OF THE SAINTS

# PRAYERS



CORNERSTONE
BOULDER

# TERESA OF AVILA
## "LORD YOU ARE CLOSER"

Lord, you are closer to me than my own breath, nearer to me than my hands and feet.

Amen

# TERESA OF AVILA
## "GUIDED BY YOU"

Lord, grant that I may always allow myself to be guided by You, always follow Your plans, and perfectly accomplish Your Holy Will. Grant that in all things, great and small, today and all the days of my life, I may do whatever You require of me. Help me respond to the slightest prompting of Your Grace, so that I may be Your trustworthy instrument for Your honour. May Your Will be done in time and in eternity by me, in me, and through me.

Amen

# TERESA OF AVILA
## "A LOVE SONG"

Majestic sovereign, timeless wisdom,
your kindness melts my hard, cold soul.
Handsome lover, selfless giver,
your beauty fills my dull, sad eyes.
I am yours, you made me.
I am yours, you called me.
I am yours, you saved me.
I am yours, you loved me.
I will never leave your presence.
Give me death, give me life.
Give me sickness, give me health.
Give me honour, give me shame.
Give me weakness, give me strength.
I will have whatever you give.

Amen

# TERESA OF AVILA
## "LET NOTHING DISTURB YOU"

Let nothing disturb you,
let nothing frighten you,
all things will pass away.
God never changes;
patience obtains all things,
whoever has God lacks nothing.
God alone suffices.

Amen

PRAYERS

OF THE SAINTS

# TERESA OF AVILA
## "GROWING OLDER"

Lord, You know better than I myself that I am growing older and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all; but You know, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end. Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. ...

# TERESA OF AVILA
## "GROWING OLDER"

... Seal my lips on my aches and pains; they are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cock-sureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken. Keep me reasonably sweet, for a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people; and give, O Lord, the grace to tell them so.

Amen

# TERESA OF AVILA
## "HIS BODY"

Christ has no body now but yours. No hands, no feet on earth but yours. Yours are the eyes through which he looks compassion on this world. Yours are the feet with which he walks to do good. Yours are the hands through which he blesses all the world. Yours are the hands, yours are the feet, yours are the eyes, you are his body. Christ has no body now on earth but yours.