

# The Older I Get

Dub McClish

Growing older has its disadvantages. Someone has quipped that it's better than the alternative, even so. Now, I don't consider myself to be elderly yet, by a long shot. In fact, I've never met anyone who did. After all, I'm planning to live to be at least 120. While I am not yet old, I am growing older. As I do, I find myself changing my attitudes and thinking about a variety of things. For example:

- **The older I get the more I think of Heaven.** Life on earth provides many rewarding experiences. There are times of exuberant joy and soul-satisfying happiness. There are wonderful relationships with family and friends and with God's people; but there is one thing all of these have in common: on earth they last for a short while only. The joy and bliss of Heaven will not be interrupted. Besides that, I grow more anxious to visit with the Lord and with such persons as Noah and Abraham and Moses and Paul and countless others.
- **The older I get the less I care for this world.** At its best it is still an imperfect place and at its worst it is a sample of Hell itself. The world entices us through wealth, popularity, and self-indulgence, promising to give us happiness, fame, and pleasure in return; but whatever happiness it gives is not found in these offerings, and its pleasure and fame are jaded, at best. I grow weary of living among evil, blasphemous, dishonest people who live only for self. Thank God this world is not my home!
- **The older I get the more I look forward to Sundays and Wednesday nights.** Yes, there are some hypocrites in the assembly every time we come together. Even so, for the most part the people who assemble are the finest on earth. It is exceedingly precious time to me when we can take a special kind of shelter from the world and its evils and anxieties and get just a little taste of Heaven as we worship God. I can't understand the attitude that claims fellowship with Christ, but intentionally shuns the assemblies of the church. The Lord's day is always the best day of the week to me.
- **The older I get the more I say, "I love you," to family, friends, and brethren.** I've discovered that it not only does others great good, but it gives me great joy.

[**Note:** I wrote this article for and it was published in *The Edifier*, weekly bulletin of Pearl Street Church of Christ, Denton, TX, January 21, 1988, of which I was editor.]

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