



# REFLECTIONS

October 9, 2011

**I praise you because I am fearfully and  
wonderfully made; your works are wonderful,**

*Psalm 139:14*

## Aging

Some days bring special blessings, little surprises that seem to come from the ordinary; yet they feel so very special. Recently one of those days came my way.

Hitting balls on the driving range was once a regular exercise for me, but with aging, the activity comes about less often. But on those days, as with this one, I often find myself alongside my friend, Ray. The conversation, though, drifted far from golf into the realm of life we call aging. My friend and I share that phenomenon only he has thought about it deeply. He expressed the joy and the pain that comes with life's journey; and I felt blessed as he stood with moist eyes looking straight into mine and began to recite his story through a heartfelt poem he had written. With his consent, we share it here.

### *Aging*

*it is just amazing how the years  
go by so fast  
why, I've got less in my future  
than I have in my past*

*but looking back  
at all those years  
I can see a lot more laughter  
than I see tears*

*oh, I'm sad for my brother and others  
who's lives were short and never knew  
the joy of hearing a child whisper  
grandma, grandpa I love you*

*I have learned that true happiness  
comes from within  
I can't tell you exactly where I'm going  
but I can tell you where I've been*

*years ago my heart was broken, but how can a  
heart not break  
when a child dies, it seems so wrong  
yet that same broken heart would not give  
while battling a horrific cancer  
it gave compassion and made me strong*

*and there is an aging man that lives in my  
mirror  
that looks so much like my father  
and I recall so vividly, with reverence  
the teachings and love of my mother*

*oh, there are aches and pains and illnesses that  
seem to come with aging  
but aging is a gift and I'm happy for me  
because every day I inch ever closer to being  
the man that God intended me to be*

*ray cevallos*

There it was, right from Ray's heart, the God given gift of aging even with all its pain. Ray has a story to tell—a story of God's love for him. It was a blessing to hear it right from his layman's heart. And we should be willing to tell ours too. Your story may seem ordinary to you. But it just might be a special blessing in someone else's day.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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