



## Comparison To A Ruby

By Lucy Wall

*In December 2006, I went home to Scotland to spend the festive season with my family. It was late one night during my time there when I was casually sifting through my Bible and I happened to come across Proverbs chapter 31. I found it a very interesting chapter that spoke about a wife of noble character and some of the desirable qualities she might possess.*

*As a single woman at that time, I couldn't really relate to the woman described in the Proverb, but what really got a hold of my thoughts was verse ten. It read:*

*"A wife of noble character, who can find? She is worth far more than rubies."*

*I thought, "What a curious comparison to make- to compare a wife to a ruby!" I began to think about the different qualities that each might possess. I thought about what a ruby might mean to a man, what a wife might mean to a man and then started to compare the two. Before long I found myself writing "Comparison To A Ruby."*

Can you compare a wife to a ruby?  
To it's wonderful crimson depths?  
It's vision and form so sacred,  
With it's angles and shapes complex.

It's beauty will be eternal.  
With this she cannot compete.  
But when has a man ever looked for  
A ruby to make him complete?

It's face will always be ageless  
And body hard as a nail.  
But she will be warm and gentle  
With love that will never fail.

A ruby is priceless in value.  
A thousand debts it'll pay.  
But her love for him will be priceless.  
A treasure he won't give away.

A ruby will never be faithful.  
To rubies you cannot confide.  
But she can listen for hours,  
His thoughts he won't have to hide.



A ruby is truly delightful!  
A sparkling gem in the sand.  
But she will be his companion  
To walk with through life, hand in hand.

She could try to be just as dazzling  
And woo him with ruby red charms.  
But what could be more inviting  
Than the tender embrace of her arms?

A ruby has elegant contours  
With-holding it's secrets unknown.  
But loving this scarlet desire  
Could turn any man's heart to stone.

For though he may lavish his interest  
And compliment day after day,  
His blandishments fall down unnoticed,  
For a ruby will never repay.

It never will share his emotion.  
Or whisper sweet nothings to him.  
Inscrutably silent forever  
And never inviting him in.

Impervious to his attention,  
Content in it's own solitude.  
One might think it vain and conceited,  
But a ruby can't feel, nor it should.

But she's formed of intricate levels,  
Each one more intriguing than last.  
He'll cherish each day spent beside her.  
Together in future and past.

And though she may not be perfect  
And sometimes fall victim to sin,  
He'll search in his heart for forgiveness.  
For she'll do the same and for him.



There is a significant difference,  
Though both bring rewards he can reap.  
But once he has passed into heaven:  
A ruby he won't get to keep.

It may be his treasured possession,  
He may place it's value so high.  
But it's earthly fulfilment is fleeting  
And gone in the blink of an eye.

With her he can store all his treasure,  
Investing his love 'til the end.  
Devotion to her won't be wasted,  
For in heaven he'll see her again.

Can you compare a wife to a ruby?  
To a man, could she be worth more?  
He'll know, when he meets his soul mate,  
He'll wonder how he'd lived before.