

## **The Prayer of the Realist**

Lord, thou knowest I am growing older.

Keep me from being talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject.

Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs.

Keep me from the recital of endless detail. Give me wings to get to the point.

Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains. They are increasing with the years and my love to speak of them grows sweeter as time goes by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong.

Make me thoughtful but not nosey, helpful but not bossy.

With my vast store of wisdom and experience, it does seem a pity not to use it all; but thou knowest Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

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