

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**