



Cary Henrie

Psalm 23 for the Modern Woman

BY KATHLEEN LONG BOSTROM

The clock is my master, I shall
 want more time.
 It makes me get up
 far too early;
 it leads me away from still waters;
 it drains my soul.
 It leads me by the nose
 for efficiency's sake.

Even though I race as fast as I can
 through the highway tunnels,
 I fear I am late;
 for my wristwatch is with me;

its numbers and second hand—
 they control me.
 It prepares a fast-food meal before me
 in the presence of many demands;
 it anoints my head with aching;
 my calendar overflows.

Surely goodness and mercy
 shall follow me
 all the days of my life,
 But I will be one step ahead
 of them,
 forever.

God of time and timelessness, the breath of your Word swept over the chaos and brought forth days and nights, years and seasons, time and order. You created years, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds to give shape and form to our lives, but we have turned time into a taskmaster. We have become slaves to the second hands of our clocks. We rush through our days pressured and anxious. In our hurry to make the most of minutes, life passes us by. Slow us down! Let your Spirit sweep across the chaos we have created until we learn to stop and enjoy the wonders of this world. We pray in the name of the Word through whom all life came into being. Amen.

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