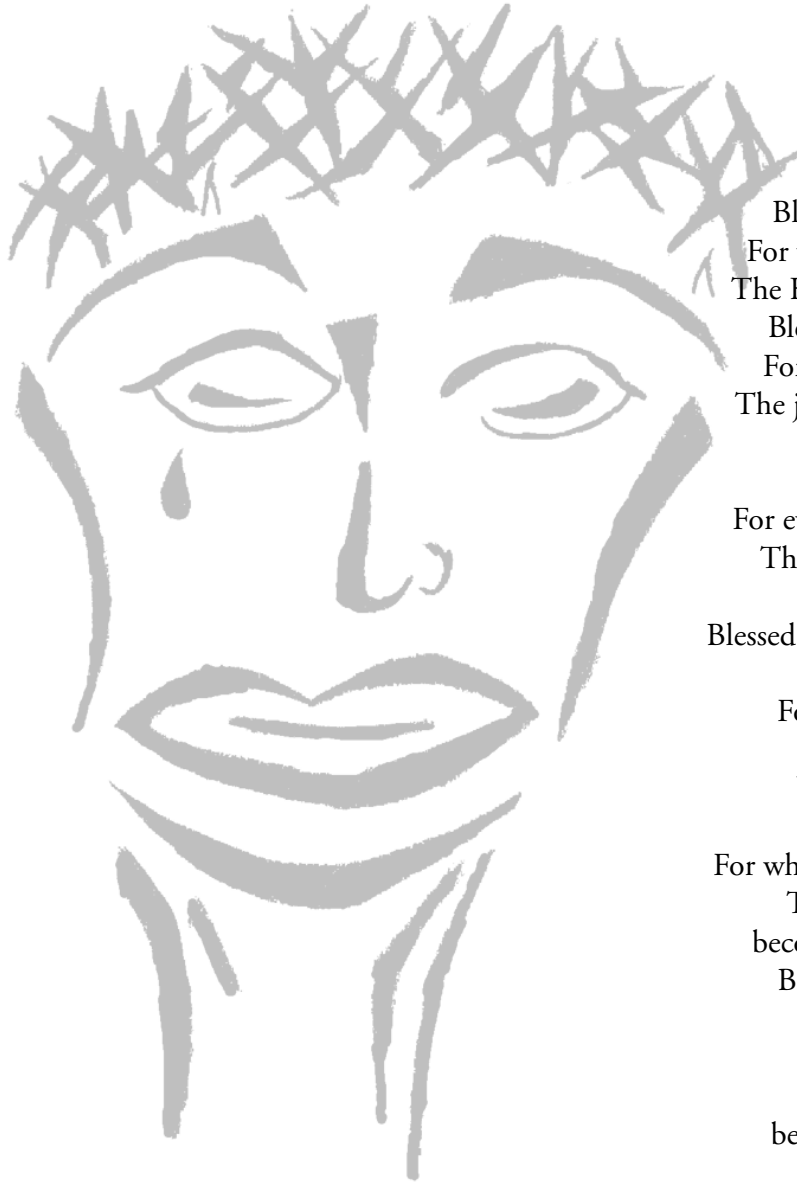


Beatitudes (version 2.0)

by Harrison John Adams



Blessed are the poor in spirit.
For when our spirits seem empty,
The Holy Spirit becomes our spirit.
Blessed are those who mourn.
For even when we have no joy,
The joy of finding the tomb empty
becomes our joy.
Blessed are the meek.
For even when we have no courage,
The courage of facing the cross
becomes our courage.
Blessed are those who hunger and thirst
for righteousness.
For when there is no justice,
The justice we uphold
becomes our own justice.
Blessed are the merciful.
For when the world is full of suffering,
The mercy we show others
becomes the mercy shown to us.
Blessed are the pure in heart
and the peacemakers.
For even in death,
The incarnation of God
becomes their transcendence.
The mortality of Christ
becomes their immortality.
The humanity of Spirit
becomes their divinity.

—Harrison Adams, 19 at the time of this writing, was a struggling and brilliant playwright living on a farmhouse outside of Gholson, Texas. The art was done by Lenora Mathis, 17 at the time and a high school senior in Woodway, Texas. (Bios are from press time.) This paraphrase was published on the “Peace Soup” page, an award-winning regular department in Baptist Peacemaker which features writings, photographs, and drawings by youth. (from Baptist Peacemaker, Volume 20 Number 1, Spring 2000.)

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