

THE TORCH - FALL 2013

A MAILING FROM ONTARIO CGIT

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The Ontario CGIT Association thanks Sonja Rusica, one of our excellent younger leaders, for creating this Torch for us. Not only did Sonja volunteer without her arm being twisted, ☺, she did all the work herself.

We are truly blessed to have such a committed woman as one of our leaders! Thanks so much, Sonja!

August 2013

Dear Comrades,

In the early February of 2013, I heard a sermon preached about the barren fig tree, which can be found in Luke chapter 13. The story is fairly short and simple, but I was rather struck with messages that our minister presented to the congregation.

The first lesson we can take from this parable is one of second chances. The vineyard owner is ready to cut down the fig tree when he sees that it is not bearing fruit, but the gardener convinces him to wait a year and allow the tree another opportunity. It's a valuable concept to keep in mind as we go about our day to day lives - sometimes all people need is a second chance and someone to believe in them.

The second concept our minister talked about was fertilization, and the idea of using waste to promote growth. In the parable, the gardener makes reference to fertilizing the tree. Our minister posed a question to the congregation - what is fertilizer? The answer in its most simplest form, is waste. Fertilizer is often made up of organic waste (think about what goes into your compost or green bin everyday!), manure and dirt. When used to promote growth, these messy ingredients are able to provide the necessary nutrients needed for the growth of a beautiful flower. So you might say that God also works in similar ways, he still has a use for the messy and wasteful stuff in our lives (i.e. our mistakes). With God's help we can take the messy stuff in our lives and learn from them. We can become better and stronger versions of our selves. Fertilizer for the soul, if you will.

These two concepts really stuck with me, and when it came time to put together this years Torch, I decided to use this parable as my starting point. What resulted is two bible studies and a vesper service based around the ideas of forgiveness and second chances. Please feel free to use and adapt the activities to suit the needs of you and your group. I welcome any feedback you might have.

May the Lord watch between me and thee, while we are absent from one another.

With love,
Sonja Ruscica

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Introducing the Idea of Forgiveness - Bible Study

1. Parable of the Prodigal Son - Activity

Luke 15:11-32

¹¹ Jesus continued: "There was a man who had two sons. ¹² The younger one said to his father, 'Father, give me my share of the estate.' So he divided his property between them. ¹³ "Not long after that, the younger son got together all he had, set off for a distant country and there squandered his wealth in wild living. ¹⁴ After he had spent everything, there was a severe famine in that whole country, and he began to be in need.

¹⁵ So he went and hired himself out to a citizen of that country, who sent him to his fields to feed pigs. ¹⁶ He longed to fill his stomach with the pods that the pigs were eating, but no one gave him anything. ¹⁷ "When he came to his senses, he said, 'How many of my father's hired servants have food to spare, and here I am starving to death!

¹⁸ I will set out and go back to my father and say to him: Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. ¹⁹ I am no longer worthy to be called your son; make me like one of your hired servants.' ²⁰ So he got up and went to his father. "But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him.



²¹ "The son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you. I am no longer worthy to be called your son.' ²² "But the father said to his servants, 'Quick! Bring the best robe and put it on him. Put a ring on his finger and sandals on his feet. ²³ Bring the fattened calf and kill it. Let's have a feast and celebrate. ²⁴ For this son of mine was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.' So they began to celebrate.

²⁵ "Meanwhile, the older son was in the field. When he came near the house, he heard music and dancing. ²⁶ So he called one of the servants and asked him what was going on. ²⁷ 'Your brother has come,' he replied, 'and your father has killed the fattened calf because he has him back safe and sound.'

²⁸ "The older brother became angry and refused to go in. So his father went out and pleaded with him. ²⁹ But he answered his father, 'Look! All these years I've been slaving for you and never disobeyed your orders. Yet you never gave me even a young goat so I could celebrate with my friends.

³⁰ But when this son of yours who has squandered your property with prostitutes comes home, you kill the fattened calf for him!' ³¹ "My son,' the father said, 'you are always with me, and everything I have is yours. ³² But we had to celebrate and be glad, because this brother of yours was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'"

Activity

- split your group into smaller groups of 2-4 girls each
- assign each group a section of the scripture

Group 1 - verse 11-14

Group 2 - verse 15-19

Group 3 - verse 20-24

Group 4 - verse 25-32

1. have each group look up their assigned section and discuss - what is going on/happening?
2. allow groups approx 10 - 15 minutes to put together a 'skit' depicting their portion of the parable; encourage the girls to tell this story in their own words and even put a modern day spin on it if they want
(obviously there may not be enough parts for a group of 4, but perhaps one person could act out the main character while other group members take turns narrating the action)
3. after the allotted time re-convene the group and have each group present their skit
4. once the girls are done presenting, summarize the main points of the story for the entire group to ensure everyone has a cohesive view of the parable

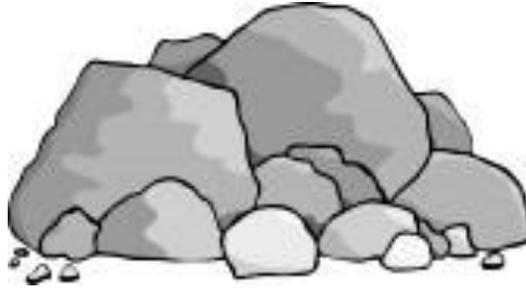
Discussion

Use the following questions to facilitate discussion

- a) how do you feel about how the son acted?
- b) do you think the father would have forgiven the son? would you have?
- c) how do you think the older brother felt?
- d) do you think that it's important to forgive? why or why not?

2. Game - The Heavy Bucket

(Note: I think this game can be easily modified if you don't have access to a tree - you could convert this into a relay easily enough. Likewise, you could easily substitute the rocks for water, soil etc.)



Supplies:

- 2 large buckets
- 2 long pieces of rope
- lots and lots of rocks (med - lrg size)
- access to a large tree

Instructions:

1. split your group into two smaller groups (preferable if they are even)
2. each group is given a bucket and rope
3. have girls attach the rope to the handle of the bucket (two knots are good, have a leader double check that they are tight enough) and toss the rope over a tree branch so that the group can hold one end of the rope to suspend the bucket
4. one member of each team begins to fill the bucket of the opposite team while the remaining team members work to hold their bucket suspended in the air
5. which team can hold the most?

Discussion:

Once the activity is complete gather the group back together and ask the following

- a) at the beginning was the bucket light or heavy?
- b) was it easy to hold up? how about after a couple of rocks were added? how about when your bucket was full?
- c) can you see any similarities between your heavy bucket and someone with a heavy soul? perhaps someone who is carrying around a lot of anger and bad feelings?
- d) why is it important to forgive? what might happen if we let ourselves get bogged down by focusing on all the negative and bad stuff?

3. Craft - Forgiveness Gift

Supplies:

- gift box for each girl (a small shoe box would also work)
- scissors
- craft glue
- decorative paper, stickers, bows, ribbons etc
- lettering to spell out 'I FORGIVE' for each girl

Instructions:

1. tell each girl to take a box and make it beautiful (the only stipulations are that there be a opening on top to fit small slips of paper, and she must affix the 'I FORGIVE' lettering somewhere on the box.)
2. allow 30 - 40 minutes for this activity, encourage girls to take their time and make something they will be proud of
3. when boxes are complete ask everyone to think of something that has upset her recently
4. write the words 'I forgive' and the scenario on the piece of paper and slip it into the box
5. this forgiveness box can be kept somewhere special and added to as needed

Forgiveness and Second Chances - Bible Study

1. Craft - Clay Pot Decoration

Supplies:

- 1 small clay pot per girl
- paint brushes
- modge podge
- colourful paper, stickers, comic strips etc.

Instructions:

1. give each girl a clay pot
2. lay out decorating supplies and let them go wild! (have them make their pot as bright and colourful as possible)
3. allow the pots to dry overnight or until the next meeting

2. Activity - Parable of the Barren Fig Tree

Luke 13:6-9



⁶ Then he told this parable: "A man had a fig tree growing in his vineyard, and he went to look for fruit on it but did not find any. ⁷ So he said to the man who took care of the vineyard, 'For three years now I've been coming to look for fruit on this fig tree and haven't found any. Cut it down! Why should it use up the soil?' ⁸ "Sir,' the man replied, 'leave it alone for one more year, and I'll dig around it and fertilize it. ⁹ If it bears fruit next year, fine! If not, then cut it down.'"

(Note: if you have enough leaders, another option would be to act this out for your group)

1. split your group into 2 or 3 smaller groups
2. give each group a bible and have them look up the parable
3. supply each group with a poster board and a package of markers
4. have each group come up with a three-square comic depicting the parable
5. gather the groups together and allow time for the girls to see all of the comics
6. ask your group what they think is happening in this story and what they understand of its meaning
7. as you discuss as a group make sure to highlight that this story is about second chances, the importance of cultivation (ie. taking care of your soul) and the importance not only of receiving second chances but also of giving them

3. Activity/Craft - Second Chance Flowers

(Note: if you are doing this indoors you'll need disposable tablecloths and you might consider putting something down to cover the floor as well.)

Supplies:

- decorated clay pots from night before
- soil/fertilizer/compost (enough to fill each pot)
- gerber daisy seeds or young plants (or any other brightly coloured flower you like)
- water
- 'second chance saying' (find below)
- popsicle sticks
- craft glue



Instructions

1. have each girl take some soil and fill her pot 2/3 of the way

Discussion

- a) ask your group what else is needed to make this flower grow (other than seed and water) A: Fertilizer!
 - b) ask why we use fertilizer? (supply nutrients, grow bigger, better, stronger)
 - c) what is fertilizer made out of? (waste, manure - it's messy and smelly!)
 - d) so if you think about it, waste becomes the fertilizer that then becomes a beautiful flower
 - e) God also works like this; he still has a use for the messy and wasteful stuff in our lives (i.e. our mistakes)
 - f) God helps us to learn from these mistakes and to grow so that next time we can be better and stronger; it's like fertilizer for your soul
2. pass out some fertilizer, the daisy seeds and help the girls to plant their flowers
 3. everyone should take a second chance saying and glue it to a popsicle stick; this can then be placed into the soil of the flower pot
 - talk to the girls and make sure everyone understands how to care for their flower (how many times to water etc)

'Second chance sayings'

(choose the one you like best, or put out a variety and let girls choose the one that speaks to them – if you can think of other ones, include them too!)

- "We should regret our mistakes and learn from them, but never carry them forward into the future with us."
LM Montgomery
- "It is important that we forgive ourselves for making mistakes. We need to learn from our errors and move on."
Steve Maraboli
- "Why do we fall? So we can learn to pick ourselves up."
Alfred to a young Bruce in Batman movie
- "You build on failure. You use it as a stepping stone. Close the door on the past. You don't try to forget the mistakes, but you don't dwell on it. You don't let it have any of your energy, or any of your time, or any of your space."
Johnny Cash

An Evening Vesper Service on Forgiveness

(Note: what follows is a short Vesper service, please feel free to modify to suit your needs)

Call to Worship:

One: Dear Friends, we are gathered with joy to worship God

All: God, who loves us deeply and unconditionally

One: We ask for God's guidance and forgiveness in life

All: Forgiveness for ourselves, forgiveness for others

One: Our God has a use for our mistakes

All: Praise God, who lifts us up and allows us a second chance.

Candle Lighting:

We light this candle for forgiveness. We hope that by following the example of Jesus, we might be willing to forgive others and ourselves for our mistakes.

Scripture: Matthew 18:21-22

Then Peter came up to Him and said, Lord, how many times may my brother sin against me and I forgive him and let it go? [As many as] up to seven times? Jesus answered him, I tell you, not up to seven times, but seventy times seven!

Song: When I Needed A Neighbour #600 in Voices United

1 When I needed a neighbour,
were you there, were you there?
When I needed a neighbour, were you there?
And the creed and the colour and the name won't matter;
were you there?

2 I was hungry and thirsty,
were you there, were you there?
I was hungry and thirsty, were you there?
And the creed and the colour and the name won't matter;
were you there?

3 I was cold, I was naked,
were you there, were you there?
I was cold, I was naked, were you there?
And the creed and the colour and the name won't matter;
were you there?

4 When I needed a shelter,
were you there, were you there?
When I needed a shelter, were you there?
And the creed and the colour and the name won't matter;
were you there?

5 Wherever you travel,
I'll be there, I'll be there;
wherever you travel, I'll be there.
And the creed and the colour and the name won't matter;
I'll be there.

Story or Poem: (choose one from below)

Song:

Play 'A Heart that Forgives' by Kevin Levar (can be found on You Tube)

(Note: if you don't have access to a computer and the internet, just substitute one of your favourite hymns in this place)

Scripture: Psalm 86:5

For You, O Lord, are good, and ready to forgive; and You are abundant in mercy and loving-kindness to all those who call upon You.

Prayer:

Oh God,

Our teacher, example, companion-

You have shown us what is good,

and call us to remember that what you require is not repayment of debt,
or settling the score,

but kindness, love and forgiveness.

Show us, God,

How to be kind, how to love, and how to forgive.

Show us the lessons to be learned from our own mistakes, and help us to forgive ourselves as well as others.

In God's name we pray,

Amen.

Other Resources (Poems and Stories)

Enemies

By Wendell Berry

If you are not to become a monster,
you must care what they think.
If you care what they think,
how will you not hate them,
and so become a monster
of the opposite kind? From where then
is love to come—love for your enemy
that is the way of liberty?
From forgiveness. Forgiven, they go
free of you, and you of them;
they are to you as sunlight
on a green branch. You must not
think of them again, except
as monsters like yourself,
pitiable because unforgiving.

Forgiveness

By Brenda Terrell

When a hurtful word is spoken
Or an unkind deed is done
I always must remember
I am not the only one
Who has ever been mistreated
Stepped upon or pushed aside
By thoughtless harmful actions
Or selfish hateful pride.

The world is full of people
Who purposely abuse
Who lie and cheat and slander
And manipulate and use
Anyone and everyone
Who might get in their way
Of success or fame or power;
No price too big to pay.

God's word is clear and simple
About what I must do
When I have been offended
By friend or foe's misuse:
"Forgive...and be forgiven"

I dare not keep a score--
Seventy times seven
Times seven hundred more.

When I am unforgiving,
The battle I'll not win;
For I need my Father's mercy
To blot out all my sin.
Forgiving is not easy
Yet I know it can be done:
I look to Christ my Savior,
The Holy, Sinless One.

When Jesus died upon the cross
His words rang clear and true,
"Father, please forgive them,
For they know not what they do."
As the Precious Lamb of God
Christ wants me to see:
Forgiving is the power
That sets my spirit free!
Forgiveness is God's wondrous gift
That sets my spirit free!

This Place Of My Forgiveness

By: Betty Elders

In this place of my forgiveness
Here my soul has found a home
In this hour of my deliverance
No enemies I own

In this place of my forgiveness
I shall ride the Glory Train
I am eager, ever waiting
I shall be at peace again

Take these chains I've forged in anger
Let them bind no more again
Take this darkness it doth blind me
Let kindness now begin

Mighty is the sword of vengeance
Justly must its might prevail
Infinite is God's own mercy
When my mercy fails
Fear, I shall not give you refuge
For you would rob me of my sight
You would leave my soul to anguish
In eternal night

In this place of my forgiveness
Here my soul has found a home
In this hour of my deliverance
His Kingdom shall I own
His Kingdom I shall own

A Poison Tree

By William Blake

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright;
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veiled the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

Story - Growing Up In Brooklyn

Growing up in Brooklyn, I spent a lot of time hanging out. My friends were mostly older kids who didn't think learning was cool, and before long I was making bad decisions. I wouldn't have called them "bad" at the time, because at that stage I was fascinated by all the things these older guys were about. They didn't go to school. They had a lot of girls. It seemed they always called their own shots. I liked that. My mother always told me that I shouldn't hang around these guys, but I was fifteen. I didn't need her guidance anymore; I knew it all. I'd say, "I hear you, Ma." But I still didn't care.

Next thing you know, my "friends" and I are getting into arguments. You see, when I first started hanging out with them, I'd do whatever they told me to do. If they said to go beat somebody up, I'd go do it. I wanted to show them how much heart I had. I was doing a lot of other bad stuff too. Then, as time went on, they'd tell me to do even worse things, and I'd say, "I'm not gonna do it." So we started bumping heads. Some "friends" will love you only as long as you do what they want you to do.

They always told me we should carry guns, "just in case." The idea was that if you ran into trouble, you'd have protection. One day – it was May 7, 1990 – we were out walking to the corner store, and I had this odd feeling, and then all of a sudden the guy walking next to me shouted, "Look out! Run!" I ran, and I kept running, but then I turned, and I saw this kid with a submachine gun (it turned out to be a Tech 9). Then my pants made a funny movement, and something hit me hard, in my back.

I didn't realize it at the time, but the movement my pants made was a bullet going through my leg, and the pain in my back was another bullet. I fell down to the ground, and when I tried to move, I couldn't. I couldn't even feel my legs. I was totally alone. My friends had all run for their lives. I closed my eyes. I was scared out of my mind. I was sure the kid with the gun was going to come up close and kill me. Then I opened my eyes, and he was gone.

Aside from the two bullets Hashim felt, there were four more: all in all, six bullets passed through him, leaving a total of twelve entry and exit wounds.

While I lay on the ground, bleeding to death and looking up at the sky, I called out, "God, *please* don't let me die." I could feel in my heart that he would hear my prayer; I was full of conviction. As the words left my tongue, it was as if the world had blinked. By "blinked" I mean that up to that moment, I was so frightened that my heart was pounding. As soon as I uttered those words, though, I couldn't even remember my fear. Everything changed. I was suddenly calm. As a believer, I now know why: when you call out to the Creator, peace and tranquility come over you.

Then all of a sudden, somebody was putting a jacket under my head, and two of my friends were there, arguing about whether to try and move me. I told them to try moving me, and they began pulling me up. As soon as they did, something popped, so they let me back down again...

What Hashim felt was presumably something in his lower spine. In any event, he was left paralyzed from the waist down. He spent much of the next year in a New York City hospital, thinking about how to get even with his assailant, and twisting his hair (he has not cut his hair since the day of his shooting, and keeps it in dreads as a reminder of that time).

Revenge consumed me. All I could think about was, "Just wait till I get better; just wait till I see this kid." As days turned into weeks, I got angrier and angrier. I cried. I couldn't sleep. I didn't feel like eating. I refused my medication. All I wanted was to get well enough to go kill this kid for shooting me. I didn't even know him, but I was consumed by wanting to know what he had shot me for.

(Eventually I found out: he'd shot me because my friends had set me up. You see, we weren't getting along anymore. They'd loved me as long as I was willing to do stupid things with them.)

Then, as time went on, I began to think differently. I said to myself, "If I take revenge on him, I can only imagine what God is going to put me through." I'd started feeling that God was trying to teach me a very important lesson, and that I'd better take it seriously. I also reasoned that if I harmed this young man, something bad would come back to me. You see, six months before this happened, *I* had shot a kid, for no reason except that a friend told me to do it and I wanted to prove how tough I was. Six months later, I am shot by somebody because *his* friend told *him* to do it. Whatever you put out in this world – whatever you do – will always come back to you. It must. It's just a matter of time.

In the end, though, I decided to forgive. I felt God had saved my life for a reason, and that I had better fulfill that purpose. I didn't know what it was, but I sensed God had something special in mind for me. And I knew that I could never go back out there and harm someone. I was done with that mindset, and the lifestyle that goes with it: an eye for an eye, and the continual little (and big) beefs.

It was like I had an epiphany: something came to me as I was lying there in the hospital and told me I should forgive. If I hadn't, I'm not sure I'd be here today. I definitely wouldn't be traveling the globe, speaking to teens about making the world a better place.

By Hashim Garrett

Hashim Garrett once roamed the streets of Brooklyn with a gang – and a loaded gun. Today he is a well-known motivational speaker at schools across the country, and the owner of his own consulting firm, Wisdom and Understanding. As a result of a shooting when he was fifteen, he is almost completely paralyzed from the waist down, and walks only with great effort, and a pair of crutches. Strangely, he says he's come to see that incident not as a bad day, but as "one of the best days of my life, because it helped me to see things clearly, and gave me a new lease on life." To some, such an attitude may seem nearly impossible to understand. To Hashim however, it has a simple explanation – one that has everything to do with forgiveness.

Story - Practising Forgiveness In Daily Life

Perhaps the hardest thing about practicing forgiveness in daily life is that it requires us to confront the reality of our feelings toward those we know best. It is difficult enough to forgive a stranger we might never see again, but it is much harder to forgive a person we love and trust. Our family, our friends, the people we feel closest to at work – they not only know our strengths, but also our weaknesses, our frailties, and our quirks. And when they turn on us, we are often left reeling. At least that's what Clare Stober, a former businesswoman who is now a member of my church, experienced:

"Before leaving the advertising agency I co-owned and moving to another state, I had to settle affairs with my partner of ten years. This was complicated by the fact that he and his wife had once been very close to me and had been fellow church members for the past fifteen years. Over time we had grown apart, and I felt I could no longer continue working with them.

None of our advisors wanted to tell me how best to divide our assets equitably. I wanted to go beyond just being fair – I wanted nothing weighing on my conscience – so I made a proposal to that effect. I thought it was a very generous distribution. But my partner saw the whole thing differently and stopped talking to me the day I told him of my desire to leave the business. Unfortunately, it was two more months before I felt my tasks were sufficiently handed over, and the transition was long, silent, lonely, and punctuated by angry words.

We still had not signed an agreement by the time I left. Lawyers had been brought in by both sides, but they only clouded the waters. I wanted an outside source to arbitrate the offer, but my partner fired the arbitrator and sought advice instead from an accountant we had worked with for seven years. The accountant soon saw that his future lay with the partner who was continuing with the business and helped him to make my leaving very difficult.

It took a lot of offers and counter-offers to come to a final agreement. I won't go into details here, but the result of their demands was that I was made liable for one-half of the firm's earnings for the last full year I was with them, from January to December, even though I only received my share of the earnings through June. I ended up paying \$50,000 in taxes which they should have paid.

When I realized what they had done, and that they had done it with forethought and deliberation, I was so angry I could not sleep for days. I felt they had conspired to crush me. I've been through a lot of difficult times in my life, but I have never spent so many sleepless nights, tossing and turning, consumed by anger and deep hurt. When I thought about what had happened during the day, the waves of anger that welled up within me were so powerful they would leave me shaking.

To make matters worse, a friend asked me, "What are you so upset about? It's only money." That made me even more angry. Sure it was "only money," and I didn't really need it at the time. But it was a *lot* of money, and it was mine, and they had cheated me. Obviously, the IRS could not be put off, though, so I wrote the check and hoped in a God of vengeance.

My journey to forgiveness took years. It was like crossing a stream by hopping from one stone to another. I took the first step as I was driving alone one night, listening to the radio, and a song came on about forgiveness. The performer explained the lyrics before he sang it. He talked about how we keep our hurts in a cupboard in our hearts and repeatedly bring them out to turn them over and replay them. We nurse our self-pity.

There was a surprise at the end of the song: it talked about how we think we're imprisoning those who have hurt us by not forgiving them, but if we look at the face of the person locked in the tower, we'll see that it is our own. At that point I knew, at least intellectually, that forgiveness was the key to getting on with my life.

I took a second step when I began to examine my own feelings and realized that I was more hurt by my partner's cheating me, than by his slander. It began to bother me that I had let money have such a hold on my life.

Another step came about a year later when I was embarking on a new chapter of my life in a new location. I was talking with a friend who knew my old partner, and she asked me if I had ever forgiven him. I quickly said, "Sure." She wasn't satisfied, but pressed further, explaining to me how important forgiveness was for both of our futures, even if we no longer worked together. She said that by not forgiving him, I was somehow binding him and not letting him get on with his life – not to mention that I was hurting my own future in the same way. I asked my friend, "So how does forgiveness work, then?" She described it as a gift – we can will to forgive as much as we want, but ultimately it must be given to us. Reluctantly, I began to will myself to forgive – though in retrospect I see that I still felt it was my partner who should be asking for forgiveness, not me.

The final step came later, during a time of deep spiritual introspection. I was trying to clear up everything in my life that had gone wrong up to that point, and make a clean slate before God. Frankly, I was getting nowhere – I thought I had nothing to clear up.

Then it hit me like a ton of bricks. Sure, I had been wronged, but I had done more than an equal share of wrongs in my life – against my partner, and against others. I sat down and wrote him a letter, telling him how much bitterness I had carried, and asking his forgiveness. I felt such a release as I put the letter in the post. No matter what the answer, I could now be free of my anger.

About a month later, the same friend who had advised me to forgive happened to call me and asked me if I had been able to do so. I told her that I had, and that I now felt free. She answered, "I thought so. I've noticed a new freedom in him, too."

By: Johann Christop Arnold and Clare Stober

References:

Games and Activities for Forgiveness

various resources found at

<http://www.eHow.com>

Why Forgive?

Johann Christop Arnold

free eBook can be found at

<http://www.plough.com/en/ebooks/w/why-forgive>

The Parable of the Barren Fig Tree, Sermon

By Min. Cordelia Karpenko

St. Paul's United Church, Ajax, ON

February 2013

Voices United Hymn Book