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