

Redemption

I had a dream the other night
that started out with quite a fright
I think I even may have cried
but it ended on the brighter side

When Saint Peter met me at the gate
he directed me to stand and wait
Because he needed first to look
into his dreaded record book

And while thus paused I glanced inside
and saw two doors both opened wide
One way led upward, bright and fair
but the other one—well, you know where!

At last Saint Peter read my score
that I'd been glumly bracing for
Black marks galore my sheet did show
(Looks like I'm headed down below)

“Fear not,” he said, “for everyone
that we examine has a ton
And your heartfelt feelings of remorse
should help you on your upward course”

“But now,” he said, “we must decide
which time and place you'd fain reside
Childhood? youth? with family?
It's your choice where you want to be”

“That's easy, Pete, just let me go
back to the days those black marks show
But this time I will make them right
by behaving all loving and polite”

“Ah yes,” he said, “there are quite a few
who have those humble wishes too
While many others, sad to say,
have baser goals more aimed at play”

“To your credit, son, you’ve requested well
but oh dear me, I hate to tell
While we find your wishes interesting
a miracle is what you’re requesting

“Revise the past? Erase a tear?
We can’t do those, not even here
So let’s try something else instead
When you awaken, not yet dead”

“Just live your life the best you can
and better still, take up your pen
Write down kind thoughts to pass along
and do not dwell on things long gone”

“So that when you finally face the test
you can truly say you’ve tried your best”
And with these thoughts I’m pleased to say
Saint Peter brightened up my day!

STC, Feb. 25, 2011