

Dangling Threads

Father, I bring You all the dangling threads of my life.

I bring you that annoying little task that has me stuck.
I can't move forward, and
I can't walk away.

I bring you that matter where all I can do is wait.
I am totally dependent on someone else, and
they are in no hurry.

I bring you that huge project that I'm just beginning.
I feel swamped with unknowns and
in over my head.

I bring You that threat hanging over me
that seeks to steal my peace.

I bring you that unique idea, that deep desire
that has long weighed on my heart.

It keeps calling me,
pulling me.

It has never gone away after all these years.

Father, I believe You have planted it in me.

I believe You have set aside this task for me.

I'm convinced it would glorify You and
draw other people to You.

But every time I try to press ahead,
You seem to check me.

I feel nine-months pregnant,
but I can't give birth.

And Father, I bring You that person
whom I love with all my heart.

They are so painfully, tragically incomplete.

O Lord, You know.

Father, I bring You all these dangling threads.

They keep my life unsettled.

They daily, hourly make me feel
ill-at-ease and
out of control.

Maybe that's one reason You allow them to stay.

They keep me turning to You,

depending on You,
crying out to You.
You are the First and the Last,
the Source and the Goal.
You not only see the end from the beginning,
You *are* the ending.
All things are flowing from You and to You.
All things are complete in You.
At the perfect time and
in the perfect way,
You will beautifully finish everything You have begun.

I am a small-minded,
anxious,
time-bound creature,
at sea in a world beyond my understanding and control.
You are sovereign, wise, loving, and just.
You always do what is good and right.

Father, I will wait on You.

Listen and sing:
Hymn: *Wait on the Lord*
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