

A Selection from 100 Prayers

From the De La Salle Brothers: <http://www.prayingeachday.org/100Prayers.pdf>

I will be busy

O Lord,
you know how busy I must be this day.
If I forget you,
do not forget me.

(Jacob Astley)

Close to me

Lord, you are closer to me
than my own breathing,
nearer than my hands and feet.

(St Teresa of Avila)



To recognise in others

Grant me to recognise in others, Lord God,
the radiance of your own face.

(Teilhard de Chardin, SJ)

You are beside me

Lead me, Lord,
to recognise you
in the person beside me.

(Nicholas Hutchinson FSC)

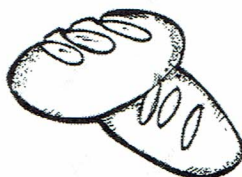
A prayer of Pope Paul VI

Make us worthy, Lord,
to serve our brothers and sisters
throughout the world
who live and die in poverty and hunger.
Give them by our hands
this day their daily bread,
and by our understanding love
give peace and joy. Amen.

Hunger and justice

O God,
to those who have hunger, give bread,
and to us who have bread,
give the hunger for justice.

(World Council of Churches)



A prayer of Mother Teresa

Lord, increase my faith,
bless my efforts and work,
now and for evermore. Amen.

A prayer of William Penn

Lord,
help me not to despise or oppose
what I do not understand.

A prayer of Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Lord, you mark when I walk or lie down;
all my ways lie open to you.

When I cease activity,
calm my mind.

When I am by myself,
be my companion and friend.

When I am weary and heavily laden,
may your Spirit renew me.

When I lie down, may it be in peace
for sleep to heal and refresh me,
for you alone, Lord,
make me dwell in safety.

Watch my sleeping,
guard my waking,
be always near.



Healing our memories

Penetrate these murky corners
where we hide our memories and tendencies
on which we do not care to look,
but which we will not yield freely up to you,
that you may purify and transmute them.
The persistent buried grudge,
the half-acknowledged enmity which is still
smouldering,
the bitterness of that loss we have not turned
into sacrifice,
the private comfort we cling to,
the secret fear of failure which saps our
initiative
and is really inverted pride,
the pessimism which is an insult to your joy.

Lord, we bring all these to you,
and we review them with shame and
penitence in your steadfast light.

(Evelyn Underhill)