A Student's Prayer by Thomas Aquinas

Creator of all things, true source of light and wisdom, origin of all being, graciously let a ray of your light penetrate the darkness of my understanding. Take from me the double darkness in which I have been born, an obscurity of sin and ignorance. Give me a keen understanding, a retentive memory, and the ability to grasp things correctly and fundamentally. Grant me the talent of being exact in my explanations and the ability to express myself with thoroughness and charm. Point out the beginning, direct the progress, and help in the completion. I ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Colossians 3:16-17

16 Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, teaching and admonishing one another in all wisdom, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, with thankfulness in your hearts to God. 17 And whatever you do, in word or deed, do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through him.

Childhood

by Dan Andersson

Oh, childhood, oh glorious dream-filled time,
When the world was sunny and hopeful and kind!
How often while miserable, lonely with grime
When I'm drinking I do so in order to find
A way back to the wonderful kingdom of dreams,
Full of palaces, castles and glory,
Where each of my friends is a beacon who beams
And where wild nymphets dance oh so freely.
No obstacles to my happiness stand,
No blockage to travelling free. –
What matter the limits today in this land?
No, my childhood comes back to me. –
I'm tired and I wish once again to reside
In that town, in the heather to sleep.
To dream of chambers golden and wide,
And eternal youth ever to keep.
Oh, let me now slumber as sunset draws nigh
Once more as in days of my youth!
Oh, sing now, thou fir tree, oh thrush now do sigh,
For I am once more just the child of my truth. –
I then lean my head against a tree in the glen,
Release fear and fight from my chest.
Oh, murmur thou birches, oh whisper amen –
And sing me to eternal rest.

Homesickness

by Dan Andersson

I am tired, I am dulled by the factory,
I would go to my home in brown earth,
to my cabin by the Blodsten bog,
to the peace of the coves of my birth.
I would live on bread and water,
if only I could soon exchange
the city lights and hubub for the night
where the peaceful hours range.
I wish my way to the dale at Pajso,
to the grassy bog at So,
where the dark green depths of the forest
round the mossy fields do grow,
where the sedge grass stands in the meadow
where the springs purl white as milk
and the roots of the flora are woven
into fabric as fine as silk.
I long for the valley at Kango
where red heather adorns the earth
and its flames burn in silent resistance
to the threat of autumnal death –
where the lovely, spritely butterflies
hover on dust-covered wings
and the bumblebee laden with pollen
to the plants does firmly cling.
I wish to be back with poor people
who live by the sweat of their brow,
who labor in summer and battle
cold and misery in winter like now . –
I wish to be back where the clouds skim
through the sky where the stars also shine
and where wilderness rivers gush at whim
keeping time with these new songs of mine.