

Adelaide Hoodless House

By Maryn Pardy

So this is the house
 Where an inspired woman lived.
 A woman who was distraught
 As she saw her young child die.
 A woman who berated herself
 For her own ignorance
 Of the things needful to sustain
 Life in small bodies.
 Then, out of her grief,
 A thought came nagging.
 There was so much ignorance
 Of common things among
 The women of her day.
 And yet there were those
 Who knew and could teach
 These women of the farm
 If only they could be got together.
 So this great woman
 With her mind on fire
 With an idea, set forth;
 And out of her determination
 Grew a great movement
 Which has spread
 And grown and enriched
 The lives of many thousands.
 We then revere this house
 And count it as a shrine,
 For because of the death
 Of one small child
 Countless other children
 Have had better lives.
 Step softly then, you who enter,
 For here a grieving mother lived and dreamed.

The Adelaide Hunter Hoodless
Homestead



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