

I AM WEARY, Lord...bone-tired.
Weary to the point of tears, and past them.
Your Word says you never grow weary;
But I know you understand weariness
Because once you dragged a heavy cross
up a long lonely hill—
Many times you had nowhere to lay your head—
And people who needed you pressed upon you
by day and by night.

My reservoir is depleted, almost dry.
For longer than I can remember I've been
Dredging from its sludgy underside
Giving myself and my loved ones the leftovers
Of a life occupied with endless tasks.
The elastic of my life is so stretched out of shape
It doesn't snap back anymore.

Just once I'd like to say "It is finished," like you did.
But you said it just before you died.
I guess my job won't be over till my life is
And that's OK Lord,
If you'll just give me strength to live it.

Deliver me from this limbo of half-life;
Not just surviving, but thriving.
You who know all, You who know me
Far better than I know myself—
Deposit to my account that as I spend myself
There may be always more to draw from.

Give me strength
To rest without guilt...
To run without frenzy...
To soar like an eagle
Over the broad breathless canyons of the life
You still have for me both here and beyond.

A PRAYER OF WEARINESS
By Randy Alcorn