
Prayer of a Camper

IRENE MOTT

God of the Hills, grant me Thy strength to go
back into the cities without faltering,
Strength to do my daily task without tiring and
with enthusiasm,
Strength to help my neighbor who has no hills
to remember.

God of the Lake, grant me Thy peace and Thy
restfulness,
Peace to bring into a world of hurry and of con-
fusion,
Restfulness to carry to the tired one whom I
shall meet every day;
Content, to do small things with a freedom from
littleness;
Self control for the unexpected emergency and
patience for the wearisome task;
With deep depths within my soul to bear with
me through the crowded places;
The hush of the night time when the pine trees
are dark against the sky line,
The humbleness of the hills who in their mighti-
ness know it not,
And the laughter of the sunny waves to brighten
the cheerless spots in a long winter.

God of the Stars, may I take back the gift of
friendship and of love for all.
Fill me with a great tenderness for the needy
person at every turning.
Grant that in all my perplexities and everyday
decisions I may keep an open mind.

God of the Wilderness, with Thy pure winds from
the northland blow away my pettiness;
With the harsher winds of winter drive away my
selfishness and hypocrisy;
Fill me with the breadth and the depth and the
height of Thy wilderness;
May I live out the truths which Thou has taught
me by every thought and word and deed.
