this madness. Our families deserve something better — they deserve a beautiful, welcoming home which is the heart of the family and the center for outreach to the world. Maybe our home isn't furnished very expensively and maybe it isn't very big, but we can do our best to recapture the nobility and rightful place of home in our society, beginning with our own home.

Crystal Paine



Mothers and daughters, wives and sisters, remember that you have the making of the future of this great country, and rise at once to your high and holy duty. Remember that you must make

that future, whether you will or not. We are all what you make us. Ah! Throw away your weakening follies of fashion, and soul-famine, and rise to the level where God intended you should be, and make every one of your homes, from this day, schools of true politeness and tender affection. Take those little curly-headed boys, and teach them all you would have them to be. They will be just such men, and will go forth to bless the world, and crown you with a glory such as queens and empresses never dreamed of. Exercise your power now, and you shall reap the fruit in your ripe age.

Daughters of Destiny



The employments of daily life, of women especially, need often the remembrance that they are done in the sight of Him, in whose eye the lowliest act is of importance. There are many persons who do not perform them well, because they do not look upon them as part of their religious duties. Such persons could perhaps make great sacrifices for conscience sake; they could act nobly and wisely if any great service were demanded; but they do not consider that the whole progress of...human life consists of a succession of small acts. It is often with lesser duties as with lesser trials, that strength to do or to bear is not sought of God.

Some great trial befalls us, some important sacrifice is required, and feeling our helplessness, we fall back upon God, and support is given; but every-day events are, by their very monotony, unimpressive; we think lightly of them, and the help of God is not sought, and they are not duly considered, and so are performed in a careless, perhaps in an unwilling spirit. But He who is the Judge of all the earth, looks down with approval on the mother whose life is one daily course of self-sacrifice, on the daughter whose gentle smiles and willing work render home happy, rather than on her who is roused from a course of usual listlessness to some one act of great exertion, or to some one costly deed of self-denial.

The flash of lightning produces a great effect; and the clearer air, and the cloudless sky, show that it has well performed God's mission; yet who would not rather that her light should shine like that of the evening star, whose tranquil rays nightly guide the traveler home, and cheer the mariner on the deep, and smile sweetly on the shepherd who watches by his fold, till they "fade away into the light of heaven.

Anne Pratt



I long to accomplish great and noble tasks, but it is my chief duty to accomplish humble tasks as though they were great and noble. The world is moved along, not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker.

Helen Keller



The modern challenge to motherhood is the eternal challenge — that of being a godly woman. The very phrase sounds strange in our ears. We never hear it now. We hear about every other type of women: beautiful women, smart women, sophisticated women, career women, talented women, divorced women. But so seldom do we hear of a godly woman — or of a godly man either, for that matter. I believe women come nearer to fulfilling their God-given function in the home than anywhere else. It is

a much nobler thing to be a good wife, than to be Miss America. It is a greater achievement to establish a Christian home than it is to produce a second rate novel filled with filth. It is a far, far better thing in the realms of morals to be old fashioned, than to be ultra-modern. The world has enough women who know how to be smart. It needs women who are willing to be simple. The world has enough women who know how to be brilliant. It needs some who will be brave. The world has enough women who are popular. It needs more who are pure. We need women, and men, too, who would rather be morally right than socially correct.

Peter Marshall, former Chaplain to the United States Senate



Believing that the intelligent, refined, modest Christian women were the real custodians of national purity, and the sole agents who could arrest the tide of demoralization breaking over the land, she [Edna] addressed herself to the wives, mothers, and daughters of America; calling upon them to smite their false gods, and purify their shrines at which they worshiped. Jealously she contended for every woman's right which God and nature had decreed her sex. The right to be learned, wise, noble, useful, in woman's divinely limited sphere. The right to influence and exalt the circle in which she moved. The right to mount the sanctified beam of her own quiet hearth-stone; the right to modify and direct her husband's opinion, if he considered her worthy and competent to guide him; the right to make her children ornaments to their nation, and a crown of glory to their [people]; the right to advise, to plead, to pray; ...the right to be all the phrase 'noble Christian woman' means.

Augusta Jane Evans, St. Elmo



To a certain extent, woman is the conservator of her nation's welfare. Her virtue, if firm and uncorrupted will stand sentinel over that empire.

John Angell James, Female Piety, 1853



The Need of the Hour

What does the country need? Not armies standing
With sabers gleaming ready for the fight;
Not increased navies, skillful and commanding,
To bound the waters with an iron might;
Not haughty men with gluttonous purses trying
To purchase souls, and keep the power of place;
Not jeweled dolls with one another vying
For palms of beauty, elegance, and grace.

But we want women, strong of soul, yet lowly
With that rare meekness, born of gentleness;
Women whose lives are pure and clean and holy,
The women whom all little children bless;
Brave, earnest women, helpful to each other,

With finest scorn for all things low and mean;
Women who hold the names of wife and mother
Far nobler than the title of a queen.

Oh! These are they who mold the men of story,
These mothers, ofttime shorn of grace and youth,
Who, worn and weary, ask no greater glory
Than making some young soul the home of truth;
Who sow in hearts all fallow for the sowing
The seeds of virtue and of scorn for sin,
And, patient, watch the beauteous harvest growing
And weed out tares which crafty hands cast in.

Women who do not hold the gift of beauty
As some rare treasure to be bought and sold,
But guard it as a precious aid to duty—
The outer framing of the inner gold;
Women who, low above their cradles bending,
Let flattery's voice go by, and give no heed,
While their pure prayers like incense are ascending
These are our country's pride, our country's need.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox



Women of Vision
by Jennie Chancey

I am not here to serve myself. I am not here to be lauded, petted, admired or "affirmed." I am here to build men, cultures and kingdoms. When I find myself in the midst of difficulties and pain, will I persevere, or will I become a coward and pity myself? We do not have *time* for self-pity! We have much to do, and the hour is late! We need a broader vision of home than just ourselves as wives and mothers, sisters and daughters. We need to understand that we are at work to build Christ's kingdom --*for eternity!* It isn't just about children who sit politely at the supper table and stand obediently with mama in the grocery store. It isn't just about homes that sparkle with cleanliness. It isn't just about spouses who love one another and present a glorious picture of Christ and His bride, the Church, although these things are certainly important. It is all these things coming together to build a *culture*. Do we have the vision for this, or is our focus on the dirty dishes and unfolded laundry of life?

Little girls, do you have a vision for serving your parents at home? Do you have a vision for serving Christ by doing loving acts of obedience and helping around your home? Or do you gripe about all the work there is to do and wonder when you can get out of it or get some appreciation for all of it. Christ said to his apostles, "If anyone desires to be first, he shall be last of all and servant of all" (Mark 9:35). He also told them, that at the judgment, "many who are first will be last, and the last first" (Mark 10:31). People that we thought were the greatest in this world will be considered last when it comes time to have their works weighed at Christ's throne. And many we wouldn't even have noticed will be made first in the kingdom of God. Are we willing to be last and least now? Are we willing to be the "servant of all?" We have Christ as our example!

When the disciples looked for a conquering king, Christ bent down to wash their feet, saying, "Do you know what I have done to you? You call Me Teacher and Lord, and you say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done to you. Most assuredly, I say to you, a servant is not greater than his master; nor is he who is sent greater than he who sent him. If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them" (John 13:12-17). Let this penetrate your being until it becomes a part of who you are: *It is not the served, but the servant, who is counted the greatest in the kingdom of God!* This is grace! This is joy!

To the unsaved, this is, of course, rank foolishness. "For pity's sake!" they cry, "Stop all this groveling and serving and get a life for yourself! *Find* yourself! Make a name for yourself! There is more to life than washing other people's feet and wiping little noses and bottoms! There is more to life than following someone else's lead! Get out there and lead yourself!" I get notes like these all the time from visitors to my Ladies Against Feminism website. They feel we have bought into a terrible lie that will "hold us down" as women for centuries to come. They think we are advocating a return to the Dark Ages. What they cannot understand is that every person in this world is a servant to someone. No one is out from under authority! The woman in an office is still under a boss. Even a CEO has to answer to the owner of the company and the owner to the stockholders. And the person who thinks he is completely free from anyone else is still a servant to himself! Will we be slaves to our own passions, or will we be slaves to Christ? There is no neutrality. There is no other choice.

Paul writes, "For you were bought at a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's" (I Cor. 6:10). Later he writes, "You were bought at a price; do not become slaves of men" (I Cor. 7:23). We are not our own. We belong to the One who paid the ultimate price for us. The shed blood of Christ covers our sins. What a payment! We can never be worthy of such a price. Paul tells us in Romans 6:18, "[H]aving been set free from sin, you became slaves of righteousness." Yet, at the same time, Christ calls us friends: "No longer do I call you servants, for a servant does not know what his master is doing; but I have called you friends, for all things that I heard from My Father I have made known to you" (John 15:15). Isn't this exciting? We are a part of the kingdom-building vision of Christ, and He has shared the vision with us--not hiding it from us as if we were dumb animals harnessed to the plow.

Our question now must be, will we serve? Will we continue to press on and win the race? Will we see our work for what it is--a multi-generational plan to build Christ's kingdom, advance the gospel and create beautiful cultures? Or will we become shortsighted and narrow in our vision, like a mule behind blinders? Will we complain that we do not receive the recognition we "deserve" in this life? What can that recognition matter when we are aiming for the prize of Christ's "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?"

Little girls, do you see your work in your homes--all that mopping, dusting, dishwashing and picking up after others--as a glorious work of kingdom building for Christ? Mothers, do you see yourselves as queens in this kingdom or as drones? You decide upon your attitude--no one else does it for you. We do not have time to let circumstances dictate our response to life. We must allow Christ to dictate our response to the circumstances we face! Feminism isn't what shouts at you from a NOW convention or a pro-abortion rally. Feminism isn't the radicals demanding "no-fault" divorces and free state-run daycare. Feminism is the face that looks back at you in the mirror and says, "The grass is greener on the other side. Take, eat of this apple. God is hiding something from you that you deserve." And the only way to combat that spirit of Eve is to look it

in the face, acknowledge that culture-killing sin as our own and fight it with the Word of God. "It is written!" Christ cried. "It is written!" The Word of God tells me what I am to be as a woman. The Word of God shows me that to be the greatest of all, I must become the least and the last. And, incredibly enough, the Word of God reveals that there is joy, satisfaction and peace in this life of service! I am here to testify that it is real. His Holy Spirit is our comforter and will not forsake us. He is with us!

Mothers, take heart. You are building cultures, societies and kingdoms while you are training those little people within your home. No matter what, *someone* is going to train them. Our rotten culture didn't come out of nowhere. It came because Christian families forsook their first duty and abandoned their homes to the enemy. Let us return to our homes and rebuild a vision for godly descendants that stretches into the future.

Sisters and daughters, take heart. You are helping to create the world that we will inhabit tomorrow. There is nothing insignificant about the work you do in your family and your home. Loving your siblings is a glorious work unto the Lord. Responding with joy and delight to the tasks set before you is vitally important! Let no one fool you: What you do every day makes a difference in the world for good or ill.

Grandmothers, aunts and cousins, you are a part of this vision, too! It is a lie that only mothers of children can affect the future. We are all part of a Body that needs each member. The arm cannot say to the eye, "I don't need you; I can do this work myself." We must all pull together to accomplish the job that Christ has laid before us. I need the encouragement and guidance of my older sisters in Christ. I need the servant-hearted help of my younger sisters in Christ. We are a Body! We are in this together!

If we want to see our culture redeemed and made beautiful and pure once again, we must return to the "old paths" spoken of in Jeremiah 6:16. It is only there that we will "find rest for our souls." We must be willing to be considered foolish by the world. We must be willing to die to self. It is only when we die that we find true life. This "foolishness" is the wisdom of God! If we want wholehearted womanhood to become reality again, we must be willing to forsake the glittering paths of fame, recognition and celebrity. If we want beautiful girlhood for our young ladies--a time of innocence, joy and delight in service--then we must be willing to demonstrate it in our own homes and live it beautifully for the watching world.

We are daughters of the King! We are building a kingdom that will have no end. We are shaping cultures--for good or ill--as we go about our daily tasks. Let us purpose to follow Christ wholeheartedly, embracing the servanthood He demonstrated to us. Let us purpose to put to death the grasping desire for fame that our godless culture has raised up as its idol. Let us be women of purpose and vision, serving Christ from hearts that overflow with love for His people and for the lost.



*Hail, woman! Hail, thou faithful wife and mother,
The latest, choicest part of heaven's great plan.*

*None fills thy peerless place at home, no other
Helpmeet is found for laboring, suffering man.*

*Hail, thou home circle, where, at day's decline,
Her moulding power, her radiant virtues shine!*

*Not in the church to rule or teach, her place;
Not in the mart of trade, or senate halls;*

*Not the wild, festive scene is hers to grace;
Not Fashion's altar her its victim calls;*

*Not here her field of triumph; but alone...
She moves, the queen of her own quiet home.*

Rev. Mark Trafton (1810 - 1901)



Every one must have remarked how pleasant is that household in which a cheerful spirit of energy is cultivated by the mistress and mother. It is a pleasant thing to dwell with one who is not troubled by trifling annoyances, who is skilled in looking at the bright side of things, and hoping for the best; with one who believes that all the ways of the Lord are right, and who attaches a deep importance to duty. Such a one will work willingly, in the belief that God has appointed both her lot and her duties, and it is surprising how many obstacles are met and overcome by such a spirit.

Anne Pratt



Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her

blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

Proverbs 31:10-31



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