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J.M.J.

GIVE ME THE GRACE, GOOD LORD

— Prayer was written by Saint
Thomas More while imprisoned
in the Tower of London.



Give me the grace, Good Lord:

- To set the world at naught.
To set the mind firmly
on You
and not to hang upon the
words of men's mouths.
- To be content to be solitary.
Not to long for worldly
pleasures.
Little by little utterly
to cast off the world
and rid my mind
of all its business.
- Not to long to hear
of earthly things,
but that the hearing of
worldly fancies may be
displeasing to me.
- Gladly to be thinking of God,
piteously to call
for His help.
To lean into the comfort
of God.
Busily to labour to love Him.
- To know my own vileness
and wretchedness.
To humble myself under
the mighty hand of God.

- To bewail my sins and,
for the purging of them,
patiently to suffer
adversity.
- Gladly to bear my purgatory
here.
To be joyful in tribulations.
To walk the narrow way
that leads to life.
To bear the cross
with Christ;
- To have the last thing in
remembrance.
To have ever before my eyes
my death that is
ever at hand.
To make death no stranger
to me.
To foresee and consider
the everlasting fire of
Hell.
To pray for pardon
before the judge comes.
- To have continually in mind
the passion that Christ
suffered for me.
For His benefits unceasingly
to give Him thanks.

— To buy the time again
that I have lost.
To abstain from vain
conversations.
To shun foolish mirth and
gladness.
To cut off unnecessary
recreations.
— Of worldly substance,
friends, liberty, life
and all, to set the loss
at naught,
for the winning of Christ.
— To think my worst enemies
my best friends,
for the brethren of Joseph
could never have done
him so much good
with their love and favour
as they did him with
their malice and hatred.
These minds are more to be
desired of every man than all
the treasures of all the princes
and kings, Christian and
heathen, were it gathered and
laid together all in one heap.
Amen.

**PRAYER BY SAINT
THOMAS MORE**

Grant me, O Lord,
good digestion,
and also something
to digest.
Grant me a healthy body,
and the necessary
good humour
to maintain it.
Grant me a simple soul
that knows to treasure
all that is good
and that doesn't frighten
easily at the sight
of evil,
but rather finds the means
to put things back
in their place.
Give me a soul that knows not
boredom, grumbling,
sighs and laments,
nor excess of stress,
because of that
obstructing thing
called 'I'.

Grant me, O Lord,
a sense of good humour.
Allow me the grace to be able
to take a joke
and to discover in life
a bit of joy,
and to be able to share it
with others.

THANK YOU

Thank you, dear Jesus,
for all you have given me,
for all you have taken away
from me,
for all you have left me.

**HOLY SACRAMENTS –
GIVE ME THE GRACE**

Give me the grace
to long for
Your Holy Sacraments,
and especially to rejoice
in the presence
of Your body,
sweet Saviour Christ,
in the Holy Sacrament
of the altar. Amen.