

My Birthday Wish

Today I have turned forty,
Still hard to say out loud.
Inside I'm still a child,
Finding my way in a crowd.
If I compare my father's life,
As short as it was lived,
Eight years would be all I'd have,
To laugh and love and give.

And then I think of my mother's life,
Sadly short as well.
Eighteen years would be all that's left,
For my story, to tell.
Some would say my life is half over.
Some would say it's half begun.
Thankfully, as I live in Christ,
I'd agree with the second one.

I have regrets, of that I'm sure,
But I have forgiven myself for these.
I have fences to mend, and bridges to cross,
And hours to spend on my knees.
For it is now an age of grace,
In which I find myself today.
May I cherish each moment, not worry too
much,
And try and watch what I say.

As I grow older, I lean more on God,
For it is with Him I long to be.
He's become my best friend, my healer and
Lord.
He is so precious to me.
When I awoke this birthday morning,
He laid on my heart these thoughts.
He asked me to write about my birthday wish,
And all day I have struggled and fought.

It wouldn't be for 'things', of that I am sure,
Because I have more than I need.
I wish for love and respect from my kids,
And for kindness, I humbly plead.
I pray to stay by Charlie's side,
Until we're both old and gray.
I wish to live a life that's full,
Until I'm called home, one sweet day.

I wish for health as long as I'm here,
So I may see life at its best.
I wish to see our children and grandchildren
grow,
But look forward to taking a rest.
I wish to see my brothers and sister,
And their children, come to know the Lord.
I wish for them the blessings of hope,
And all the riches this life will afford.

I wish to see my sister happy,
And free from her bonds of strife.
I wish to know my brother, Mike,
And again, be a part of his life.
My oldest brother is not well,
And I fear his time of life will cease.
I wish that Jim would return to God,
Where I know he'll find true peace.

At last, I wish to be a tool
That God may use for His glory.
I'd love to write more poems and such,
In which I may tell His story.
I love to teach and act and sing,
And He knows I love to talk!
Perhaps He'll allow me to do all of these
things,
If in His path I walk.

The midnight hour is drawing near,
On this day that I was born.
The gifts were sweet, just like the cake,
But a part of me is torn.
I love my life, my family, my Lord,
And yet a part of me is sad.
The child inside, now forty years old,
Misses her mom and dad.