

The Tapestry of My Life

My life if but a weaving
Between my Lord and me
I can not choose the colors
He works so steadily.

Oft times He weaves in sorrow
And I, in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
And I, the underside.

Not until the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the tapestry
And explain the reasons why.

The dark threads are as needed
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.
Author unknown