

IT'S A BOY!

By Paralee Eadie

Lord, You've made me a father.
I'm as pleased as I can be.
I have such hopes and expectations,
And I've planned so carefully.

Then the Lord spoke to my heart,
The heavenly Father to his son,
My son, you're not the designer.
As for plans, there's only one.

For I've created this child.
I've placed him in your hand,
Not to map out his destiny
But to carry out My plan.

I hold the blueprints of his life,
And you are the tool I chose
To build and shape him day by day
And form him as he grows.

You are My subcontractor.
I've supplied you with My plan
And every tool to do the job,
Because I know you can.

So seek Me every morning,
Check the schedule for that day,
Then the "construction" will not falter,
And the "building" will not sway.