

Paul Harvey says that on the eighth day, God made a farmer, and Sierra Shea says that on the ninth day, God made a farmer's wife. I say that by the 10th day, as He looked down on His almost perfect paradise, God realized it was in need of someone extra special. He said: "I have a farmer, and someone to take care of the farmer. I have a beautiful country for them to live in. What am I missing?" It was then that He remembered the lonely farmer who worked as a pilot for two-thirds of the week, then had to rush to get his farming done in what was left of it. And He knew.

God said: "I need someone who will get up before dawn, drive the carpool to practice, come home, make breakfast for everyone, finish up the chores, and tell her kids she loves them as they race out the door." So God made my mom.

God said: "I need someone willing to raise four daughters and a crazy son. Someone who will wrap sprained ankles, break up fights, bandage invisible wounds, and teach her children to love each other, all while making sure the fire's still going and the house is clean. I need someone who can bake seven loaves of bread, do endless piles of laundry, shop for a family of seven and three sheepherders, and still have time to pay the bills and help with homework at the end of the day. I need someone who will drive a spud truck in the dark in an unfamiliar field so her daughter can catch up on sleep after her volleyball game, then wake up early the next morning to tell that same daughter she loves her before she leaves for six a.m. practice. I need someone who will stop at the library before long trips out to the sheepherders, even if it means she'll have to listen to Hank the cow dog for the next six hours." So God made my mom.

God said: "I need someone strong enough to run a sheep ranch while her husband is flying people across the country. Someone who can spend 12 bone-chilling hours in the cold March wind and still have enough patience to

So God Made My Mom

With thanks to Paul Harvey.

By Saige Moss



ABOVE: The Moss family from left, Saige, Hailey, Logan, Elizabeth, Lanie, Ron and Chloe.

AT TOP: Returning from watering sheep with friendly passenger. BELOW: Saige and Elizabeth drenching lambs with herders.



help one last stubborn lamb learn to suckle. I need someone who can load bales, sort sheep, and straw a whole lambing shed before her kids return from school, then work another five hours before going home to conquer mountains of dishes and laundry. This can't be someone who is scared of hard work. She needs to be able to feed 2,000 sheep, pull four sets of triplets from weary ewes, help 20 starving lambs find milk, coax the rusty old water truck to start, drive 40 miles and still make it to 10 o'clock church with minutes to spare." So God made my mom.

God said: "I need someone who will drive hours to watch her children play basketball, spend a cold, sleepless night in the airport so her daughter can visit her dream college, and then feed 25 hungry little bum lambs when

she finally makes it home. Someone who will wake up in the wee hours of the morning to celebrate Christmas with her kids, then not feel guilty when she makes them brave the cold as they trail sheep down the road mere hours later. This needs to be someone who can sing in the choir, write the Primary program, play the piano, cook the best brownies, cinnamon rolls, lamb roast, and chicken noodle soup in all of Idaho, and still forget to put the salt in the pancakes

sometimes." So God made my mom.

God said: "I need someone who will join millions of other moms in raising the next generation of Americans. This will need to be someone whose influence will inspire generations to serve their country through simple, daily acts of patriotism. Someone who makes America great without ever realizing it."

So God made my mom, and I, along with my future posterity, am very glad He did. ■

Saige Moss is a 17-year-old senior in high school in Hamer, Idaho. She wrote a paper for her English class, "What does it mean to make America great?" She decided to use Paul Harvey's "On the Eighth Day God Created a Farmer" to write about her mom.

COURTESY KATY JONES PHOTOGRAPHY