



CHAPTER EIGHT

FACING THE WINTER SEASON OF LIFE

(VIDEO AT END OF CHAPTER)

SWEET MUSIC AT THE ALTAR OF AGE

Psalm 57:7-11 NIV

*⁷ My heart, O God, is steadfast,
my heart is steadfast,
I will sing and make music.
⁸ Awake, my soul!
Awake, harp and lyre!
I will awaken the dawn.*

Oftentimes, creation looks forward to the “*time of old age*” possessing complex emotions filled with both foreboding and anticipation of it being the choicest season of life. These sentiments cause the heart to flutter and skip a beat; a response to being uncertain as to what awaits the soul that has been conditioned to the world’s timeclock and expectations. “How will I handle all that idle time when the pressures of career and family are no longer at center stage in my daily existence? Now that my calendar is waiting for the scribble from my own pen, will I be satisfied to fill it with past musings or look ahead with “*Whispering Hope*” for the journey God now has in store for those who love him?”

Some view it as a musical requiem; thus, filling every hour humming with such chords of grief that they endlessly labor to write a score for the saying, “Youth Was Wasted on The Young.” Although it is wise to open the scrap book and let the “*Precious Memories*” of the past be appreciated as “*Showers Of Blessings*” bestowed by God during our earthly journey, it is crucial to recall that these gifts were sprinkled on our countenance as our feet were climbing the ragged mountains and finding ourselves adrift on an ocean whose waves were dangerous due to the struggles of life’s dark and stormy weather. Yes, dear one, let us always allow the mind to drift into those perfect moments, but not remain there long. Although the aging body reminds us that we now have more yesterdays behind us than tomorrows in front, as we view our future from the vantage point of the altar of age, let us be cognizant that the flashes of the fire of youth are gone and have left us holding a steady brilliant flame entitled “*Blessed Assurance*” that proclaims, despite the aching of joints or physical maladies faced daily, we are truly resting on “*Higher Ground*” with our Lord ever at the helm.

At the altar of age where elderly people last reside as their final stop on their earthly sojourn, a message sent by an enormous number of these old saints is the feeling that they are experiencing “*Peace In The Valley*”; a place where, as pilgrims, they now are tasting the rich days of heaven upon earth. As a volunteer, one can almost see the celestial gales kissing their radiant faces as angels playfully flutter outside their windows or at the foot of their beds. Above all, appearing to be deep in a time of personal

contemplation, their actions send a very readable message that the air all around them is filled with the sound of seraphic music. All that is needed to allow this statement to take on a life of its own, is to observe their actions as an old-time hymn like "Amazing Grace" is played in their presence. No matter how out of tune, both physically or mentally they are to their surrounding environment, as the beautiful musical strains dance playfully around their ears, an awakening occurs like never imagined. Some old folks in a deep sleep will be moved to wake long enough to sing the lyrics from beginning to end before reentering their world of rest once again. Others that are in a confused state of mind will become crystal clear in thought and not only sing right along, but rejoice in the moment, or be motivated to share a happening that occurred at an earlier stage of life using profound statements and reasoning.

Thus, in the eyes of onlookers it is obvious that the impact of music on mankind is so remarkable that tears of joy flowed unabashedly down the faces of those gathered around due to the euphoric joy and drama brought on by ethereal notes only God can compose. Although scientists are unable to provide a definite reason as to why music acts as a can opener to the brain and enters at just the right place and time in the human mind, no matter the age, its impact is indisputable.


Therefore, as one of the amazed spectators drinking in the reactions provided by the sweet music of God to the elderly, it was indeed obvious the participants appeared to be reclining in the shady groves of heaven on earth demonstrating through their expressions and actions that the time of great fruition could clearly be seen on the horizon; some feeling that night was far spent and the true day was at hand. In this their winter season of life, the sun they saw setting in their presence was larger by far than when it was aloft directly above their heads; with the tinges of its glory serving as fringes of heavenly light around each cloud.

Thus, at the close of day, when the old folks that were kneeling one last time at the altar of age lay their heads upon their pillows, they felt not that night was coming and their existence was ending, but instead, trusted the Great Promise Keeper would soon command his angels to waft them away into the light of immortality; meaning their heavenly place of rest. For them, they were calm in the sweet twilight of age as they looked toward their celestial home knowing the pearly gates were open and the golden streets shone with a brilliance under the reflection of their Savior's precious light. As sleep overtook their physical bodies, they would drift off into a restful state hearing the musical tones from God's magnanimous voice as he spoke to Jesus saying: *"Son, Go Bring Your Children Home."*



Hear now the beautiful voice of Melody Childers, Assistant Activity Director, as she sings "What a Day That Will Be", a favorite old hymn of the residents she so dearly loves at Glendale Gardens Nursing Home, Springfield, Missouri. Not only does she sing for them at devotional time, but during their last moments and at memorial services. (Permission granted by ClearBox Rights for use on devotionalembbers.com only. Do not copy.)

Piano: Brad Jent



***What a day that will be,
When my Jesus I shall see,
And I look upon His face,
The One who saved me by His grace;
When He takes me by the hand,
And leads me through the Promised Land,
What a day, glorious day that will be.***