

THE MASTER WEAVER

My life is but a weaving
Between the Lord and me;
I may not choose the colors
He knows what they should be.
For He can view the pattern
Upon the upper side
While I can see it only
On this, the underside.
Sometimes He weaves in sorrow
Which seems so strange to me;
But I will trust His judgement
And work on faithfully.
'Tis He who fills the shuttle
And He who knows what is best
So I shall weave in earnest
And leave to Him the rest.
Not 'til the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason 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.

-Benjamin Malachi Franklin