



¹ Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

We should seek him early, while there are many hours left of the day; we should not wait until the sunset of our lives to find Him. Seek Him while He may yet be found.

² While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

Before our lives are wrought with sorrow of age and our eyes become dimmed for lack of light in them. In our old age, the sorrows build and storm upon us; and when the storms of life pause, return again and make our hearts sad. But in Christ, there is always sunlight, joy, and happiness regardless of the clouds.

³ In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

The "keepers of the house" are our feeble hands; the "strong men of the house" are our legs which bow with age; the "grinders" are our teeth which rotten and fall out; "those that look out of the windows" are our eyes which dim so with age.

⁴ And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

The "doors shut in the street" are our ears which can no longer hear even the poor chewing of our few teeth.

⁵ Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

With old age comes many great fears so that we are fearful to climb stairs or any high place due to the danger of falling. Fear is on every hand of things of which we gave no thought in our young lives. When "the almond tree flourishes" it becomes white like snow, or like the gray hairs of our head when age advances. Even a small insect would be a burden for us to carry in our lingering age. The same drives and desires, appetites and fragrances we knew as children are gone when we are old. On what shall we then rely? Only by placing our treasures in the Heart of our Lord and Saviour can we find solace then. "Man goeth to his long home" means the coffin in which we are buried, or the eternity to which we are destined. Paid mourners are all that is left for us to send us into the eternal clouds.

⁶ Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

The "silver cord" is that which binds our body and soul together - perhaps the spinal cord, which is silvery colored. The "golden bowl" is our cranial cavity in which our

thought processes reside. The "pitcher" is our blood vessels which hold this precious commodity of life. The fountain is the heart, and the wheel is the chambers of the heart which function to speed our blood on its way to distant organs of the body.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

This last is self explanatory. Once, a young Bible scholar expressed a doubt as to how we could become dust after death. I asked her what would happen if we were to bury her body today, and waited 200 years to exhume it - what would we find? Slowly, she responded, "DUST."

May your day be filled with joy. The Lord has clearly called you into newness of life so that you can have greater joy in mature years than you experienced in your young and tender ones. Isaiah 40:31