



17th Century Prayer

*Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself
that I am growing older and will someday be old.*

*Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking
I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.
Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs.*

*Make me thoughtful but not moody.
Helpful, but not bossy with my vast store of wisdom,
it seems a pity not to use it all,
but Thou knowest Lord that I want a few friends at the end.*

*Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details;
give me wings to get to the point.*

Seal my lips on my aches and pains.

*They are increasing, and love of rehearsing them
is becoming sweeter as the years go by.*

*I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains,
but help me to endure them with patience.*

*I dare not ask for improved memory,
but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness
when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others.*

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet;

I do not want to be a saint – some of them are so hard to live with.

But a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.

*Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places,
and talents in unexpected people.*

And, give me, O Lord, the grace to tell them so. AMEN

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