



Feed me, give me water and care for me,
And when the day's work is done, give me shelter,
A clean bed and a wide stall.
Talk to me – your voice often substitutes for the reins for me.
Be good to me and I will serve you cheerfully and love you.
Don't jerk the reins; don't raise the whip;
Don't beat and kick me when I don't understand you.
But rather give me time to understand you.
Don't consider it disobedience if I don't follow your commands.
Perhaps there is a problem with my saddle and bridle or hooves.
Check my teeth if I don't eat, maybe I have a toothache.
You know how that hurts.
Don't halter me too short and don't dock my tail;
It's my only weapon against flies and mosquitoes.
Don't smoke in my barn so I don't burn to death
while you are sleeping in your bed.
And at the end, dear master,
When I am no longer any use to you,
don't let me go hungry or freeze and don't sell me.
Don't give me to a master who slowly tortures me to death
and lets me starve.
But, rather be kind and take care of me,
by letting me run and enjoy a warm pasture.
And when the end of my life is near;
provide me with a quick and merciful death.
And your God will reward you for it here and in the hereafter.
Let me request this of you,
And don't regard it as disrespectful
If I ask it in the name of Him
Who was born in a stable like me.
Amen



- author unknown

