

THE WEAVER

My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me.
I cannot choose the colors
He works so steadily.

Of't times He weaves in sorrow
And I, in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
and I the underside.

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.

Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why.

Kristone.