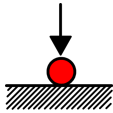

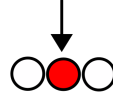
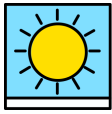

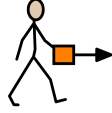


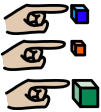

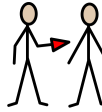



  
Pausing at mid-day.

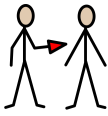



     
Here in the middle of the day



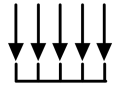

    
I take a moment, pause

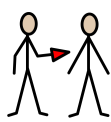
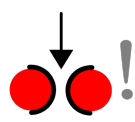

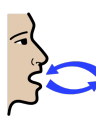
+   
and pray:

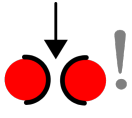
+  
+

       
Each breath You give me, God.

     
You know my heart,

     
and know its every beat.

     
You are closer to me than breathing,



nearer

than



hands

or

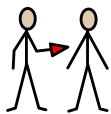


feet.



I

matter to

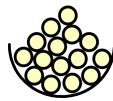


You



more

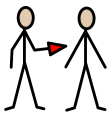
than



many



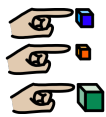
sparrows.



You



catch



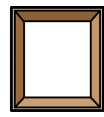
each



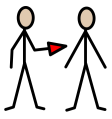
word



I



frame.



You



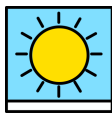
care



about



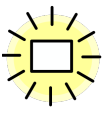
my



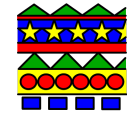
day,



design



new



patterns





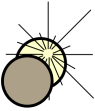

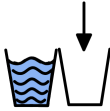
with







my

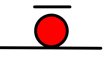


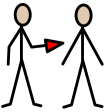


name.

If the  day  seems  dull  and  empty,

 I  will  gather  it to  You.

If the  day  is long  and  busy,

 still  I  return to  You.

