



**I**n the village of Faken in innermost Friesland, there lived a long thin baker named Fouke—a righteous man, with a long thin chin and a long thin nose. Fouke was so upright that he seemed to spray righteousness from his thin lips over everyone who came near him; so the people of Faken preferred to stay away.

Fouke's wife, Hilda, was short and round; her arms were round, her bosom was round, her rump was round. Hilda did not keep people at bay with righteousness; her soft roundness seemed to invite them to come close to her in order to share the warm cheer of her open heart.

Hilda respected her righteous husband, and loved him too, as much as he allowed her; but her heart ached for something more from him than his worthy righteousness.

And there, in the bed of her need, lay the seed of sadness.

One morning, having worked since dawn to knead his dough for the ovens, Fouke came home and found a stranger in his bedroom lying on Hilda's round bosom.

Hilda's adventure soon became the talk of the tavern and the scandal of the Faken congregation. Everyone assumed that Fouke would cast Hilda out of his house, so righteous was he. But he surprised everyone by keeping Hilda as his wife, saying that he forgave her as the Good Book said he should.

In his heart of hearts, however, Fouke could not forgive Hilda for bringing shame to his name. Whenever he thought about her, his feelings toward her were angry and hard; he despised her as if she were a common whore. When it came right down to it, he hated her for betraying him after he had been so good and so faithful a husband to her.

He only pretended to forgive Hilda so that he could punish her with his righteous mercy.

But Fouke's fakery did not sit well in Heaven.

So each time that Fouke would feel his secret hate toward Hilda, an angel came to him and dropped a tiny pebble, hardly the size of a shirt button, into Fouke's heart. Each time a pebble dropped, Fouke would feel a stab of pain like the pain he felt the moment he came on Hilda feeding her hungry heart from a stranger's larder.

Thus he hated her the more; his hate brought him pain and his pain made him hate.

The pebbles multiplied. And Fouke's heart grew very heavy with the weight of them, so heavy that the top half of his body bent forward so far that he had to strain his neck upward in order to see straight ahead. Weary with hurt, Fouke began to wish he were dead.

The angel who dropped the pebbles into his heart came to Fouke one night and told him how he could be healed of his hurt.

There was one remedy, he said, only one, for the hurt of a wounded heart. Fouke would need the miracle of the magic eyes. He would need eyes that could look back to the beginning of his hurt and see his Hilda, not as a wife who betrayed him, but as a weak woman who needed him. Only a new way of looking at things through the magic eyes could heal the hurt flowing from the wounds of yesterday.

Fouke protested. "Nothing can change the past," he said. "Hilda is guilty—a fact that not even an angel can change."

"Yes, poor hurting man, you are right," the angel said. "You cannot change the past; you can only heal the hurt that comes to you from the past. And you can heal it only with the vision of the magic eyes."

"And how can I get your magic eyes?" pouted Fouke.

"Only ask, desiring as you ask, and they will be given you. And each time you see Hilda through your new

eyes, one pebble will be lifted from your aching heart.”

Fouke could not ask at once, for he had grown to love his hatred. But the pain of his heart finally drove him to want and to ask for the magic eyes that the angel had promised. So he asked. And the angel gave.

Soon Hilda began to change in front of Fouke’s eyes, wonderfully and mysteriously. He began to see her as a needy woman who loved him instead of a wicked woman who had betrayed him.

The angel kept his promise; he lifted the pebbles from Fouke’s heart, one by one, though it took a long time to take them all away. Fouke gradually felt his heart grow lighter; he began to walk straight again, and somehow his nose and his chin seemed less thin and sharp than before. He invited Hilda to come into his heart again, and she came, and together they began again a journey into their second season of humble joy.

—Lewis B. Smedes

*I will put a new spirit within them, and take the stony heart out of their flesh, and give them a heart of flesh.*

— Ezekiel 11:19 (NKJV)



**Some write their wrongs in marble;  
He, more just,  
Stooped down serene,  
And wrote them in the dust.**

(See John 8:3 – 11.)

**N**ever does the human soul become so strong as when it dares to forgive an injury.



**Y**ou have a tremendous advantage over the person who slanders you or does you willful injustice: You have it within your power to forgive that person.



**F**orgiving starts with your asking the other person to forgive you.



**H**e that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need of forgiveness.



**W**e should take a kind, loving, sympathetic and forgiving attitude toward others, and try to have mercy as we want mercy. We should treat others in their errors as we want the Lord to treat us in ours! We must forgive those who’ve wronged us, and seek forgiveness of those we’ve wronged, and take them by the hand back into our circle of love and fellowship.

May we all be more humble, more patient, more loving, more kind, more forgiving and more longsuffering with each other. And may we sincerely pray, “Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us” (Luke 11:4).

—David Brandt Berg