

JUST LITTLE SINS

By Robert Fitt

When I catch a
Glimpse of Jesus
Throbbing in Gethsemane,
And comprehend my darkness
Against His glorious light;
It is not the obvious,
Wicked, sins that I would purge;
Not the conspicuous, crimson,
Evils of the world.

I left them far behind me
Long ago.

I would purge the furtive
Little sins that
Lie, unrecognized, within me. The
Tiny, darkened whisperings
That hold me back from
Everything I truly want; the
Petty thoughts and motives that
Hold my Moses-power, and
Nephi-revelation
Bound and gagged.

Help me to reject these little sins, O Lord.
To rebuff each tiny voice that
Whispers selfish pleasure, anger,
Fear, distrust or pride.

Be with me, as I strive to
Crucify every tiny
Wicked thought, and
Sinful deed,
Upon the Cross of
Thy love.