

I know that my life is mine to make, yet much seems beyond my control.					
I've thought of doing the right thing, but not acted on my thoughts.					
I've done wrong under duress.					
I've done the wrong thing, by my own choosing.					
I've not helped when I could.					
When I share with others the fact that I've done wrong, I find that we all share the same experience and grow together.					
I've let friendships deteriorate because I haven't tried to bridge the gap of hurt.					
I've expressed sorrow for my actions, but only when I felt it might prevent worse consequences.					
I've been insincere in my responses to others.					
Sometimes, even though I sincerely try to change my ways, I fall back into old patterns of behavior.					
There's something I didn't do, and now I'm ashamed of it.					
When I express sorrow for the wrongs I've committed, it is because of my awe and love of God.					
I am sometimes able to recognize my error where and when it occurs and make amends for it there and then.					
I've thought: "Since I can't complete it, I won't bother to start."					
I've done things to others that I would not want done to myself.					
At times I've excused myself without seeking to redress a grievance.					
I may be ignorant of the wrongs I've done.					
I've said: "I won't" but then did.					
I persist in doing the same little error.					
I've said "I will" but then didn't.					
I told the person I wronged what it was that I did.					
Please rank each item: 5 is most relevant to me 1 is least.	5	4	3	2	1

Totals:

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