

Blessed are they ...

*Blessed are they who understand
My faltering step and shaking hand;
Blessed, who know my ears today
Must strain to catch the things they say.*

*Blessed are those who seem to know
My eyes are dim and my mind is slow,
Blessed are those who look away
When I spilled tea that weary day.*

*Blessed are they who, with cheery smile
Stopped to chat for a little while;
Blessed are those who never say
‘You’ve told that story twice today.’*

*Blessed are they who know the way
To bring back memories of yesterday;
Blessed are they who make it known
That I am loved, respected and not alone;*

*And blessed are they who ease the days
Of my journey home, in loving ways.*

Esther Mary Walker