

Control.

Omnipotent God, who holds the world in His hands,
I fool myself with illusions of my own control of my
life. I cut myself off from others so I can maintain an
imaginary grasp on doing life as I think it should be done.
I feel angry when things don't go my way, and in turn
hurt my friends and family with my coldness, my passive
rage, and my not-so-passive rage.

The reality is I have very little control over my life.
You alone made the oceans, the mountains, and the blue
skies. You asked your servant Job, "Where were you when
I laid the earth's foundations? Tell me, if you under-
stand." I wasn't there, and I don't understand, God. You
alone hold my deepest treasures in Your hands.

Father, I pray for the grace to loosen my tight grip on
the reins of my life, and I give the reins back to You.
