

On Growing Old

*When I sit I'm in pain,
When I stand I need a cane.
When I walk I wobble,
what I touch I bobble.*

*The doctors have no cure
so my prayer must be pure.
They tout their many pills,
side effects bringing new ills.*

*Some are taking a dozen a day.
Can healing come this way?
I do pray quite often,
can't do that in a coffin.*

*The prophets were told
they would live until old.
None went to a doctor
the Spirit was their proctor.*

*Such is the way of life
a smile through the strife.
No sense to further fret
there is life after death.*

*Perhaps a fast of 40 days
Brings one to miracle ways.
Glory to the Father and Son
with Holy Spirit, they are One.*

*Do not resent growing old.
Many are denied the privilege.*



Irish Proverb