

# Life Is But A Weaving.

“My life is but a weaving  
Between my God and me.  
I cannot choose the colors  
He weaveth steadily.

Off' 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.”

WRITTEN BY CORRIE TEN BOOM