



GOD'S EMBROIDERY



Opening Prayer / Bhajan

1 Look at Life

When I was a little boy, I sat on the floor and watched my mother embroider a great deal. I wondered why she was using some dark threads along with the bright ones and why they seemed so jumbled from my view. I observed her work within the boundaries of the little round hoop and complained that it looked messy from the underside. Some time later, my mother would call me and thrill me with a beautifully embroidered flower or a sunset.

Then she explained, "My son, from underneath, it did look messy and jumbled, but you did not realize that there was a pre-drawn plan on the top. It was a design and I was only following it. Now you can see how beautiful the design is once it has been filled out."

Many times through the years, I have looked up to my Heavenly Father and said, "Father, what are you doing?" He answered, "I am embroidering your life." I say, "But it looks like a mess to me. It seems so jumbled. The threads seem so dark. Why can't they all be bright?" The Father tells me, "My child, you go about your business of doing My business, and one day I will bring you to Heaven and you will see how beautiful is the plan from My side."

☞ Recall any incident / tragedy which hurt you immensely at the time of occurrence. Did you, later, see the hand of God in it? Please share your experience.

2 We listen to God: Psalm 139: 1-6, 13-14, 16 check the psalms

- ◇ O Lord, you have searched me and you know me,
- ◇ You know when I sit and when I rise; you perceive my thoughts from afar.
- ◇ You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways.
- ◇ Before a word is on my tongue, you know it completely, O Lord.
- ◇ You hem me in – behind and before; you have laid your hand upon me.
- ◇ Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, too lofty for me to attain.
- ◇ For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb
- ◇ I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made, your works are wonderful, I know that full well
- ◇ Your eyes beheld my unformed substance. In your book were written all the days that were formed for me, when none of them as yet existed

3 Reflection / Sharing : Reflect in silence and then share with the group.

- ☞ God knows me through and through. What blocks me from accepting God's embroidery in my life?
- ☞ How can I become more sensitive to God's plan for me?



An All Powerful! God - And You (Cyrus H Merchant)

My life is but a weaving between my Lord and me
I cannot choose the colours which upon me He worketh steadily,
Often He weaveth sorrow and I foolish pride
Forget that He sees the upper and I only the under side
Not till the loom is silent and His shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas and explain the reasons why
I know now that the dark threads are as needful
In the weaver's skillful hand
As the happy threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

For every dream of yours that wilts,
reason blossoms in paradise.
Even the worst despairs -- death of a loved one
-- takes place under the ever watchful eye of God.



Concluding Prayer / Hymn

Have Thine own way Lord

Have Thine own way Lord, Have Thine own way,
Thou art the Potter, I am the clay
Mould me and make me, after they will
While I am waiting, yielded and still.

Have Thine own way Lord, Have Thine own way,
Search me and try me, Master today
Whiter than snow Lord, wash me just now
As in thy presence, humbly I bow.

Have Thine own way Lord, Have Thine own way,
Wounded and weary, help me I pray,
Power, all power, surely is thine,
Touch me and heal me, Saviour Divine.



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