

*Keep me in touch with my dreams*

O Lord

in the turbulence  
and the loneliness  
of my living from day to day  
and night to night  
keep me in touch with my roots,  
so I will remember where I came from  
and with whom;  
keep me in touch with my feelings,  
so I will be more aware of who I really am  
and what it costs;  
keep me in touch with my mind  
so I will know who I am not  
and what that means;  
and keep me in touch with my dreams,  
so I will grow toward where I want to go  
and for whom.

O Lord

deliver me  
from the arrogance of assuming  
I know enough to judge others,  
deliver me  
from the timidity of presuming  
I don't know enough to help others,  
deliver me  
from the illusion of claiming I have changed enough  
when I have only risked a little,  
that, so liberated,  
I will make some of the days to come different.

O Lord,

I ask not to be delivered  
From the tensions that wind me tight,  
but I do ask for a sense of direction in which to move once wound,  
a sense a humor about my disappointments,  
a sense of respect for the elegant puzzlement of being human,  
and a sense of gladness for your kingdom  
which comes in spite of my fretful pulling and tugging.

O Lord,

nurture in me  
the song of a lover,  
the vision of a poet,  
the questions of child,  
the boldness of a prophet,  
the courage of a disciple.

O Lord,

It is said that you created people  
because you love stories.

Be with me as I live out my story.

[By Ted Loder, Guerilla's of Grace.](#)