

RIVER OF LIFE

I sail on the river of life,
In my frail little boat
Captained quite often by my Lord.
Then the waters are placid and cool.
Life drifts along peacefully for me,
This makes me over confident;
And so I take the controls,
Sure I can manage the river.
Then it turns rough, rapids
And waterfalls confront me,
My little boat is battered
Try, as I do, to be in control.
Exhausted and humbled by life
I return the controls to my Lord.
Without a word of reproach
He guides my boat for me.

– By Betty Paul Thottam.

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www.thoughtsanctuary.com / thought.sanctuary@gmail.com