

## Tried and True

By Mark Edgemon

When I was seven, I waited for God to show me my way  
And when He did, I asked Him to wait for some other day  
That I might fulfill His desire and His plan, If He would just wait.  
He was eternal, so waiting should be no big deal for Him.

He waited through my teens as I pursued other paths, other than His  
And through my twenties as I floundered in my search for some light  
And through my thirties, as I climbed the ladder of success against the wrong wall  
And through my forties as I suffered from the pain of withholding His Will.

Nothing changes if it doesn't and it hasn't not then and not now.  
And so it's time to change roles once again, turn about is fair waiting  
With the surrendered life He ordained and my waiting on him as a servant  
The way it always should have been. The way it was planned by design.

Sanding me down like a Master Craftsman into a work of art  
That only He can create, rounding off the sharp edges  
Using a file to smooth out my resistance through troubles carefully used  
To bring me to total reliance...until the file was also smooth and was thrown away.

The End