

Readers' Stories of Forgiveness

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He was 10, I was 10. He was a short, freckle-faced, red-headed little boy. I was a shy, sensitive, little girl. He was a long-time student at the school. I was the new kid on the block. I had begun to develop a bad case of acne on my face, which was a great embarrassment to me. He teased me mercilessly. He called me "Prunella Prune Puss," "Prune Face" or just plain "Prunie"! When his father passed on suddenly, the whole fifth grade class was in mourning — we felt sorry for him and wanted to comfort him. But he kept us all at arm's length and was as ornery as ever.

Thirty-eight years later, at the only high school reunion I had attended, he came up to me and apologized for all the hurtful things he had done in grade school. He said he was so sorry he had picked on me and could I ever forgive him? Well, I told him I had forgiven him years ago, so it was easy to shake hands and give each other a smile and a hug. I was truly touched by his maturity, loving kindness and desire to make amends.

Our 50th high school reunion is coming up this summer. I look forward to seeing him again and renewing our friendship and appreciating the fine qualities that developed in him as he grew up.

—*Jeanie Stine, Santa Barbara*