



*upon  
reading  
psalm 33*

Make us a new generation of disciples, Lord./  
A new generation of Christians who are physically  
stronger, wiser,/  
With computer knowledge, Lord. Less proud, better  
read—/  
Familiar with the classics, Lord./

A new generation of disciples who have preserved the/  
Old toughness, minus the crudity so that we are more  
gentle,/  
Gentlemen and lady Christians, who golf for leisure,/  
Read with thirst and assimilate new knowledge to the  
Bible —/  
Finding new contexts for old parables./

A generation, Lord, unafraid to question, seeking and/  
Expectant, Lord, of answers from you; less of the /  
Superstition, more of the practice, yet praying in  
the/  
Old ways, Lord, till knees of pants are worn thin, a  
shade/  
Different from rest of slacks.

God, we are a new generation, compromising more than  
ever/  
Our Christian beliefs; least well-grounded, most/  
Well-informed, best-dressed, Lord. Least ashamed./  
Least indignant, well-content — comfortable, Lord,  
with/  
Nike sneaks.

Give us a new song, with Bach's ingenuity — his  
cantatas, Lord,/  
Let us match and outdo. Miltonian verses, why not,/  
Let us out-verse. A Vatican rebuild that  
out-glitters/  
Rome's mosaics, Saint Peter's Dome — this Vatican/  
and pyramids, Lord, build in our hearts. Mount  
Hermon/  
to Palestine belongs, so Jungfrau with its  
concavities/  
Cultivate in the expansive regions of our soul./

Let there be, Lord, no closure to this hymn you've  
begun./  
Let those who hear continue/  
Its stanzas, rhymeless scheme, its rough,/  
Jagged appearance, Lord. Its coos, hums and/  
Amens./

C.S.  
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artwork by Stella J. Yoon