Life is But a Weaving (The Tapestry Poem)

Attributed to Corrie Ten Boom

My life is but a weaving

Between my God and me.

I cannot choose the colors He weaveth steadily.

Oft' times 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

Will God unroll the canvas And reveal the reason why.

The dark threads are as needful

In the weaver's skillful hand

As the threads of gold and silver

In the pattern He has planned

He knows, He loves, He cares; Nothing this truth can dim.

He gives the very best to those Who leave the choice to Him.