THE PLAN

There is, in life, a bright design —
My soul declares it so.
There is a vision, still by me
Unseen, but yet I know.
Another mind, another heart
Has hoped on my behalf.
Another eye has seen in me
That which I know not half.

A surety within my breast,
More sure than can be shown,
Convinces me that I am here
For reasons yet unknown.
But daily on my heart there dawns
A fairer, fuller light,
A brighter morning, more aglow
With clarity and sight.

Til here upon my earthly way
At this mid-point I find
I can more clearly now compare
The road ahead, behind.
The poignant, striking contrast here
I can now mark with ease.
The path that seemed so liquid then
Was really charted seas.

How could I then have doubted that
One far more sure than I:
More wise, more true, more filled with love
Was watching from the sky,
And working with relentless power
To open there for me
The high road of His hope, His plan
That I could not foresee.

My Lord, my God, I know that I
Have not as yet attained,
But help me now more sure to walk
Amid the unexplained.
To show that God ordains on earth
The making of a man,
Which process is the prelude here
To His eternal plan.

And when that moment golden comes
When faith gives way to sight,
No hesitation shall there be,
No backward look, no fright,
No flicker of reluctance then,
For there I sure shall say,
"The mighty architect of time
Designed it all that way."

—by Dave Breese