



Straw and Grace

A prayer for a patient

Like straw in the winnowing fan
I toss up my prayers to you, O Lord.
My arms are tired, hands are weak,
Reaching for your answer;
But I cannot stop.
My hope, my faith, do not quit.
The wind of your promise does not still.
My spirit does not lose your breath.
Living Spirit, blow through me,
Make bricks, make answers
From the straw that are my prayers.
As long as you have faith in me,
I shall have faith in you.
I believe you are my Shepherd.
I believe I shall not want.

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