

Not seven, I tell you, but seventy-seven times

The Corvid crisis got on his nerves. The way the kids met in the town centre dressed as if they were in the South of France. The same young people that drove like idiots. Talking of idiots the government sent conflicting messages concerning everything. Messages on the different forms of media which meant that no one talked to each other. Talk which rarely meant more than filling space or time. Not that anyone ever had time for each other anymore. He just wished that it was all so different. He was just so angry that his life had to deal with the insanity of humanity.

So angry that it excused him getting involved in this hopeless case.

How many times must I forgive

Not seven, I tell you, but seventy-seven times

Calm down

Don't be so self-righteous

And get involved

Daughter, supposed to be a daughter, though she rarely rang, unless she wanted something. Making indirect requests through her mother. A woman who kept secrets. After 37 years of marriage, she thought she could keep secrets. Not that if there was something she wanted, she was incapable of making matters clear. Which she always did, when things concerned his brother, who never listened to anyone. Not even when their mother died, and they split up the house. He had not wanted money just that picture that hung up in their living room. Living with such memories was always just on the edge of being said. Not that anything was said anymore, unless in the conversations that happened in his head, and never found expression

So angry that it excused him getting involved in this hopeless case.

How many times must I forgive?

Not seven, I tell you, but seventy-seven times

Calm down

Don't be so self-righteous

And get involved

She had not wanted a lot from life, but as a result of circumstance and past decisions, she had ended up with even less. Thus what she had, she was not confident with. She hated those times when decisions needed to be made. So she did not make them. Then the disappointment or comparison kicked in. Low self-esteem, a safe place where nothing disturbed the inevitability of apathy. Apathy which was always reinforced by the fact that nothing ever went perfectly.

It all made her angry

So angry that it excused her getting involved in this hopeless case.

How many times must I forgive?

Not seven, I tell you, but seventy-seven times

Calm down

Don't be so self-righteous

And get involved

Learn

Learn

Learn

To forgive the world

Learn

To forgive those you love

Learn to

Forgive yourself

How many times

Learn the skills of forgiveness

And

BE FREE