PRAYER
by Helene Lewis Coffer

Lord, you have taught me to accept defeat,
To taste the bitter with the sweet,
Knowing the longest night brings hopeful dawn,
I gather up the pieces and go on.
Now, let your Spirit tell me how to treat
A child whose dreams lie broken at her feet;
How to share the hard earned wisdom with the calm,
The confidence, to be her sore heart's balm?
She's tender, Lord. Her hurts hurt more than mine.
She's young, and thinks the sun will never shine.
Just yesterday, she laughed, and walked in clover.....
Teach her tomorrow is for starting over.