



"My Prayers"

(Photograph by Hope Kraus)

ROMANS 8: 26

Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness. For we do not know what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groans too deep for words.



MY PRAYERS

Blessed be my God who has never--- my frail prayers turned away
Even though my words are shabby---You hear them without delay
So unworthy of Your attention---their content makes me weep
Bowling only in Your presence---when my troubles run frightfully deep.

Then when deliverance comes quickly---gone is my supplication of prayer
Neglecting to shout Your praises---for my undeserved love and care
Even though I cease to pray--- You never fail, dear Father, to bless
This selfish display on my part---stirs my guilt and causes distress.

When I, the mercy-seat neglect---You, kind Father, are right there
Between the wings of the cherubim---waiting on my burdens to share
How marvelous You are my Lord---to show me such high regard
As old habits I again resume--- and to You my requests I bombard.

Oftentimes, this brokenhearted child---can only wail to You and cry
Yet, You catch my tears in a bottle---while looking on with a misty eye
However weak or feeble my prayer---Your great love never fails I know
Since my tears You store in a bottle--- You must catch them as they flow.