

Slow Me Down, Lord!  
By Wilferd A. Peterson

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

Give me,  
Amidst the confusions of my day,  
The calmness of the everlasting hills.

Break the tensions of my nerves  
With the soothing music of the singing streams  
That live in my memory.

Help me to know  
The magical power of sleep.

Teach me the art  
Of taking minute vacations Of slowing down  
To look at a flower;  
To chat with an old friend Or make a new one;  
To pat a stray dog;  
To watch a spider build a web;  
To smile at a child;  
Or to read a few lines from a good book.

Remind me each day  
That the race is not always to the swift;  
That there is more to life than increasing its 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 toward the stars  
Of my greater destiny.

Dear Heart, God does not say today, 'Be strong;'  
He knows your strength is spent, he knows how long  
The road has been, how weary you have grown;  
For he who walked these earthly roads alone,  
Each bogging lowland and each long, steep hill,  
Can understand, and so he says, 'Be still,  
And know that I am God. The hour is late  
And you must rest awhile and you must wait  
Until life's empty reservoirs fill up  
As slow rain fills an empty, upturned cup.  
Hold up your cup, my child, for God to fill;  
He only asks today that you be still.  
Grace Noll Crowell