

Something Special

*Each man has something special,
God means for him to do.
For life designs a pattern,
No one may weave but you.
The door to joy is narrow,
The arch of pain is wide,
Many walk through pleasure's halls,
But very few abide.*

*Sometimes we can't distinguish
The reason in the way,
Nor can our minds decipher
The part that we must play.
And yet how sweet the comfort,
In knowing every test,
Is but God's way of showing
His way is always best.*

*All cannot be receivers,
There must be givers, too,
And somehow this is what
I think God meant for me to do.
No man who loves is beggared,
God's dear heart must repay,
So I will use this life of mine,
To give myself away.*

*Daniel Bjorlin
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