



The Beatitudes of Aging

- + Blessed are those who understand my faltering step and weakened hand.*
- + Blessed are those who know that my ears today must strain to catch the things they say.*
- + Blessed are those with a friendly smile who just stop by to visit a while.*
- + Blessed are those who never say, “You have already told that story twice today.”*
- + Blessed are those who make it known that I am loved, respected and not alone.*
- + Blessed are those, who through love and care, ease the days of my journey home in so many ways.*