

AGAINST PRIDE

Once again, Lord Jesus Christ, I face the power of pride.

Against the torrent of oblivion, I plead the blood of Jesus.

When I am tempted to turn Your good gifts into my own achievements, teach me to pray, "My help comes from the Lord."

When I imagine my discernment is superior to Your clear commandments, grant me faith to trust Your word, which cannot fail.

When the opinions of my sisters and brothers seem simpleminded, help me to recall how You spoke to Balaam through his donkey, and if You should choose to speak through me, help me remember the same.

Deliver me from pride, that I might submit my twisted will to Yours and grow up into the fullness of the divine image that You stamped on bodies made from clay.

Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner.