

Childlike

"Truly I tell you, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it." Mark 10: 15

So sadly, we've forgotten how
To play, to laugh, to live.
We seem to ban and disallow
Our need to love, forgive.

We're caught in our adult constraints
And fail to realize
That life is more than cruel complaints
Or needs to criticize.

We must hold on to innocence,
To openness and joy,
Break down the cynic's callous fence
And tireless hope employ.

We must remember days long passed
When we believed in good;
When optimistic views were vast;
Simplicity strong stood.

We trusted others and believed
In God and faith and Christ;
We did not look to be deceived
And knew that love sufficed.

We sang the hymns with sincere zeal -
"This little light of mine!"
The Christmas story was so real;
We memorized each line.

We need to find that inner peace
With all its purity
So that true joy will never cease,
And we restored can be.

Not childish, selfish, or so vain
That faith becomes defiled,
But that we truly can remain
God's loving, little child.



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