



A Prayer for the Children

We pray for the children
who sneak popsicles before
supper,
who erase holes in math
workbooks,
who can never find their shoes.

And we pray for those
who stare at photographers
from behind barbed wire,
who can't bound down the
street in a new pair of
sneakers,
who never "counted
potatoes",
who are born in places
where we wouldn't be
caught dead,
who never go to the circus,
who live in an X-rated world.



**We pray for the children
who bring us sticky kisses and
fistfuls of dandelions,
who hug us in a hurry and
forget their lunch money.**

And we pray for those
who never get dessert,
who have no safe blanket
to drag behind them,
who watch their parents
watch them die,
who can't find bread to
steal,
who don't have rooms to
clean up,
whose pictures aren't on
anybody's dresser,
whose monsters are real.



We pray for the children
who spend their allowance before Tuesday,
who throw tantrums in the grocery store
and pick at their food,
who like ghost stories,
who shove dirty clothes under the bed,
who never rinse out the tub,
who get visits from the tooth fairy,
who don't like to be kissed
in front of the car pool,
who squirm in church and
scream in the phone,
whose tears we sometimes laugh at and
whose smiles can make us cry.

And we pray for those
who will eat anything,
who have never seen a
dentist,
who aren't spoiled by
anybody,
who go to bed hungry and
cry themselves to sleep,
who live and move, but
have no being.



We pray for the children
who want to be carried
and for those who must,
who we never give up on
and for those who don't
get a second chance.

We pray for those we
smother and for those
who will grab the hand of
anyone kind enough to
offer it.

Amen

