

I've Never Been Old Before

You think I'm old, and are not surprised
That I missed a step or fell on some ice.
But you see *I've* never been old before
And don't know what to expect.

My eyes are not as sharp as they were
So I take my time on the steps
They seem to have added one more at the bottom
Which I find hard to detect.
The fact is: *I've* never been old before,
And don't know what to expect.

My ten minute walk to the church
Now takes fifteen, twenty or more.
So I allow half an hour, in case of a shower
Or a walk to the farthest door.
From time to time I get a twinge in a hinge
Which makes it hard to stand erect.
And because *I've* never been old before
I don't know what to expect.

And then there's the hearing that's not quite so keen
I miss a lot that is said.
Maybe it wasn't intended for me
So perhaps I should turn my head.
But what if it was, and a response is expected
I turn to see the effect,
I try to explain, but there it is again
I didn't know what to expect
I've never been old before.

There's another thing that happens,
Though I know it has happened before.
When something goes suddenly missing
As though it has flown out the door.
I had it in my hand just a moment ago
And now it's nowhere to be seen.
Then I take great comfort in knowing
That our God knows everything
From Him nothing is hidden, and almost every day
I find my missing item was only a prayer away.

So, though *I've* never been old before
And don't know what to expect,
I'll walk with God on the untried way,
And with Him I'll walk erect.

(Erect on the inside)
For though our outer body perish
Yet our spirit is renewed day by day. (2 Cor. 4:16)

by Lilian M. Churchill