

I had beaten and robbed myself
And thought I had gotten what I deserved.

Then I came to see what I had done,
Somehow, with compassion.

Passage

e i g h t y - f i v e

When I think of the Good Samaritan,

I wonder in how many ways the man he helped
Might have been made better.

I think about the ways and times
I have been sick and suffering

And about the ways I have been made better.

I think about the times
I have expected reproach

And have deserved reproach,
But have been shown compassion.

I have been encouraged
At those times, and inspired.

I have been shown
How better is.

The Miracle Worker

I watched *The Miracle Worker* last night again,
With Patty Duke and Ann Bancroft
As Helen Keller and her teacher.

It is a moving story of a person trapped in darkness
And of someone reaching in to find her there.
It is a story of the challenges involved in that.

I know what it is like to be groping in darkness,
To know someone is with me, but
To not understand the meaning of that.

I have been regardly kindly and with patience
As I have groped for understanding

Of what being understanding is and of
The meaning of the fact that there is meaning.

I have always been the least likely to succeed
At anything the world

Would consider succeeding at succeeding.

I have failed at almost everything, but this,
And in this too, I am unlikely, but determined.

I do not seek refuge from
Feelings that are painful to me.

These are settled and resolved in me,
Not hushed-up and put away.

Fear is not hushed up and put away,
But is resolved and settled

With patience and with genuine concern.

I am persuaded that
The healings I am praying for

Will not be accomplished
With a command of any kind.

For commanders are not listeners
And commanders are not seers,

And so have little understanding
Of how is needed to be better.

One starts with how one is
Toward oneself and others

And finds there is no end
To where that leads.