

# Washed CLEAN



**By President  
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President of the  
Quorum of the  
Twelve Apostles

*In ancient times the cry “Unclean!”  
Would warn of lepers near.  
“Unclean! Unclean!” the words rang out;  
Then all drew back in fear,*

*Lest by the touch of lepers’ hands  
They, too, would lepers be.  
There was no cure in ancient times,  
Just hopeless agony.*

*No soap, no balm, no medicine  
Could stay disease or pain.  
There was no salve, no cleansing bath,  
To make them well again.*

*But there was One, the record shows,  
Whose touch could make them pure;  
Could ease their awful suffering,  
Their rotting flesh restore.*

*His coming long had been foretold.  
Signs would precede His birth.  
A Son of God to woman born,  
With power to cleanse the earth.*

*The day He made ten lepers whole,  
The day He made them clean,  
Well symbolized His ministry  
And what His life would mean.*

*However great that miracle,  
This was not why He came.  
He came to rescue every soul  
From death, from sin, from shame.*

*For greater miracles, He said,  
His servants yet would do,  
To rescue every living soul,  
Not just heal up the few.*

*Though we’re redeemed from  
mortal death,  
We still can’t enter in  
Unless we’re clean, cleansed every whit,  
From every mortal sin.*

*What must be done to make us clean  
We cannot do alone.  
The law, to be a law, requires  
A pure one must atone.*

*He taught that justice will be stayed  
Till mercy’s claim be heard  
If we repent and are baptized  
And live by every word. . . .*

*If we could only understand  
All we have heard and seen,  
We’d know there is no greater gift  
Than those two words—“Washed clean!”*

From an April 1997 general conference address.