

A photograph of the Aurora Borealis, also known as the Northern Lights, in a dark night sky. The lights are vibrant green and appear as wispy, flowing curtains that curve upwards and outwards from the bottom left towards the top right. The background is a deep, dark navy blue, dotted with numerous small, white stars of varying sizes.

I am blessed
with my wrinkles,
for they reveal time
as my blessing.





I am grateful to have lived
long enough for time
to show itself on my face.

My body brought me to this moment,
when time reveals itself,
to be the most wonderful gift I ever had.

With thanks, I ask for more wrinkles,
for they equate to more glorious life lived
upon this fantastical planet spinning in space.

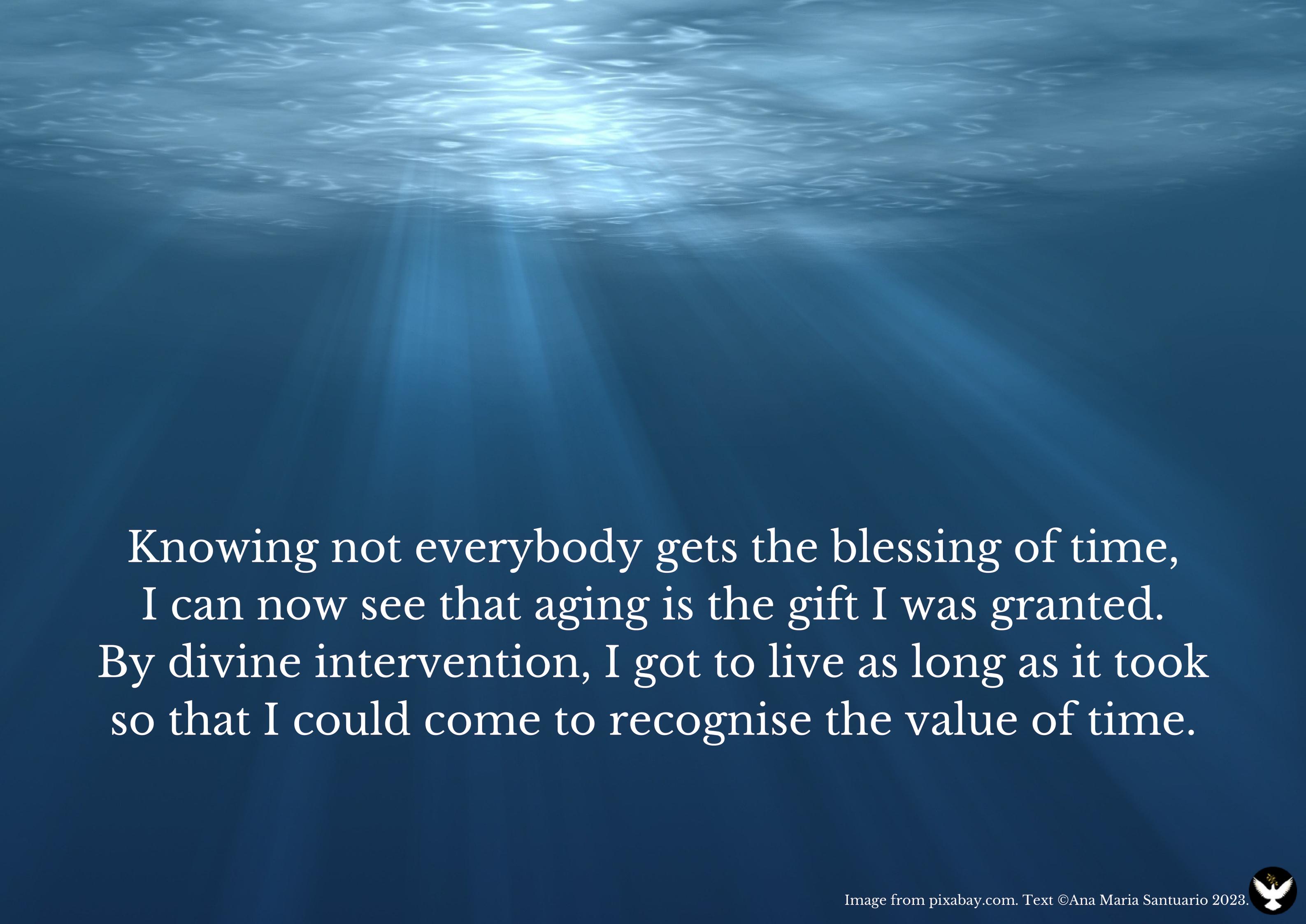




I am beautiful,
I age according to nature's laws,
I am sacred,
I treasure being at one with mother earth.

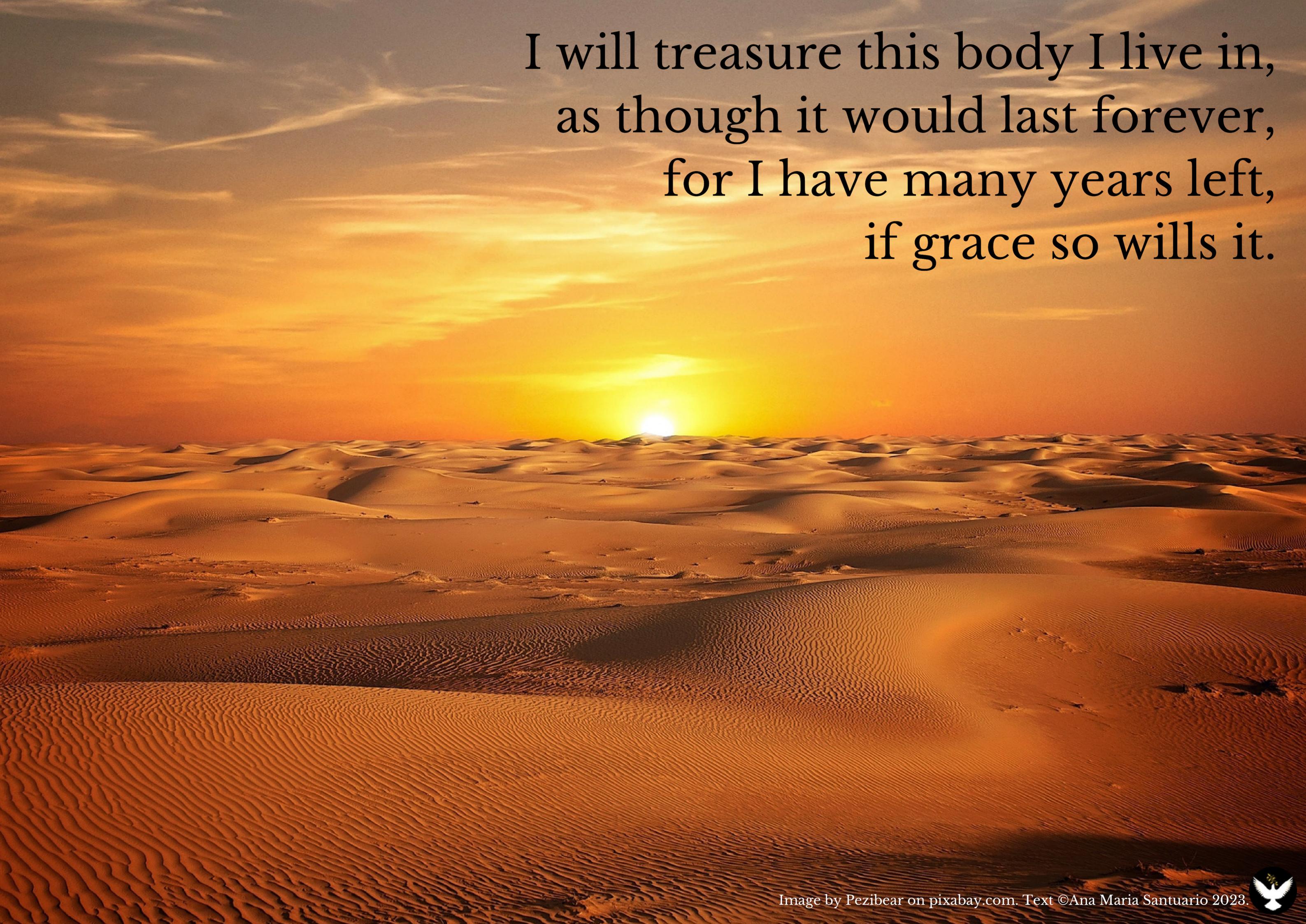
I spent so much time coming to meet myself,
here in the mirror I stare,
and all I see is the love of the divine,
reflected back in the time I was granted.



The background of the image is a deep blue underwater scene. Sunlight rays filter down from the surface, creating bright, glowing streaks that illuminate the sandy ocean floor and the clear blue water above.

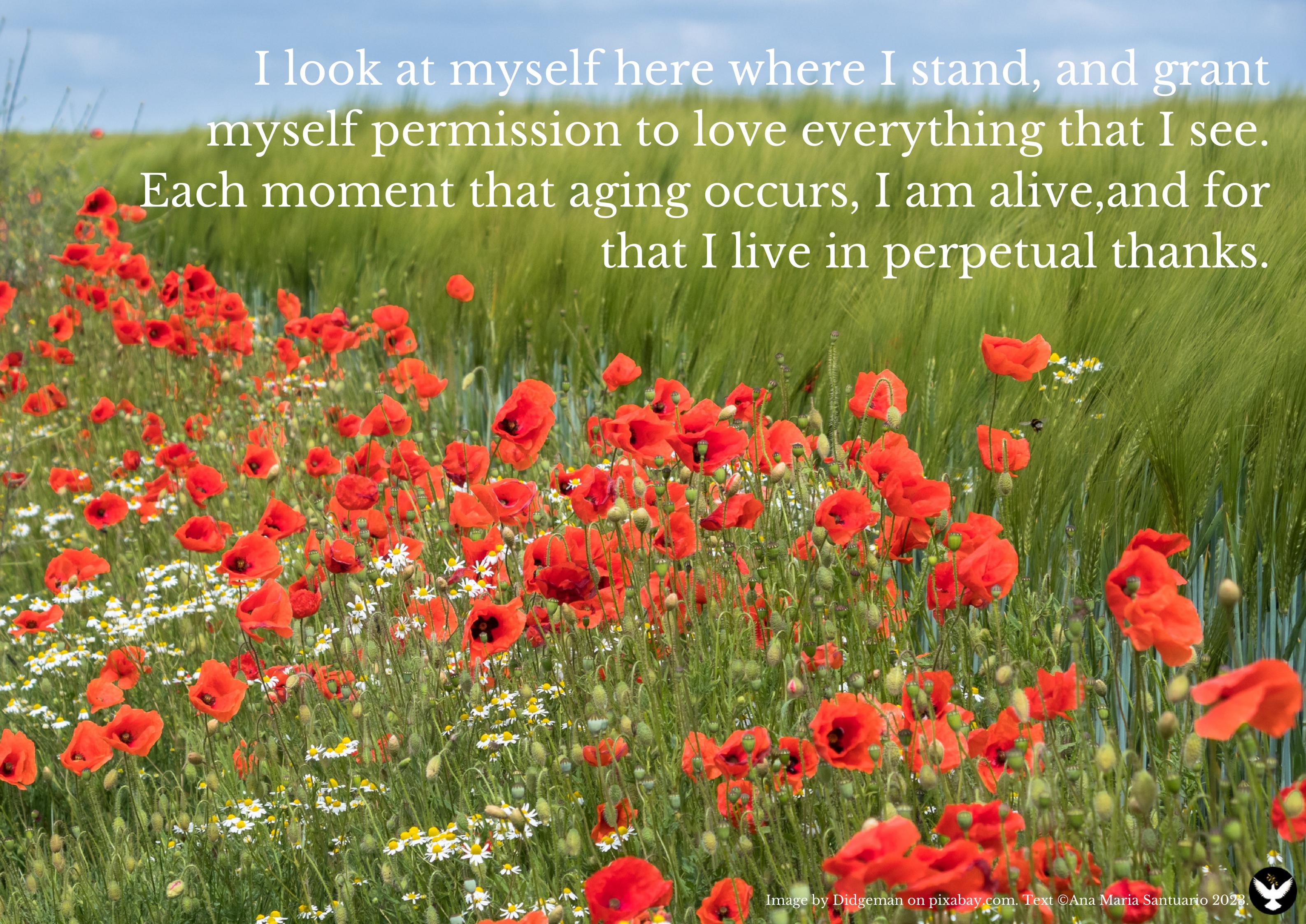
Knowing not everybody gets the blessing of time,
I can now see that aging is the gift I was granted.
By divine intervention, I got to live as long as it took
so that I could come to recognise the value of time.





I will treasure this body I live in,
as though it would last forever,
for I have many years left,
if grace so wills it.



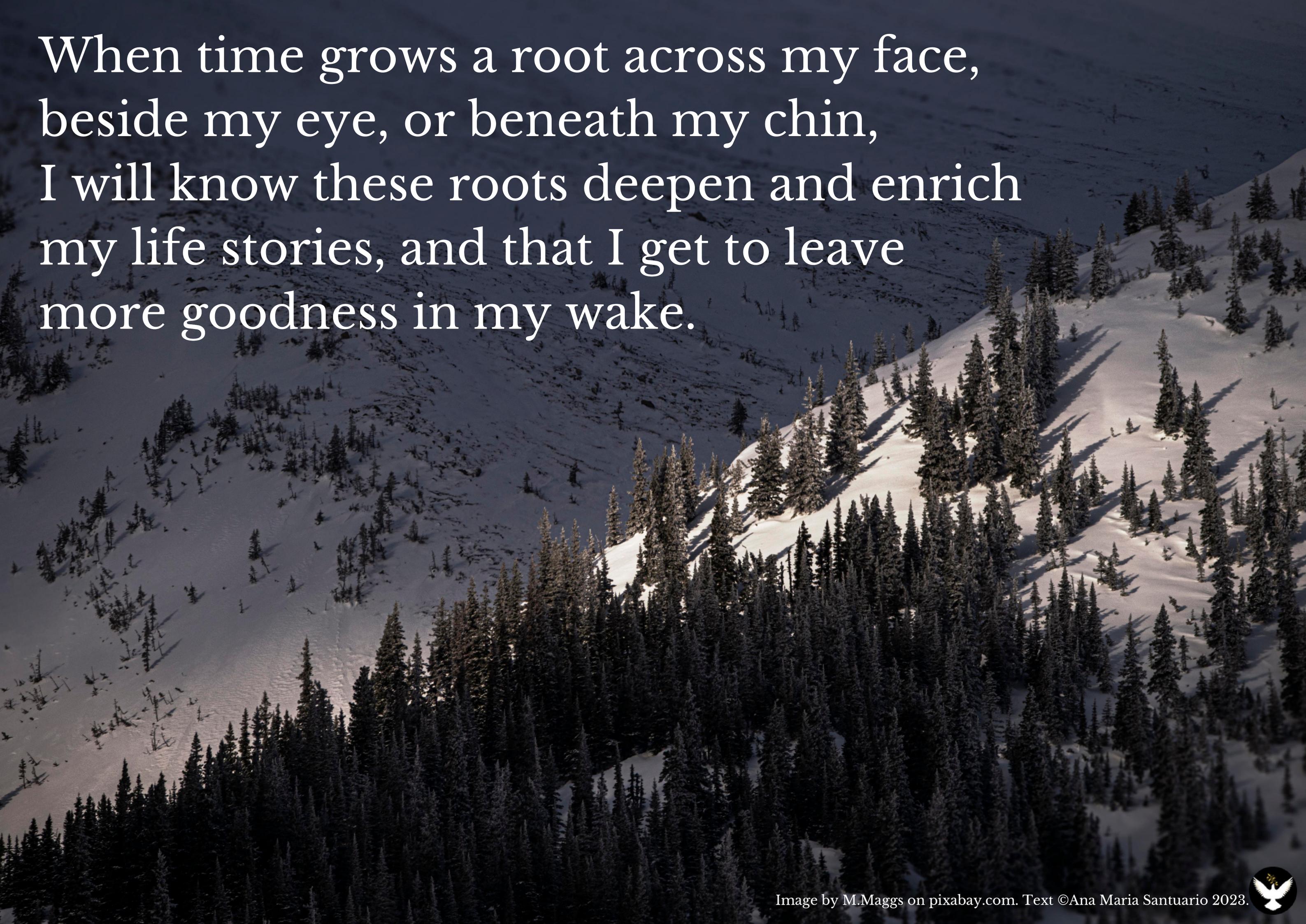
A vibrant field of red poppies and white daisies. A bee is captured in flight over the flowers. The background is a dense green of tall grass or wheat.

I look at myself here where I stand, and grant
myself permission to love everything that I see.
Each moment that aging occurs, I am alive, and for
that I live in perpetual thanks.



Time wills me to love this body,
when I was young I knew not
what aging meant - that I would be
blessed with enough life to see it happen.





When time grows a root across my face,
beside my eye, or beneath my chin,
I will know these roots deepen and enrich
my life stories, and that I get to leave
more goodness in my wake.



Time is my blessing, many other things grace my worldly life, but time is what makes all things lived possible. And more yet, is still a possibility. Blessed be time, thank you for this opportunity to age with grace and gratitude. Amen.

