

washed clean

In ancient times the cry "Unclean!"
 Would warn of lepers near.
 "Unclean! Unclean!" the words rang out;
 Then all drew back in fear,
 Lest by the touch of lepers' hands
 They, too, would lepers be.
 There was no cure in ancient times,
 Just hopeless agony.
 No soap, no balm, no medicine
 Could stay disease or pain.
 There was no salve, no cleansing bath,
 To make them well again.
 But there was One, the record shows,
 Whose touch could make them pure;
 Could ease their awful suffering,
 Their rotting flesh restore.
 His coming long had been foretold.
 Signs would precede His birth.
 A Son of God to woman born,
 With power to cleanse the earth.
 The day He made ten lepers whole,
 The day He made them clean,
 Well symbolized His ministry
 And what His life would mean.
 However great that miracle,
 This was not why He came.
 He came to rescue every soul
 From death, from sin, from shame.
 For greater miracles, He said,
 His servants yet would do,
 To rescue every living soul,
 Not just heal up the few.
 Though we're redeemed from mortal death,
 We still can't enter in
 Unless we're clean, cleansed every whit,
 From every mortal sin.
 What must be done to make us clean
 We cannot do alone.
 The law, to be a law, requires
 A pure one must atone.
 He taught that justice will be stayed
 Till mercy's claim be heard
 If we repent and are baptized
 And live by every word. . . .
 If we could only understand
 All we have heard and seen,
 We'd know there is no greater gift
 Than those two words--"Washed clean!"

—President Boyd K. Packer

Humpty Dumpty... rewritten



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
 All the King's horses and all the King's men
 Couldn't put Humpty together again

But then, Humpty got up and looked good as new
 His shell was all shiny and he didn't use glue
 He looked at the horses and all the King's men
 And said, "I don't need you to put me together again!"

But then... he did realize that something was amiss
 His outsides were fine, but his insides were all mixed
 All scrambled, all churned, like an omelet he felt
 So he began to plead to all the King's helps

But they all declined with their heads bowed down
 low,
 "We haven't what it takes to heal such a blow,
 In fact we are each in the same state as you"
 Said all the King's men, and his horses cried, "Us
 too!"

"There is no man here that can fix this great sting,
 But the man up the hill can, we call him our King,
 So go up the hill now, He's waiting for you
 As he waited for us to heal up this few."

"But there are some things of you he'll require,
 Your heart and your soul, and all your desires.
 You see, we have learned this, so the past years
 we've been
 All the King's horses, and all the King's men."

By Shannon Foster