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O God, we recognize that the promise of Heaven for each of us was a promise that You didn't have to make.

We were created by You, and when we get old and arthritic, You could choose to toss us in the garbage just like we toss away our old toothbrushes.

Instead, You tell us that we shall have new bodies—without the pimples or hip pain—and that we shall live in joy with You forever. O God, we, Your old toothbrushes, thank You.

Amen.



*O God, let our memories of our
eight great-grandparents give us
a clear idea of how little we will
be remembered by our great-
grandchildren.*

*Empty us of the foolish desire to
be the heroes in our own movies.*

*Let everything we do—
every dollar we spend,
every diaper we change,
every phone call we make—
be to Your greater glory.*

*You, dearest Jesus, are the only
superstar.*

Amen.

You have given each of us burdens to carry. Some of those burdens are easier to understand and accept—like raising our children or earning an income.

Others, like loneliness or illness, are more difficult for us to see how they fit into Your plan.

Teach us, O Lord, to accept all the burdens that come from Your hand.

We thank You, that in addition to burdens, You have given us shoulders.

Amen.



*Lord, teach us to worry about
the right things.
Not to worry about what people
think of us,
But about what You think of us.
Not to worry about what will be
on our dinner tables,
But about whose table we shall
sit at for all eternity.
Not to worry about the price we
pay in serving You,
But about the opportunities to
serve You that may we miss.*

Amen.

Sometimes, O God, we get too cold to pray. Our words become frozen.

Sometimes, we get too tired to pray. Our words fall asleep.

Sometimes, things get so rough that if we were to pray, all You would hear would be our muffled sobs.

At these times, we, Your inarticulate children, ask that You would hold us in Your arms throughout the silent night.

Amen.