

Menopause Testimony: Author Joyce miller

Sister, let me testify for a minute,
Not about Pharaoh, but this heat I'm in it.
I came in cute, with my Sunday best pressed,
But halfway through prayer, I'm sweating through my vest.
Fan in my purse, smile on my face, Bhut this hot flash hit me like amazing grace.
Ushers looking worried, "Sis, you okay"?
I said, "It's just the Spirit...in a *different* way".
Now Pastor preaching 'bout the fire inside". And I'm over here like, "Sir, I *cannot* hide".
My edges done left, my makeup said "bye".
And I'm fanning like I'm trying to testify.
And Lord, don't mention the sleep I lack.
I'm up all night, then napping in the back.
Dreaming of biscuits, soft and sweet, Tender bed rest I just can't meet.
One minute I'm laughing, next minute I'm stern,
Somebody pass me a fan before I burn.
But still got joy, don't get it confused,
Even when my thermostat's been misused.
So if you see me smiling, glowing extra bright.
Just know it ain't glory, it's a flash in the night
But I'm still His child, still walking in grace,
Even when sweat is rolling down my face.
Can I get an amen from the seasoned crew?
If menopause hits you, you know it's true.
We still praising, still standing tall
Hot flashes and all, we answer the call.

