



Jessie Willcox Smith 1863-1935

They Will Be Like You

They imitate the way you sneeze and tie your shoes and cut your food, so please, if for no other reason, eat your peas and brussels sprouts; and when you hold your head high, when you scan the sky to find your polestar, they look up there too, not knowing why, not yet. Your steady temper teaches them serenity; it readies them to make their way above the petty and the mean and not get muddled over seeming versus substance, which is why they trust that everything is as it needs to be in the reality of here and now. And so you chart your course on higher ground, not only for their sakes, not just to see the sun come up and gild the valley till it can't contain the light; it's where the road to paradise begins.

The prophet says: YOU ARE BEYOND FORGIVEN. IN THE MORNING COMES THE SPLENDID GRACE THAT LIFTS YOU UP, SCRAPES OFF THE BLEMISHES, AND TAKES AWAY THE STING. And isn't that (you ask rhetorically) the Gospel, and the promise kept?—All things are possible; all souls have wings.

by Mary Campbell ~June 2009