



The Lord's unfailing love
and mercy still continue,
Fresh as the morning,
as sure as the sunrise.

Lamentations 3:22,23

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Slow me down Lord
Ease the pounding of my heart
By the quieting of my mind
Steady my hurried pace
With a vision of the eternal reach of time.

Give me amidst the confusion of my day
The calmness of the everlasting hills
Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles
With the soothing music of the singing streams
That live in my memory.

Help me to know
The magical restoring power of sleep
Teach me the art
Of taking minute vacations
Of slowing down to look at a flower
To chat with a friend
To pat a dog
To read a few lines from a good book.

Remind me each day of the fable
Of the hare and the tortoise
That I may know that the race
Is not always to be swift
That there is more to life
Than measuring speed.

Let me look upward
Into the branches of the towering oak
And know that it grew great and strong
Because it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down Lord
And inspire me to send my roots
Deep into the soil
Of life's enduring values
That I may grow towards the stars
Of my enduring destiny.

Slow Me Down, Lord

The poem, Slow Me Down Lord, is similar to an old Hittite prayer widely known in Turkey. Research indicates that the English author is either Orin L. Crain or Wilfred Arlan Peterson. For the sake of giving proper credit, I choose to leave both names until credit can be attributed to the correct author.

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