



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.





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.





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.

