

BEATITUDES FOR FRIENDS OF THE AGED

Blessed are they who understand My faltering step and palsied hand. Blessed are they who know that today My ears must strain to catch the things they say. Blessed are they who seem to know That my eyes are dim and my wits are slow. Blessed are they who looked away When coffee spilled at table today. Blessed are they with a cheery smile Who stop to chat for a little while. Blessed are they who never say "You've told that story twice today." Blessed are they who know the ways To bring back memories of yesterdays. Blessed are they who make it known That I'm loved, respected, and not alone. Blessed are they who know I'm at a loss To find the strength to carry the Cross. Blessed are they who ease the days On my journey home in loving ways.

