

NOT GROWING OLD

This poem, copied by my grandma, Annie King Hicks Gibbel, was found in her Bible. She did not write the author's name, but research shows it may have been John E. Roberts. This poem truly reflects Grandma's philosophy of life and her deep faith. – Verna

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They say that I am growing old;
I've heard them tell it times untold,
In language plain and bold –
But I am NOT growing old.

This frail old shell in which I dwell
Is growing old, I know full well –
But I am not the shell.

What if my hair is turning gray?
Gray hairs are honorable, they say.
What if my eyesight's growing dim?
I can still see to follow Him
Who sacrificed His life for me
Upon the cross of Calvary.

What should I care if Time's old plow
Has left its furrows on my brow?
Another house, not made with hand,
Awaits me in the Glory Land.

What though I falter in my walk?
What though my tongue refuse to talk?
I still can tread the narrow way.
I still can watch, and praise and pray.

My hearing may not be so keen
As in the past it may have been,
Still, I can hear my Savior say,
In whispers soft, "This is the way."

The outward man, do what he can
To lengthen out this life's short span,
Shall perish and return to dust
As everything in nature must.

The inward man, the Scriptures say,
Is growing stronger every day.

Then how can I be growing old
When safe within my Savior's fold?

Ere long my soul shall fly away
And leave this tenement of clay.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the "Everlasting Prize."
I'll meet you on the streets of gold
And prove that I'm not growing old!



*My grandma in front of our house
on South Lancaster Street, Annville,
Pennsylvania, about 1946*

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My grandma died on June 12, 1960 at age 81. She used to say of her quilting friends, "We may look old on the outside, but on the inside we are young girls!" I visited and talked with her just a few hours before she "flew away." She was bedfast, but she certainly was not old! I'll see you in Glory Land, Grandma!