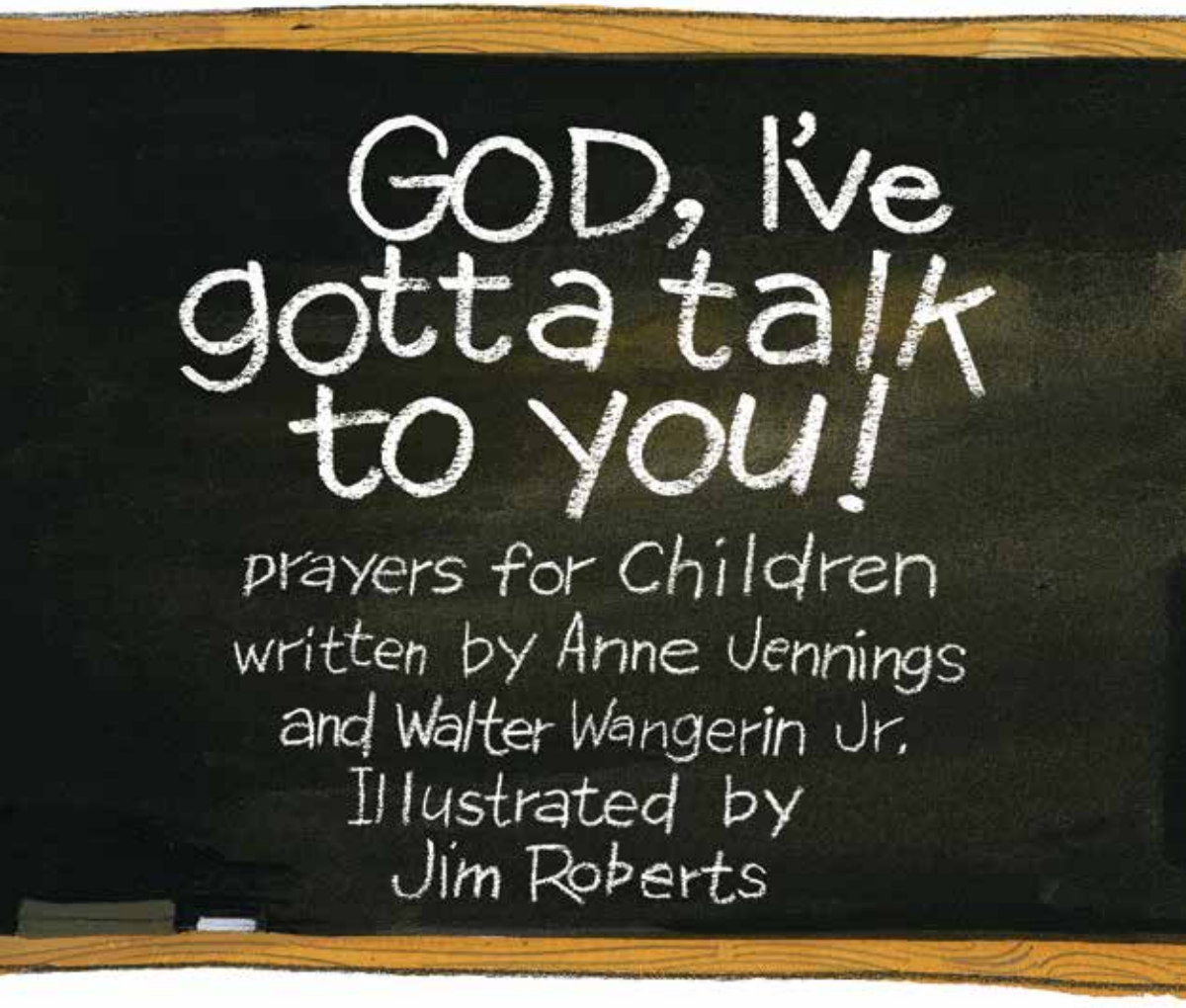


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About Being Forgiven

A strange thing, Jesus, makes me cry—
When someone *else* is hurt and I,
I know *I* hurt that other guy,
    His hurt becomes my own.
But Peter hurt You, didn't he?
And You forgave him, set him free.
Then, Jesus, please remember me;
    Don't leave me all alone.
Please help my friend forgive my sin
And make us then what we have been—
    Two friends who love like one.

W.W.

About Forgiving Others

Lord, once when You were hurting
    through and through—
Cuts in Your feet, Your side, Your hands,
    Your head—
You looked on those who did this thing to You
And cried for them, and this is what you said:
"Forgive them for they know not what they do."
Oh, Jesus, sometimes people cut me too.
Teach me to look on them with peace,
    with love,
Forgiving them as You forgive above.

W.W.



When I'm Happy

Times come, dear Jesus, when my smile
Stretches like rubber for half a mile;
And then it breaks and then I laugh
So hard that it aches for a day and a half.
I laugh at anything, I guess—
At leaves, at lunch, at words like "yes."
Thanks, Lord, for so much happiness.

W.W.

About School

Suddenly summer is no longer here;
Christ, come with me to the next thing this year:
Hands raised to answer questions wrong or right,
Old friends and new, and homework for the night,
Our teacher, paper, pens—it all smells new.
Lord, in my learning now, let me see You.

W.W.

