

The Weaving

(Chosen by Les)

My life is but a weaving between my Lord and me
I cannot choose the colours, He worketh steadily.
Oft time he weaveth sorrow and I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper, and I the underside.

Not 'til the loom is silent and the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas and reveal the reason why.
The dark threads are as needful in the weaver's skillful hands
As the threads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned.

Happiness keeps you sweet
Trials keep you strong
Sorrows keep you human
Failures keep you humble
Success keeps you glowing
But only God keeps you going

Do not grieve for me.
I have enjoyed a very good life.
I have met many terrific people,
Including you!