

## A Prayer for the Kitchen Wall

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

**M**y labour make me glad!  
May I have eyes to see  
Beauty in this plain room  
Where I am called to be:  
The scent of clear blue smoke,  
The old pans polished bright,  
The kettle's chuckling joke,  
The red flame's lovely light.  
May I have wit to take  
The joy that round me lies.  
Whether I brew or bake,  
My labour make me wise!

My labour leave me sweet!  
When twilight folds the earth,  
May I have grace to smile  
And count the day's good worth,  
An old song in my soul  
And quiet in my breast,  
To welcome tranquilly  
The night's old gift of rest,  
And gather strength to face  
Tomorrow's busy strife.  
Here in this humble place,  
My labour bless my life!

—*Good Housekeeping*



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