My life is but a tapestry...

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

Not till 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 needful
In the Weaver's skilful 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 His very best to those
who leave the choice with Him.
(Author Unknown.)

This poem became popular when Corrie ten Boom included it in her book a number of years ago, named The Hiding Place. (May I suggest a book worth reading on learning to forgive.)
When a weaver, weaves a tapestry, especially a large one they can only see a very small portion of it at a time. They cannot be concerned with what has been woven before, because it is wound around a beam and will not be seen again until the tapestry is completed and off the loom.
In the photo above, the large tapestry is almost completed. It is 56" long, yet only about 10" of tapestry can be seen by the weaver any given area. What will be woven in the future has not been determined yet. Even though they may have the design completed and in front of them, as God the weaver of our lives surely does, each thread they weave in, each colour and texture is a choice they make while they are weaving each specific shape and area. They may choose, and change their mind, and choose again several times before they weave the area in what will be its final arrangement. Though God may have a design in mind for our lives, he is allowing us to choose the colours and textures that go in it.

This is the 'underside' of a tapestry, fresh off the loom. Whom ever wrote this poem knew what the underside of a tapestry looked like! Just like our lives often are to us; like pure chaos. Yet, when turned over there is a beautiful tapestry on the other side, with a design that looks planned and orderly. It is that beautiful side of our lives, according to the poet that God sees.

One of my favourite parts of this poem is the bit about how necessary the 'dark threads' are. In any art or design course, one of the first things, and the most often repeated thing, that you learn is how important it is to have all values present in your design. Bright colours and areas of light cannot 'sing' without nearby areas of dark. Our lives do need the dark times, much as we dread and dislike them, for us to know true joy in the light times.

God Bless,
Sofia M.