

## *Let Them Come to Me*

by Doreen Tamminga

He pressed against his mother's skirts,  
Frightened by the men  
Whose angry voices pushed at them;  
He hid his face again.



"He has no time for little ones.  
Move on, move on," they said.  
The little boy clutched Mother's hand  
And ducked his curly head.

So many people thronged the Lord:  
The sick, the blind, the lame.  
Why would He bless a little boy?  
How could He know his name?

But then the Lord's strong voice called out  
For young and old to hear:  
"Don't stop the little children,  
But let them come to Me."

*...but when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them,  
"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not:  
for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark 10:14*