

*Prayer
of
Teresa of
Avila*



Lord,

Thou knowest better than I 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.

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With my vast store of wisdom,
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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 improved memory,
but for a growing humility and a
lessening cock-sureness
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, for 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, O Lord, the grace to tell
them so.
Amen.

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