

## LITTLE ONES

The sky was bright, the day was cold.  
We went in search of little ones,  
From door to door of houses, old  
With paint that saw ten thousand suns  
And flaked to fall on broken glass.

I saw them come from dusty shacks;  
They scampered all into the street.  
The coats were dirty on their backs—  
Their clothes were anything but neat,  
As we marched with them in a mass.

We came into a field to play,  
And it was hard to keep control.  
But they would later hear that day  
About the darkness in the soul  
And how into God's realm to pass.

How many would return that day  
To filthy homes with unwashed hearts!  
But some would walk another way  
With happy tunes and fresh, new starts,  
Because we held a Bible class.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/21/1970*