

ILLUMINATION

By

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

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

Release Me from craving to try 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 to my many aches and pains -- they are increasing and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

I Ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of other's pain.

Help Me to endure them with patience.

Teach Me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken. Keep me reasonably sweet. I don't 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.

Help Me to extract all possible fun out of life. There are so many funny things around us and I don't want to miss any of them.

AMEN!