

Power of Forgiveness

I am very attracted to the dignified
lifestyle of our Amish brethren,
are you? I admire their focus,
discipline, restraint and spiritual strength.
I am glad they are among us, in pockets
of countryside where signs along the roads
warn: Caution, Slow-Moving Vehicles.
That means buggies, horse-drawn and filled
with people, real people in black and white dress,
straw hats or bonnets on heads sometimes bearded.
I am glad Corporate Canada and The Global Village
have not pulled all the dolphins and people up
in their nets.

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Callow youths from families like ours with no
equivalent moral values threw a full beer bottle
into one of these buggies near Milverton
as they passed it in the opposite direction:

buggy coming from church and heading home,
car going straight to rust and hellery. The bottle
struck Mary Kuepfer straight in her face, exploding
like a grenade among smiles and dimples.
She was taken by buggy to the hospital
where 56 stitches sewed up the horror.
In the paper, her photographed face did not look
like that of a twenty-year-old woman; it looked
like the Hallowe'en mask of a monster, but
behind the thread-dark stitches she smiled.
And when interviewed, she told the incredulous
reporter that she forgave her attackers, just
as she had been taught to turn her cheek.
The Amish carry no medical insurance, so
a fund was started up and money flowed
in in response, not just to her pain,
but mainly that forgiveness she contained.
We were so happy she didn't blame us.

BARRY BUTSON