

Life's Weaving- Author Unknown

My life is but a weaving
Between my God and me;
I did 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 weaveth sorrow
which seemeth strange to me
But I will trust his judgement
And work on faithfully.

'Tis he who fills the shuttle,
He knows just what is best;
So I shall weave in earnest
And leave with him the rest.

At last, when life is ended,
With Him I shall abide,
And I may view the pattern
Upon the upper side,

Then I shall know the reason
Why pain with joy entwined
Was woven in the fabric
Of life that God designed.