

## The Night I Learned How Not To Pray

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I was laying on my belly in the middle of the living floor  
I was watching Howdy Doody so I'm guessing it was right around  
four  
When I saw my baby brother tumbling from the top of the stairs  
He was lying limp and silent and the blood was trickling through  
his shiny  
Hair

When my mom saw my little brother she said you better run and get  
your dad  
And her voice was high and she was shaking so I knew that this  
was bad  
Well we stood out at the mailbox watching her and dad and brother  
drive  
Away  
And I didn't waste no time I got down on my knees right there and  
began to  
Pray

Well I prayed into the evening, never even took the time to have  
a bite  
I was sure if I prayed hard enough that God would make it right  
We were at the kitchen table long past bedtime when we finally  
got that  
Call  
And I knew that it was over when my sister slammed that phone  
against the  
Wall

That was the night I learned how not to pray  
God does what God wants to any way  
And I never did tell my mother, I kept it from my sisters and  
all my  
Brothers  
That was the night I learned how not to pray

It was 41 years later when I took my brothers picture out of a  
box  
Hung it on the wall and sat across from him and I began to talk  
When the evening started I didn't know what I was going to say  
But before the night was over I told them all about how I learned  
not to  
Pray

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