

# *Christine Lynn*



My son turns 30 today.

I stand in front of the mirror and reflect on the image looking back at me.

Do I look that old?

Like a women, who has a 30 year old son.

I study my features more closely.

I see wrinkles, which I would rather not be there.

Is that really true?

Are they the wrinkles from laughter every time my son acted the goat and made me laugh?

Are they the wrinkles from worry when he was late home from school?

Are they the wrinkles from crying when he went overseas to live?

Are they the wrinkles from smiling when he bought home his beautiful bride?

Are they the wrinkles from being a mother?

Yes! They are all of those things and more.

I have earned them, and I wear them with pride.

They are wrinkles of life, and I have had a blessed one.