



Lead Me Out of My Doubts and Fears

Eternal God,
lead me now

out of the familiar setting
of my doubts and fears,
beyond my pride

and my need to be secure
into a strange and graceful ease

with my true proportions
and with yours;

that in boundless silence

I may grow

strong enough to endure
and flexible enough to share
your grace.

Bless What Eludes My Grasp

Lord, so many things skitter through my mind,
and I give chase to gather them
 and hold them up in a bunch to you,
but they go this way and that
 while I go that way and this . . .
So, gather me up instead

and bless what eludes my grasp but not yours:
 trees and bees, fireflies and butterflies,
 roses and barbecues, and people . . .

Lord, the people . . . bless the people:

 birthday people,
 giving birth people,
 being born people;
 conformed people,

 dying people,
 dead people;

 hostaged people,
 banged up people,
 held down people;

 leader people,
 lonely people,
 limping people;

 hungry people,
 surfeited people,
 indifferent people;

 first world people,
 second world people,
 third world people;

 one world people,
 your people,
 all people.

Bless them, Lord.

Bless what eludes my grasp but not yours.