

Let Go and Let God

*As children bring their broken toys,
with tears, for us to mend,
I brought my broken dreams to God,
asking as a friend.*

*But then, instead of leaving God
in peace, to work alone,
I hung around and tried to help,
with ways that were my own.*

*At last, I snatched them back and cried,
“How can you be so slow?”
“My child,” God said, “What could I do?
You never did let go.”*



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