

Connecting New

October, 2021

More or Less

I didn't notice until it was much too late
that I had taken residence in the old stage of life.
It didn't ask my consent, stalking stealthy as a lion.
It came unremorseful, unrelenting, unforgiving, unyielding.
Feelings of resentment, loss and disdain
fill the place where energy used to flow.
I crossed this threshold in a long amorphous moment,
perhaps more than a year,
my denial gave it room to take root and flourish.
Most surprising is that though I had witnessed this change in others,
the judgment that blamed them assured me that my fate would be different.
Now I am painfully reminded that we are all more or less the same,
weak and strong,
vulnerable, dependent and interconnected,
human and divine,
ever in transition that we cannot control.

This poem is one more example of how expressing my feelings to God opens me to further spiritual growth because what often follows is an unexpected insight and my opportunity to choose a deepening life in God and Love.

We have all seen examples of people who are full of life despite also being up in years. I think of Jimmy Carter at 97 still building Habitat for Humanity homes or William Shatner at 90 blasting off into space. When I shared this poem with my spiritual director, she let me know in certain terms that to think of myself as old was not the better path. Instead she encouraged me to think of myself as aging, which has been happening to all of us since we were born. I am so grateful for her.

At the same time, not everyone is cut out to hammer nails. One gift of aging is a greater appreciation of what is truly most important in life. Like Jesus (as described in chapter 2 of Luke's Gospel), we grow in wisdom. I will call this saging. I believe what defines being human is the capacity to give and receive love, and that what is most important is to receive and spread love in the world. The possible ways of expressing this wisdom are as numerous as the stars and unique to each one of us. Each of us as particular expressions of God are a gift to the world in this way.

I will close by sharing an example of a 91 year old friend who inspires me. At the start of the pandemic, faced with the increasing isolation that lay ahead, she

decided to express her gratitude to the people who have made a difference in her life. Both large and small, but nonetheless meaningful differences. So far, she has called and spoken with or left messages for hundreds of people. If this is not saging, I don't know what is.

Let's do the same in our own ways, in our own lives.

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

If this has been forwarded to you and you would like to receive future Connecting New emails, [subscribe here](#). An archive of past emails can be found on the Connecting New page of www.clarenceheller.com. Also, if you do not already receive A Piece of Goodness, a positive and often provoking daily excerpt from one of Clarence's poems, with convenient access to the entire poem for those who wish to engage it, [subscribe here](#).

Visit A Piece of Goodness on social media.

