

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.

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.

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.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of 15 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).

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.