



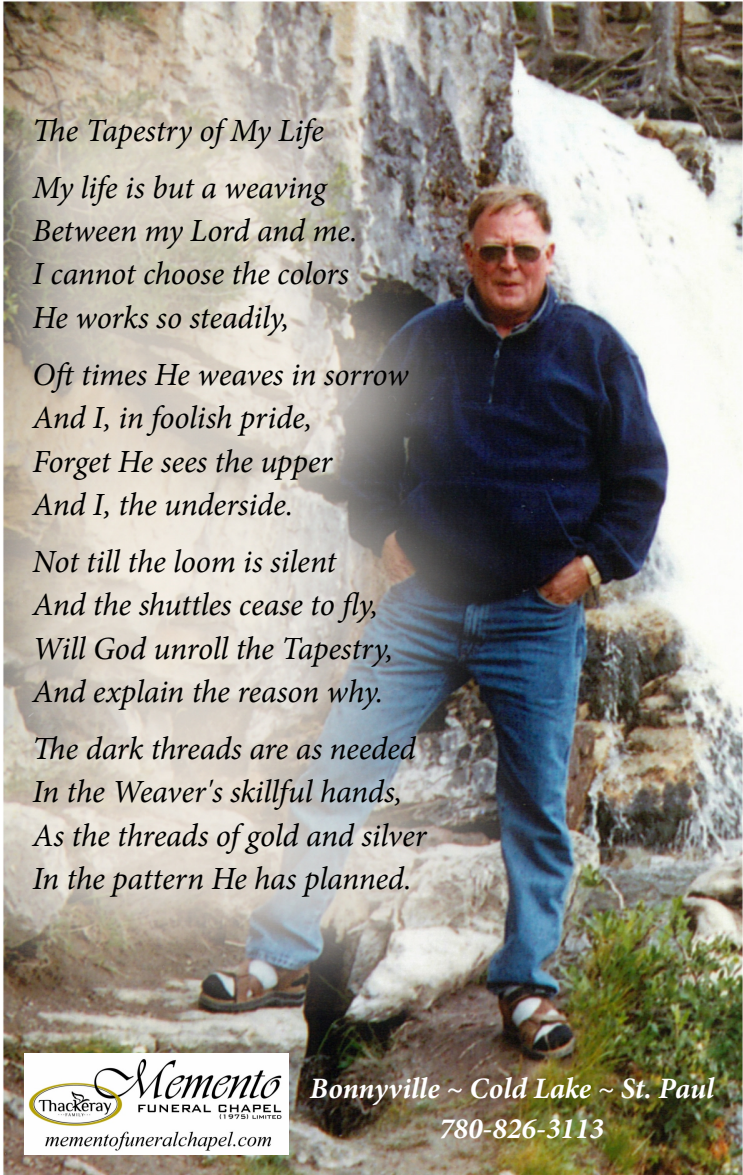
The Tapestry of My Life
My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me.
I cannot choose the colors
He works so steadily,
Oft times He weaves in sorrow
And I, in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
And I, the underside.
Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the Tapestry,
And explain the reason why.
The dark threads are as needed
In the Weaver's skillful hands,
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.




Bonnyville ~ Cold Lake ~ St. Paul
780-826-3113



Lotis Robert Bourbeau
March 29, 1945 - September 28, 2019



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