

## *A Child Again...*

Mark 10:2-16

Someone has said that a cynical old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. But by contrast, have you ever met a person whose hair is as white as snow and whose heart is as radiant as the sunlight? When you meet such a person, you can know that he or she has somehow retained across the years a childlike faith. And I tell you, that individual is more alive than all of the cynics and skeptics you will ever meet. When it comes to the matter of faith, our prayer should be, "Make me a child again."

Still another trait of childhood that should be carried throughout life is love.

A normal child seems ever ready to love and be loved. They show little or no capacity for holding a grudge. Notice little children at play, how quickly they reconcile their differences and return to their games again. Moreover, a child has not had time to develop a set of prejudices. They have not yet learned to hate people whose skin is a different shade or whose eyes are differently made. They simply accept persons as persons, and are willing and eager to share with them the glorious adventure of life.

It is those of us who have reached adulthood who have cluttered up life with resentments and grudges and hatreds. What a tragedy that is, when we were born with a capacity for love. We need to get it back; we ought to get it back; we can get it back. We can ask God to give us once again the ability to love openly and freely. In this connection, also, we can pray, "Make me a child again."

Let me close by quoting some lines that the poet, Thomas Hood, wrote about himself. He said:

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun came peeping in a morn.  
He never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day.  
But now I often wish the night had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember the fir trees dark and high.  
I used to think their slender tops must brush against the sky.  
'Twas just a childish fantasy, but now 'tis not much joy  
To know I'm further off from God than when I was a boy."

The reason that poem is so sad is because it doesn't have to be that way. We don't have to drift away from God. We can grow toward Him. In the matter of such things as openness, trust, honesty, and love, our daily prayer should be, "Lord, make me a child again."

*...Love, Peace and a Youthful Spirit to All*