

# senior moments

*Prayer-talks with God  
about aging grace-fully*

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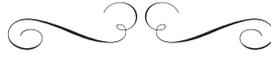
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## DEDICATION



*Hope is the thing with feathers  
that perches in the soul  
and sings the tune  
without the words  
and never stops at all.*

**EMILY DICKINSON**

*If you keep a green tree  
within your heart  
I have heard,  
One day, there will come to stay  
A singing bird.*

**ANON**

With these two favorite quotations,  
I dedicate this book to all seniors who have  
“moments,” and the brave way they keep  
hope and music in their hearts.

## INTRODUCTION



### Where are you?

Time is precious, possibly even more so when you have enough years to have accumulated a lot of happy “remember whens” and maybe a few “I can’t remember whats.” Everyone alive is aging, no matter what age they are. So join the club. Appreciate the perks of seniority. Be grateful for the gift of each day. And whenever you are having a “senior moment,” do a bit of praying!

There’s a saying: “pray always”; and you *can* do that if you just pray wherever you go, whatever you are doing, whether it’s a great day or a sad day. You can make the most of whatever is happening in your life by turning it *all* into prayer time.

This little book will give you ideas of the way you might pray *wherever you are*.

## *Get a life?*

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Dear Lord, here I am in my cozy kitchen, brewing up a cup of tea to warm the cockles of my aging heart. Yes, I said aging, not fully aged yet. I could have mellowed like a fine wine or aged cheese—but I didn't. I still sometimes make decisions as silly as I did as a teenager or act as moody as a middle-aged “mad housewife,” but today I am just a bit crotchety because I started remembering a time when my aging was attacked.

I had pulled into a parking spot a bit crookedly, so I needed to back out a bit and then go back in to get parked perfectly. It only took a few seconds, but it obviously irritated the sweet young person who was waiting to pull around me, so she stuck her head out of her car window and yelled, “Get a life!”

Lord, I have had a life—and what a wonderful one it has been. A lot of years have come and gone, full of fun and folly, glad, sad, and glorious. And I thank you for each and every day. I still have a life, but one that is a bit different, a bit “challenged” at times. I can still do most of my favorite things, maybe not quite as fast and probably not quite as well, but so what? I've been there, done that, in

the old days. Now it's time to keep from getting discouraged by looking for new ways to do old routines—take shortcuts, simplify expectations, pay someone to do the big lifting and big chores, etc.

By downsizing the work load and clearing out some of the gotta-dos, I thought I might find time to do things I never had time to do before. I searched and found my old “wish list,” but it's a bit dated. I don't think it's time now for me to go sky-diving or find a cure for speed-sneezing.

Lord, I think maybe you might be telling me to use my “found” time to learn to be less anxious about the inconvenience of aging, less hesitant to try new ways to adapt, and then learn to be more grateful for each new day. Recently I heard that the trick to staying alive and lively is “to find something you really love to work on or be a part of,” so I think that will be #2 on my NEW wish list. Of course, #1 will be to spend more time in prayer-visits, happy remembrances, laughing at my own foolishness, and seeing problems as an opportunity to learn. Then all my senior moments can be filled with more peace and less angst.

Thanks, Lord, for my crazy life, both past and present, but I gotta go now—my tea is getting cold.

## *When in a fog*

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Dear Lord, I'm feeling a bit foggy today. I have things to do, but I don't want to do them. I have places to go, but I want to just sit here with my cup of coffee and wait for the fog to clear.

But I began thinking of that time I was driving home from Tennessee and hit a patch of fog on the highway. It felt like somebody had thrown a blanket over my windshield. I was so scared. I wanted to pull over and stop, but I couldn't even tell where the side of the road was. And then, just before I panicked, I saw a red light, a taillight, in front of me. I knew I was not alone. I hoped the driver in front was better at fogginess than I was, and I kept following that taillight until I could see a big exit sign. Then I carefully exited and came upon a cluster of stores where there was a fast-food place. I sheltered there with a cup of coffee, just like today, waiting for the fog to clear. Then I got back on the highway and hit blue skies on the way home.

You know, Lord, when one gets a bit older, people start looking at you suspiciously, wondering if you are getting foggy with your thinking. It is not

a happy feeling when younger and “wiser” heads question your invaluable, extremely intelligent, and positively correct advice. They totally ignore the fact that they too are sometimes a bit foggy, especially in early mornings. So help me, Lord, to make peace with their impatience and with mine.

Remind me I am not alone. In the past, you have always been that light that led me out of a fog, and I am so grateful for that. Be my light today. Help me clear out my foggy head and help me get the things to do, done, and the places to go, gone. And if I get tired and need to rest, show me an exit sign so I can rest and refuel. Then, Lord, get me back on the road—with blue skies on my way home.

## *On a stormy day*

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Dear Lord, did you recently choose someone new to be in charge of the weather? Things have gotten out of control all over the place. I can't remember a time when the news was so full of storms, tornadoes, hurricanes, floods, and snow in unexpected parts of the planet. I'm grateful that my hometown weather has been pleasant, even if totally unpredictable. I look out in the morning and all is stormy, so I layer myself to be rainproof and warm. But by the time I am ready to leave, the sun has come out shining on me and probably laughing at my outfit.

I know this is a trivial thing to be bothering you about, but I am, because this strange unpredictable weather seems to be a symptom of today's world—all mixed up. We used to have some standards in our world, not all good or all bad, but we knew what to expect and what to count on. Now, as we slowly age into uncertainty, we need something stable, something we can count on and depend on. And yes, I know we already have what we need and that is *you*. Sorry, Lord, if I bothered you by mentioning this, but you

know well that I too am sometimes unpredictable. And it gets worse when everything around me is changing, “improving,” confusing, and downright scary.

Well, I’ve had my say, and I feel better now. But I do hope you will check on your weather guru. All the weather professionals here on earth seem to spend lots of time telling me to expect rain when I can look out the window and see that it *is* raining. Now, of course, I have to remember they are just human, so they are bound to get it wrong sometimes, just like I do in everyday life.

Thank you, Lord, for weather predictors who probably do the best they can. And thank you for the excitement of thunderstorms and the soothing peace of gentle rains and the awesome beauty of a first snowfall and the greening miracle of spring. But thank you most for being my umbrella through all kinds of weather, both fair and foul.