

I was young once

I was young once.

I know that is hard to believe looking at me now.

Stooped shoulders, thin hair, crooked fingers, slow unsteady walk.

It is hard for me to believe. What happened?

I was an athlete, a singer, a cheerleader, a soldier.

I was a mover and shaker. A powerful person of business.

A lawyer, a doctor, a carpenter, a nurse.

I taught Sunday School, sang in the choir.

I raised three children. Good kids, solid. They are givers, not takers.

Coached their baseball and soccer teams.

Didn't even know how to play soccer, but I loved my kids...so I learned.

I was young once.

My eyes have seen many things.

Maybe too many things.

I saw my three children born. Greatest miracle I have ever seen.

I saw my parents grow old and die. Never really thought that would happen.

Outlived most of my friends and all my siblings.

Watched my loving bride of 50 years go home to be with Jesus.

I wish I hadn't seen that. Lost my best friend. Wish we could have had more time.

Wasted too much of it at work.

I was young once.

I was strong. Worked on the farm, baling hay in the hot sun.

Long hours at the office, or factory.

Weekends were for fishing, hunting, golfing,

laundry, shopping, gardening, Church.

Friday night football games in the cool, fall air.

The crack of a bat on a sunny spring Saturday.

Made me feel so alive.

I was young once.

In many cultures the old are honored, respected and revered.

There is wisdom gained through living a long and active life.

The young seek it and it helps them to stay anchored, and to grow.

But not ours.

You spend your whole life finally figuring out the answers to what is really important.

And then nobody even asks you the questions.

Do you think it is easy needing help with everything?

Help with the yard, with the laundry, with the shopping.

Used to play football, softball, rode horses. Can't even get out of a chair.

Someone else has to shave my face. Cook for me. Feed me.

What do you see when you look at me? This battered physical shell?

Inside I still love, laugh, hurt and cry.

I used to rush from meeting to meeting, appointments, obligations.

I had no time to spend with my love ones. Now I have time....and no loved ones.

I was young once and I demanded respect. I'm not young anymore but am I not still entitled to some?

I was you.....once.