

Dear Friends,

This beautiful poem really touched me. I hope it touches your heart as well.

Please share it with everyone you know.

I Am Not What You See!

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I didn't always look this way, all wrinkled and sagging, hair wispy and gray.

My teeth in a glass, my muscles grown frail, my vision fast failing, skin sallow and pale.

You might be surprised, had you seen me at eight,

with eyes bright and eager, awaiting life's fate.

I ran with swift feet, and sureness of gait, each day was so sweet, adventures so great!

At twenty, the world was at my command, my future so rosy, my time in demand.

At thirty, I'd conquered many a foe, well loved and respected, by those in the know.

At forty, established, with wealth and some fame, my goals half accomplished, my deeds won acclaim.

At fifty, successful, with future assured, all systems were "GO", all holds were secured.

How could this happen? How could this be?

How could somebody, play this trick on me?

While I wasn't looking while I didn't see, somehow an old body, was traded for me.

I stagger, I tremble, I drool, I complain.

My limbs won't sustain me, my body knows pain.

Now dawdling, now dreaming, what happened to me?

Where is that person, that I used to be?

You see me defeated, exhausted and slow, my life almost ended, my time running low.

Be gentle and kind, as you tend to my needs, in caring for me, you are planting your seeds.

For someday, it may be you in this place, submissive, and broken and in need of God's grace.