

OLD AGE - IT IS GOOD.

By: Winnifred C. Jardine

I believe in God. I believe that He created the heavens and the earth and all things that in them are. . . . The sun, the moon, the stars, the water falls and lakes that I now seldom visit but still remember in my mind that He begat. He created the refreshing shade and warming colors of the oak trees on our back lawn, He created the mother quail with her tiny babes that scuffle across our circle. He created the tulips that shoot up in the spring and the fragrant flowers that follow. And He created us to enjoy the workmanship of His hands. And He beheld it and it was very good.

When I turned 75 years of age and thought I was old, I made a pact with myself that as I entered into this last stage of life, I would see all the good. If God included old age in His creation, then it must be good.

Sp I resolved to find the good in every thy. I would not join the chorus of complainers of old age. Rather than bemoan my own health and circumstance I would look to cheer up others. On hard days and nights, and there certainly would be those, I would remember the suffering of the Savior and give Him thanks.

As the years have come and gone and my dependency on people and things has increased, I marvel at the patience and love of those around me. I think on those who ease my pain and create devices to keep me moving.

In a few weeks I will reach my year. My physician tells me I could live to be 100. That's a daunting thought. But if it is to be, I hope to face it with the same view — that each day is a day that the Lord hath made and I will find it to be very good.