

Perfection is a Moving Target

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I am perfect when, as a newborn, I cry for attention and think only of myself.

I am perfect when, at six years old, I write on the wall with my new crayons and run in a mud puddle with my new shoes.

I am perfect when, at sixteen years old, I want to change the world, cry out for peace and freedom, and challenge the authorities

I am perfect when, at twenty-six years old, I seek for long-term companionship, look for stability in my new job, try to understand the world around me, and make efforts to belong.



I am perfect when, at thirty-six years old, I volunteer as coach for the middle school Girls softball team, I camp out with my son and his boy-scout group, I donate blood occasionally. When I try to be the best I can be, seeking God guidance every day. When I obey the good laws, and involve myself in trying to change what I feel are inadequate or bad laws.

I am perfect when, at forty-six years old, I cry within my soul for the suffering of humankind, I have no hate in my heart for evil, but I hope that even It, someday will feel love and compassion.



I am old today; I have no fear of death. I did my best and helped the world to be a better place. I thank God for His constant presence, His patience, and His love. I dream of a peaceful world and seek to help it from the world I am about to reach. I am perfect.