

A Prayer

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

*Keep me from getting talkative, and particularly
from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say
something on every subject and on every occasion.*

*Release me from craving to try to straighten out
everybody's affairs.*

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

*I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of
others' pains. Help me to endure them with patience.*

*But seal my lips on my own aches and pains—they
are increasing, and my love of rehearsing them is
becoming sweeter as the years go by.*

*Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it
is possible that 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.*

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