



When the good Lord was creating mothers He was into His sixth day of overtime when the angel appeared and said, "You're doing a lot of fiddling around on this one."
And the Lord said, "Have you read this specs on this order?"

"She has to be completely washable, but not plastic.

Have 180 movable parts, all replaceable.

Run on black coffee and leftovers.

Have a lap that disappears when she stands up,

a kiss that can cure anything from a broken leg to a disappointed love affair, and six pairs of hands."

The angel shook her head slowly and said, "Six pairs of hands... No way."

"It's not the hands that are causing me problems," said the Lord. "It's the three pairs of eyes that mothers need to have."

"That's on the standard model?" asked the angel.

The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through closed doors when she asks, *What are you kids doing in there?* when she already knows. Another pair on the back of her head that sees what she shouldn't, but what she needs to see, and of course the ones here in front that can look at a child when he goofs up and say, *I understand and I love you*, without so much as an angry word."

"Lord," said the angel touching His sleeve gently, "Come to bed. Tomorrow..."

"I can't," said the Lord. "I'm so close to creating something near to myself. Already I have one who heals herself when she is sick...

Can feed a family of six on one pound of hamburger...

And can get a nine-year-old to stand under a shower."

The angel circled the model of a mother very slowly. "It's too soft," she sighed.

"But tough!" said the Lord excitedly. "You cannot imagine what this mother can do or endure."

"Can it think?" asked the angel.

"Not only think, but it can reason and compromise," said the Creator.

Finally, the angel bent over and ran her finger under the eye of the mother. "There's a leak," she pronounced. "You're trying to put too much into this model. "

"It's not a leak," said the Lord, "it's a tear."



"What's it for?" asked the angel.

"It's for joy, sadness, disappointment, pain, loneliness, and pride."

"You are a genius," said the angel.

The Lord look somber.

"I didn't put it there."

