

The Writer's Prayer

You know my passion. I'm a word-weaver, a thought-shaper.
I craft words that become vibrations and set loose powerful ideas.

Help me to choose words wisely and aim them with care.
May they find their mark.

And remind me, because I'm prone to forgetfulness,
that I'm only borrowing these words for a little while.
They're really yours—for "in the beginning was The Word."

I need your help to become the very best crafter I can be,
because thought-shifting is a big responsibility. It's hard, and downright scary.
What if someone who reads my words thinks they're stupid or silly or simple?
Trite or contrite. Listless or clichéd. Too dense. Or just plain boring!
Or, worse, what if someone uses my powerful words to destroy or cause pain?
May my words cushion life—never debase, harm, or kill.

Help me find the discipline to meet deadlines,
the resilience to face rejection
and the endurance to start all over again.

Give me the patience and insight to hone and rewrite
until all the words dance and sparkle. And all sound true.
Then grant me the courage to share them, for without a reader,
a listener or a viewer, they form hollow shapes that hold no song.

As paper and pixels carry my words around the world,
I pray some editor will find them timely and worthy and send me a check.
It won't always be a big check, but payment of any kind—
including bartering—shows that someone values my crafting.
Then I will write more words, and more words after that.
Some will take poetic form, others will become stories, essays,
songs, articles, memoirs, scripts, marketing pieces.
Some quieter words will find their way into my journals, e-mails, letters, blogs
and I vow to treat them all with the same reverence.

And, finally, I ask that someone, somewhere, will read my words
and smile and say, "This is really good! I want to keep this and read it again.
I wonder what else this person has written."

Then I'll know I'm truly a writer. My words have made a difference
in someone's life, for however long—a few seconds or as long as it takes
to change the course of the stars.

Thank you. Stay close to my keyboard, Great Word-Smith.
Amen. May it be so.

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