

I will be celebrating a birthday in about a month. I used to count the days to the big day, hinting to my parents what I wanted for a gift. I still celebrate; each day we are alive is a precious gift from God. I am more conscious of the passing of the years now though and my celebrations are more reflective, remembering the past and contemplating the future.

The Bible reminds us that our days are like grass in the giant scheme of things, green one day and brown the next. Sometimes I feel that way when I look in the mirror and see the gray hairs! Gray hair once was valued as a sign of experience and wisdom; now we dye it to hide our true age from ourselves and the world. I have decided to cherish each one.

I served a year in England as a British Methodist pastor and ran across this modern-day psalm that celebrates the gifts of aging and the opportunities God gives us to serve each other throughout our lives. I'd like to share it with you. I think you'll find it valuable whether you fit the description in the title or not!

### **An Older Woman's Psalm**

God, you have been my companion for so many years.  
Out of my timidity you led me to open spaces,  
you absorbed my anger and gave me back compassion,  
you taught me to step out in trust however much I fear.

I am old now but as my body deteriorates,  
memory fails and I may be winding down,  
you have new lessons for me to learn,  
new 'hills' for me to climb,  
new ventures to undertake.

Asking for help I empower others,  
accepting it I am a gift to the givers.  
In my passivity my soul is growing strong.  
Still you are my companion,  
going ahead to be there when I cross over.  
New every morning is your love.

Wanda Hayman

Remember – no matter how old or young you are, God loves you and has new lessons, new hills, and new ventures for you. Some you will like, some you won't. All through it, God will be your companion, your shepherd, your friend. God goes before us and guards our way. His mercies are new every morning.