

I woke today, by your grace, much later than I had planned.
Grabbing my phone to check the time, I noticed my aging hand.

Unlike many years before, naive questions were all I had.
Full of fear, without a compass, and oh, so very sad.

But that's not me, not anymore, I feel so truly blessed.
I want the years that I have left to be my very best.

I have obligations and mouths to feed, but choices now revealed.
The status quo doesn't have to be, my path, no longer sealed.

Drinking morning coffee in the afternoon, I write my prayers to you,
I share my fears of the great unknown, asking you what I should do.

The face in the mirror, not so young, but not bad for a woman my age.
Would rather fly, explore and travel, but I'm bound in a human cage.

My hopes and dreams, ever on my heart, at my age still, you see,
I'm faced with change and options too, but I want what you want for me.

I have forged ahead without you before, only to look back and grieve.
Not this time, seeking your will, with trust and faith, I believe.

Facing the unknown is very hard, and for some, there's much to lose.
If it were just me, with abandon and joy, I know what I would choose.

As it is, I quit my job, TWICE! Not knowing what was in store.
I am filled with your precious peace, not afraid of the unknown anymore.

The questions I face right here and now, I know will come to light.
I've witnessed your miracles again and again, giving this blind woman sight.

No matter what happens, because I am older, the unknown, I place in your care.
When you call me home, all will be known, and I will rejoice with you there.

