

sep 10

the face that's mine

i looked into the mirror, as i so often do,
applied a little moisturizer, and some cover too.

i couldn't help but notice, the creases and lines;
the dark spots and the wrinkles, all signatures of
time.

and as i looked intently, at what the mirror showed,
i couldn't help the feeling, that i was not alone.

i knew right at that moment, what God was showing me;
that i was missing something, yes, i was missing me.

that every time i worry, about how youth has waned,
i lose sight of the wonder, and glory of my days.

and then i saw it clearly, a miracle occurred;
laid out right there before me, like pages being
turned.

the little girl who cherished, her mother and her dad;
the sister in the middle, the daughter who was bad.

the friend who wears her feelings, wide-open on her
sleeve;
the girl who knows that Jesus, has come to set her
free.

the mom who isn't perfect, the wife who loves her man;
the Christian who is grateful, for God's redemptive

plan.

yes, standing at that mirror, within that space and
time,
i saw more than my features, i saw the face, that's
mine.

it's older and it's weathered, the years are plain to
see,
but nothing ever changes, the way God looks at me.

the eyes in my reflection, have seen a lot of things;
the beauty and the heartache, that living life can
bring.

yes, every line and wrinkle, have their own special
place;
for they all tell the story, of God's amazing grace.

- by kathi miles

"but those who trust in the Lord will renew their
strength; they will soar on eagles wings; they will run
and not grow weary; they will walk and not be faint."
isa 40:31