

Miracle

© 2006 Gail Grenier Sweet

A man named Lloyd
drove his truck straight
into my parents' car.
Mother, father, brother killed in an instant –
Lloyd had bad brakes and no license,
but I forgave him right away.

Yet for 25 years
my anger seethed
and grew
against someone in my family
who hurt me.

Sometimes I wore my anger like a badge,
sometimes it weighed me down --
always it burned like a ball in my gut.

A yoga lady
said the past is over,
you can't change it,
forgive and forget --
bury your anger.

But I didn't want to bury it,
knowing its grave would lie
deep inside me.
I wanted it lifted --
so I prayed.
But for 25 years
my anger never left my shoulders

This week
a man named Charles
walked into a schoolhouse
and shot little Amish girls dead.
The parents of the girls
told his family
Charles is forgiven
for killing their babies.

This morning
I woke up and realized
my anger is gone --
lifted.

Miracle.

###