

Sariah's Sons

*And they did murmur because
they knew not the dealings of that God
who had created them.*

1 Nephi 2:12

Tumbling 'cross the tent flap,
panting, laughing, foreheads beading—
they scrap and roll together,
half in jest and half in rage.
They can't perceive their beauty,
how their strong-young backs
move lithely. Not like mine, their
creaking mother as I watch them from the shade.

How I've watched their boyish struggles
from the time they rocked and scooted,
grasping, stretching for some destiny
beyond, just out of reach.
First they crawled and then they toddled,
now they run and dodge and scatter.
How could they know what wondrous works
they are to Thee and me?

The God who lights their bright eyes
and who heals their scraped-up elbows—
He sees the grand design beyond
the crest of yonder hill.
But will you, darling children,
push your curls from your vision?
And see
For me
The One who guides you still?

—Rachel Terry

This poem was a finalist in the 2024 BYU Studies Poetry Contest.