

In the weavers skill full hand;

As the threads of gold and silver

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records from Alva and Zella (Barnson) Matheson and La Kay (Matheson) Weber collected during their lives and from their ancestors My Life. In the pattern he has planned. My life is but a weaving Between my, Lord and Me, Gossip - Carless or irresponcible repetition I can not choose the colors of Harmful stories, wheather true or false. He worketh steadily Behind the cloud Oft times he weavveth sorrow Behind the cloud the starlight lurks. and I in foolish pride; Through showers the sunbeams full Forget he sees the upper For God who leavith all his works, and I the under side. Has left his hope with all 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