

ONE DAY AT A TIME

KNOWING YOU'RE OLD

LORD, THOU KNOWEST THAT I AM GROWING OLD  
KEEP ME FROM BECOMING TOO TALKATIVE, AND PARTICULARLY  
KEEP ME FROM FALLING INTO THE TIRESOME HABIT OF EXPRESSING  
AN OPINION ON EVERY SUBJECT.  
RELEASE ME FROM THE CRAVING TO STRAIGHTEN OUT  
EVERYBODY'S AFFAIRS.  
KEEP MY MIND FREE FROM THE RECITAL OF ENDLESS DETAILS.  
GIVE ME WINGS TO GET TO THE POINT.

GIVE ME GRACE, DEAR LORD, TO LISTEN TO OTHERS DESCRIBE  
THEIR ACHES AND PAINS. HELP ME ENDURE THE BOREDOM WITH  
PATIENCE AND TO KEEP MY LIPS SEALED. FOR MY OWN ACHES  
AND PAINS ARE INCREASING IN NUMBER AND INTENSITY AND  
THE PLEASURE OF DISCUSSING THEM IS BECOMING SWEETER  
AS THE YEARS GO BY.

TEACH ME THE GLORIOUS LESSON THAT,  
OCCASIONALLY, I MIGHT BE MISTAKEN.

KEEP ME REASONABLY SWEET; I DO NOT WISH TO BE A SAINT  
(SAINTS ARE SO HARD TO LIVE WITH) BUT A  
SOUR OLD WOMAN IS THE CROWNING WORK OF THE DEVIL.

MAKE ME THOUGHTFUL, BUT NOT MOODY; HELPFUL, BUT NOT  
PUSHY; INDEPENDENT, YET ABLE TO ACCEPT WITH GRACIOUSNESS  
FAVORS THAT OTHERS WISH TO BESTOW ON ME.

FREE ME OF THE NOTION THAT SIMPLY BECAUSE I HAVE LIVED A  
LONG TIME I AM WISER THAN THOSE WHO HAVE NOT LIVED  
SO LONG.

IF I DO NOT APPROVE OF SOME OF THE CHANGES  
THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN RECENT YEARS, PLEASE  
GIVE ME THE WISDOM TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT

**LORD KNOWS THAT WHEN THE END COMES  
I WOULD LIKE 2 HAVE A FRIEND OR 2 LEFT**