



Making Sense

(For Katie—A Birthday Poem)

*The seasons turn, a year is spent;
Who knows where the minutes went!
One chapter of your life is done,
Another one has just begun.*

*As you look back on your last year,
So full of heartache, grief and fear,
Do you suspect you lived in vain?
Would you turn back the clock again?*

*Life moves on with quickening pace,
And each of us must run our race;
And time and tide for no man wait,
Nor can we bid life's storms abate.*

*Do you feel burdened down with care?
Confronted by unanswered prayer?
Or does life often seem unfair?
Do you wonder, 'Is God there'?*

*What is the purpose of life's mess?
This tangled skein of threads, no less,
We're in the dark we must confess:
God's plan for us we cannot guess.*

*But one day when our lives are done
God will reveal what has been spun,
He'll turn us over, and we'll see
Not broken threads, but a tapestry.*

*Or to put it in another way:
We're each of us like lumps of clay
And the potter shapes and kneads,
On his wheel at fright'ning speeds.*

*Then in life's furnace we are fired,
Though we may feel sick and tired;
But when the potter's work is through,
A masterpiece, he'll make of you.*

*So do not dwell on what's behind,
And be not troubled in your mind,
And let the future hold no dread,
But leave it all to God instead.*

*For he himself, has gone before,
And so he knows what lies in store,
And 'Man of Sorrows' was his name:
What you've been through - he bore the same.*

*So do not think you walk alone,
For he will not forsake his own;
But trust your life into his hand,
And he'll accomplish all he's planned.*

Marcus Lander, February 2011