



Seasons In Time

ENCOUNTERING GOD FACE TO FACE...
IN OUR BRIEF JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE

Life Season IV – My Middle Age Years and God (Continued)

Where'd My Youth Go? Midlife Crisis!

It happened while I was driving and listening to the radio. It was one of those “Oldie Goldie” stations playing throwback music from the 50s and 60s. It was as if I had entered a time machine that instantly transported me to my teenage years of surfing songs, muscle cars and dating. In a flash I was lost in love songs of the past that stirred my heart for the young girl who was to become my wonderful wife. But then I glanced in the rearview mirror. For a moment I was shocked at what I saw...graying hair and wrinkles forming around my eyes. That image abruptly jerked me back to reality. “*Where did the years go?*” I mused. “*Where did my youth go?*” I whispered to myself. “*If only...*” I blurted out, “*If only I could be young again!*”

Sure, there was a 15-year difference in our ages, but when we married, it didn't matter. My husband was everything I wanted and needed. But when I turned 55, he was 70! His jet-black hair was totally white...but mostly it was bald. I still felt young, but he didn't. I hadn't lost my romantic desire, but all he wanted to do was take naps. I wanted to go on trips and enjoy life. He wanted to stay close to home. So, that's when I decided **I** wasn't in the grave yet! I needed excitement, life and love...regardless of who it was with. I convinced my husband that a few of my old girlfriends and I wanted to have dinner once a week. *But what I didn't tell him was that I was hitting the clubs and hooking up with men half my age!*



The Bible never leaves us lost in nostalgia or drowning in grief concerning the aging process. It always points us upward to God. It presses us beyond our emotions to the reality of His righteous purposes. It's true; life is linear and we can never turn back the hands of time. But life is also multi-dimensional. In God, we develop spiritually and with godly wisdom as we advance in years. In God, old age isn't considered a curse. It's a sign of His grace, protection and provision that allows us to even reach old age (*Ps. 37:25; 91:16; 92:12-15*). Though our strength diminishes, our gray hair brings us honor (*Prov. 20:29*). Even Solomon, when his aged body was faltering, pointed his readers to fear God knowing there is accountability beyond the grave (*Eccles. 12:1-14*). *So, what happens when you encounter God in the season of a midlife crisis? Read on!*

While driving home from my errands, I continued to grieve the loss of my youth. I was haunted by the aging image in the mirror and thoughts of my younger days. Perhaps I could dye my hair, work out at the gym and trade in my old Ford for a sports car...maybe a Mustang! Then a frightening thought shot through my mind: “*I wonder if younger women might find me attractive?*” I drove in silence hardly looking where I was going. Then, out of nowhere, a scripture popped in my head from years ago, “*Rejoice in the wife of your youth...be captivated by her love.*” I was stunned for a moment realizing how close the Lord was to me. When I got home I was met by my beautiful wife...with graying hair and wrinkles forming around her eyes, just like me. “*You weren't gone very long,*” she gently commented. “*Did you find what you were looking for?*” I gave her a long hug and answered, “*I sure did! The Lord helped me find YOU many years ago!*”

I was having the time of my life...even if it was only once a week. So, I decided to take it to the next level. I started having “day flings” and weekend getaways with my “girlfriends.” That's when my high living caught up with me and my life crashed and burned. I overdosed on drugs and alcohol and ended up in intensive care. That's where they discovered a cancerous mass on my liver. When my husband walked in the room, I figured it was the end of our marriage. He pulled his chair close to my hospital bed, looked deep into my eyes and quietly said, “*I married you 30 years ago and I love you with all my heart. So, if you think I'm going to leave you now, you've wrong! I'm with you until death do us part!*” Through my tears I whispered, “*You're the closest thing to Jesus I've ever seen. Please forgive me. I will love only you for the rest of my life.*”

Next: More Stories from My Middle Age Years - *Finding Love Again*

