

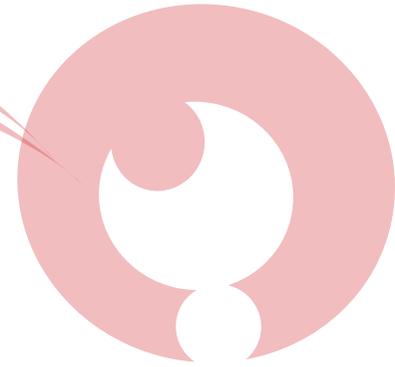
Jury & Judge for a Day



**In pride one day
I decided in my own foolish way
To be jury and judge for a day.**

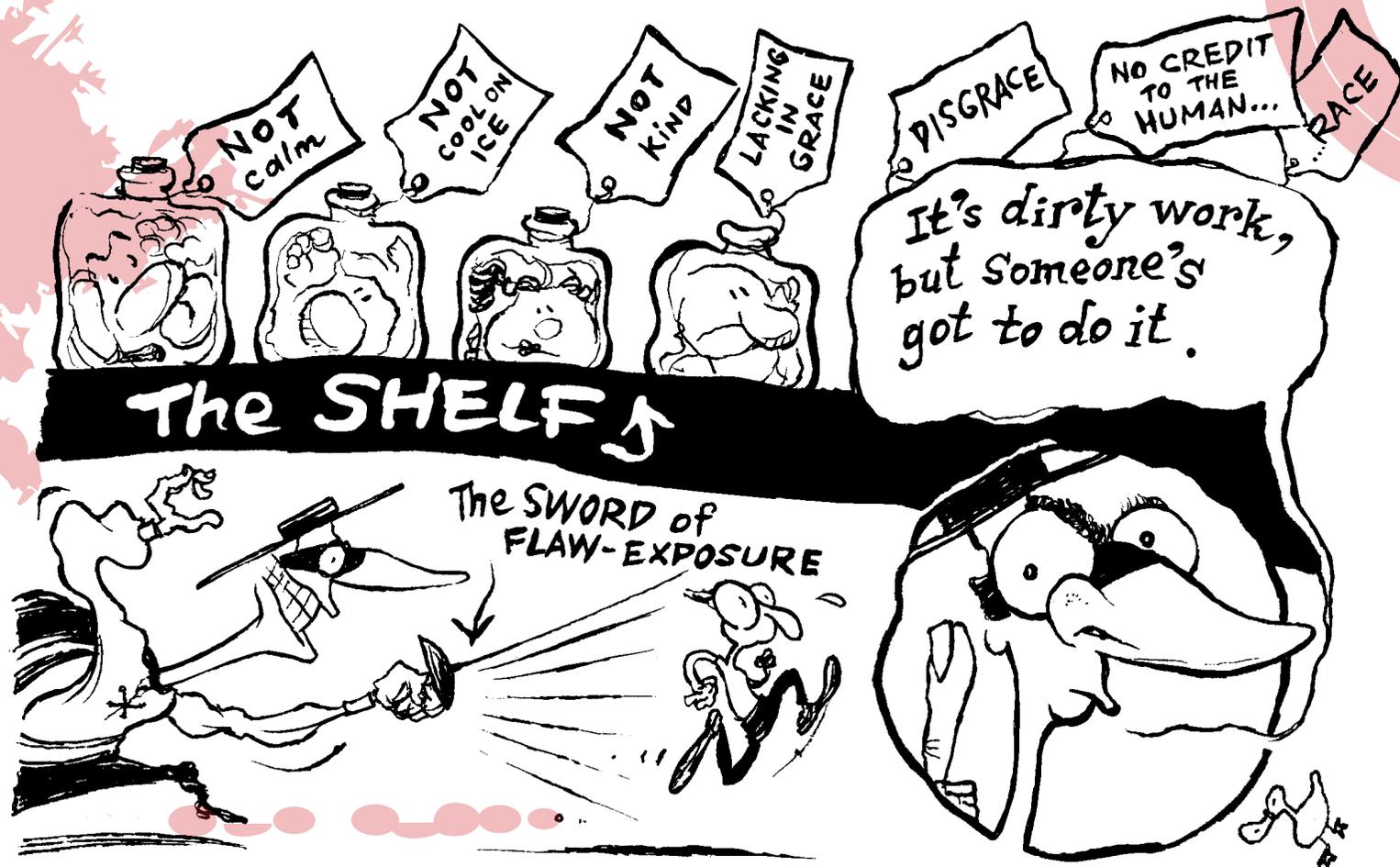


So with gavel in hand
I began to scan
And closely scrutinize my
fellow man.
To my lack of surprise
I noticed many not as wise,
Not as kind, not as nice,
Not as calm and cool on ice,
Not as feeling,
Not as appealing,
Some so lacking in grace
They seemed no credit to the
human race.





And so just for fun
I classified each one,
Which was very quickly done.
I'm so proud to say,
For in my own most humble way,
I measured each one against myself,
Then packaged, labeled
And put them on a shelf.
And without any heed
Proceeded to read
To all I could find
The brilliant conclusions of my mind.



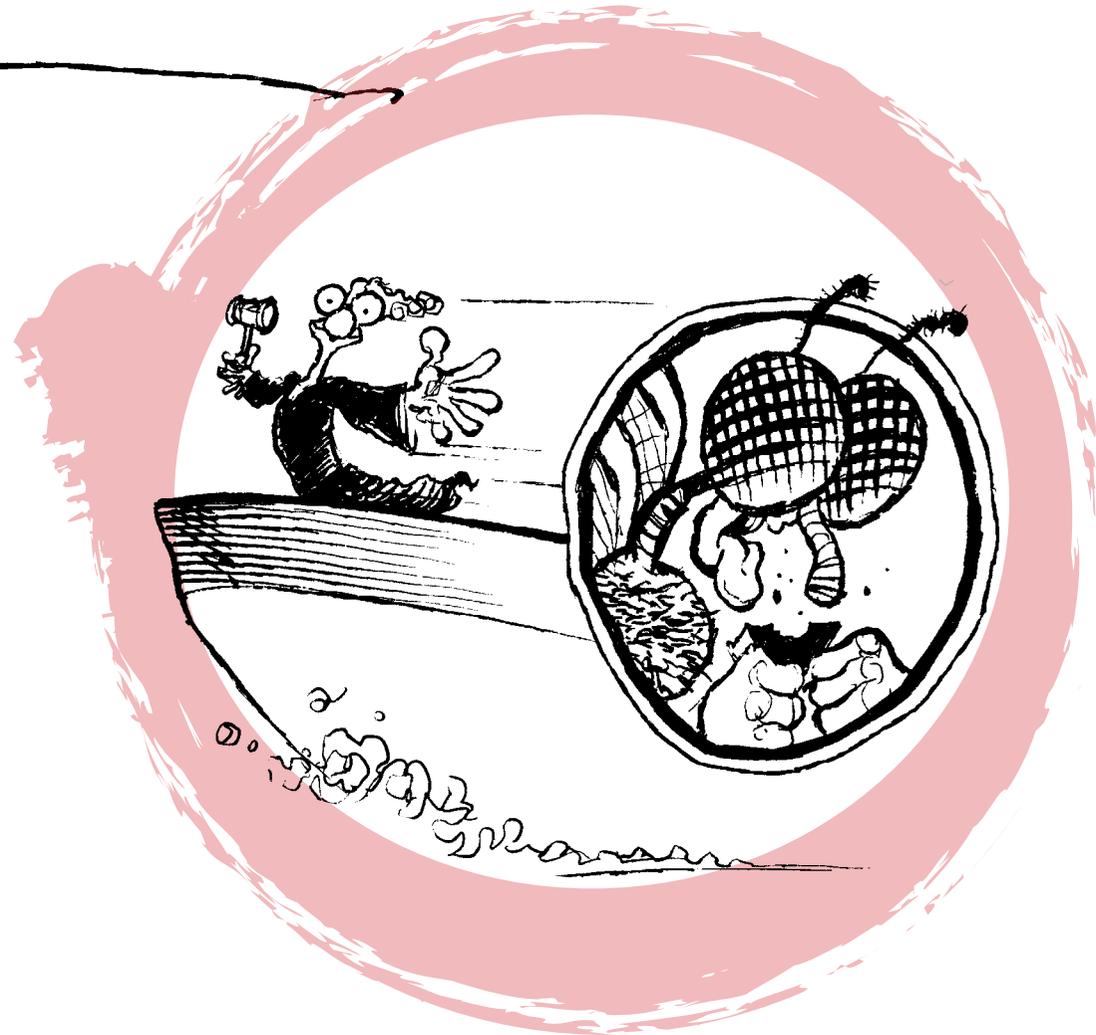
Now these here I did find less
Than you and I who are the best!
And this one so seemingly good
I finally understood
Upon closer inspection,

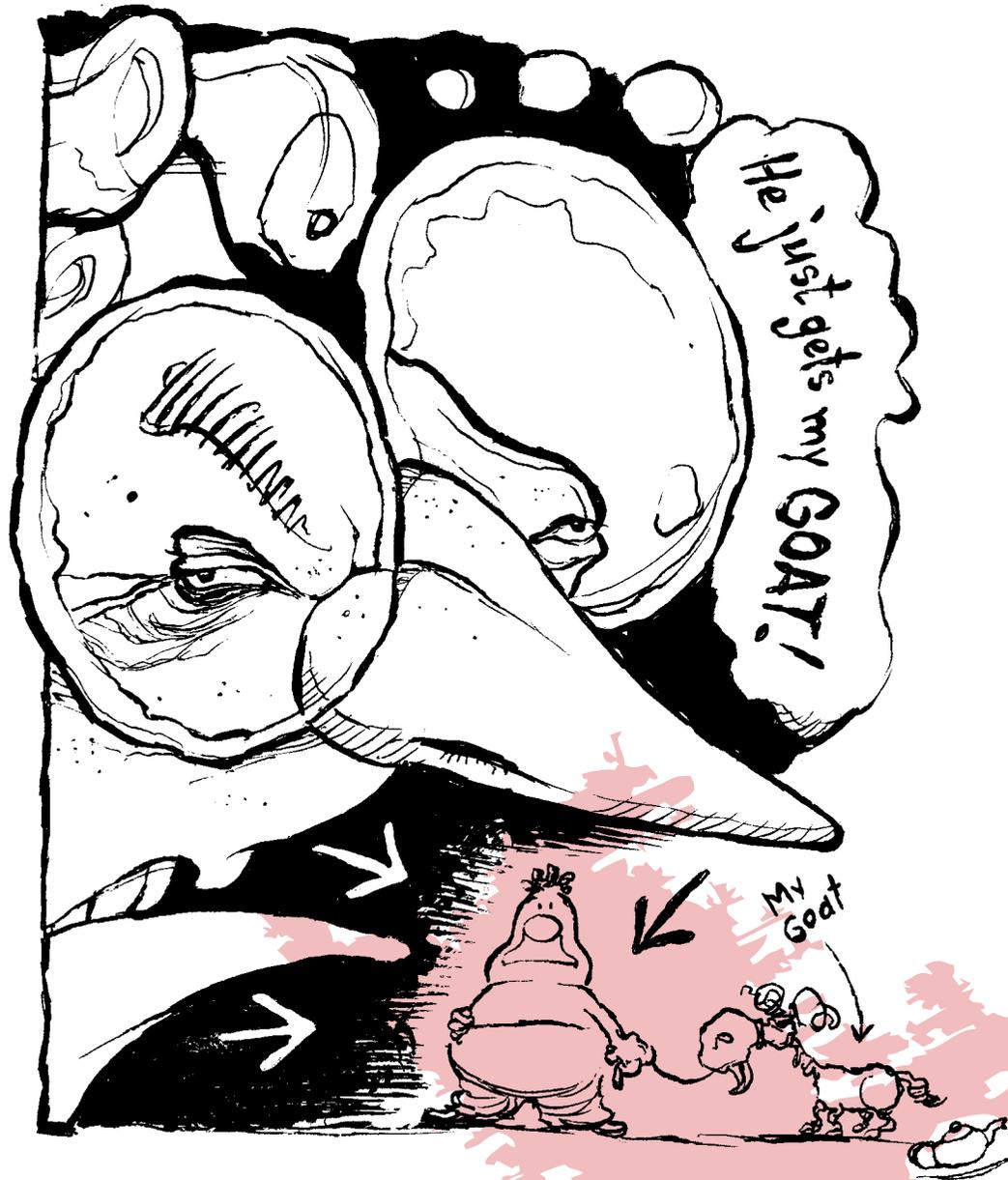
Had a large imperfection,
Which at the time I did feel
Was my duty to reveal.
For I personally saw
In them a most terrible flaw.



**Then pointed to the crack
Of some terrible lack,
Giving myself a pat on the back
For sharing this most despicable fact,**

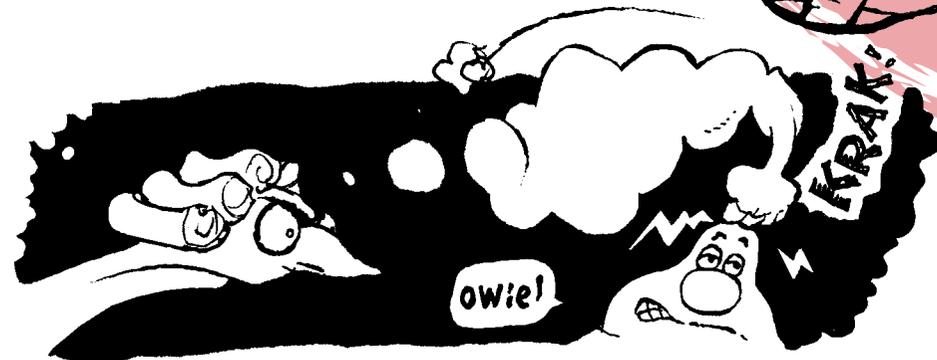
**While trying to look finer
Like first class on a luxury liner,
Rather than in fact
Like some worm on your lap
Or a fly eating (whatever).
But just as I was enjoying
All the lives I was destroying**





At the expense of sisters
and brothers
And much pain to so many
others,
I met the ultimate cad
A despicable soul who made
me so mad,
I disliked the way he talked,
Add to that the way he
walked,
The way he filled his plate,
And of course the way he ate.

**Early or late he seemed wrong,
His hair too short or too long,
His clothes were appalling,
With colors and patterns all
brawling;
How bad the way he sat or rose,
Or sometimes picked his nose,
Or hugged too long and too much,
Or often seemed so out of touch.
I must confess
I labeled him a total mess.
So much about him was bugging
I felt he needed a mugging.**





**But one night I now confide
I dreamt I suddenly died,
And at Heaven's pearl gate
Who should me there await
But the very guy I'd come to hate
The one I considered least
The cad, the beast!
The opposite of me,
Object of my antipathy!**

**Then to my horror and demise
Jesus pulled off His disguise
Said, "Surprise!
It's Me!
Okay, let's have a see!
Shall we open the Book
And have a quick look
At how you treated Me?"**





**Well, my friend
I am happy to say
I came back to life that day!
Now I'm back here
With a lot more fear,
To open my face
And try and erase
A good name,
Or find fault or defame
Another I need to love as my brother**



And I've shut off the faucet
That watered those seeds
Of such evil weeds
That grew in my garden
of gossip.

