

YOU TELL ME I AM GETTING OLD

You tell me I am getting old. I tell you that's not so!
The "house" I live in is worn out, and that, of course, I know.
It's been in use a long, long while: it's weathered many a gale
I'm really not surprised you think it's getting somewhat frail.

The color changing on the roof, the windows getting dim,
The walls a bit transparent and looking rather thin,
The foundation's not so steady as once it used to be --
My HOUSE is getting shaky, but my HOUSE isn't me.

My few short years can't make me old. I feel I'm in my youth.
Eternity lies just ahead, a life of joy and truth.
I'm going to live forever there, life will go on -- IT'S GRAND!
You tell me I'm getting old? You just don't understand.

The dweller in my little "house" is young and glad and bright;
Just starting on a life to last -- eternal day -- no night!
You only see the outside, which is all that most folks see.
You tell me I am getting old? YOU'VE MIXED MY "HOUSE" with me!

I'm Getting Old!

Lord, I must face the fact that I'm
getting old.

These glasses I dislike so much
help my fading eyesight to see
your wenders around me--treasurers
I'd miss otherwise.
And teeth, Lord,
they've been gone a long time.
I guess we're not very pretty
without everything You gave us.
But some parts just aren't lasting
as long as others.
My black hair is turning to gray.
Probably I'll lose it too.
I do have an overabundance of skin
that wants to become wrinkles on my
face and fat on my body.
The parts I've lost in an operating
room can stay there;
only You can put bodies together again.
Some day all my worn parts will be
replaced with a brand-new model.
Lord, my mind doesn't function very well
either. Some days I can't remember
anything. Some days I remember too
much. When I can't even remember my
purpose for coming to this room, it's
funny how my mind nags my conscience
over something I should have done
yesterday but won't have a chance to
do again.
Lord, take this feeble total I call
me; let me--let us witness to your
mercy and love. Hattie Smith