

## *HIS PLAN FOR ME*

When I stand at the judgment seat of Christ  
And He shows me His plan for me,  
The Plan of my life as it might have been  
Had He had His way, and I see

How I blocked Him here, and I checked Him there,  
And I would not yield my will --  
Will there be grief in my Savior's eyes,  
Grief, though He loves me still?

He would have me rich, and I stand there poor,  
Stripped of all but His grace,  
While memory runs like a hunted thing  
Down the paths I cannot retrace.

Then my desolate heart will well-nigh break  
With the tears that I cannot shed;  
I shall cover my face with my empty hands,  
I shall bow my uncrowned head..

Lord of the years that are left to me,  
I give them to Thy hand;  
Take me and break me, mold me to  
The pattern Thou hast planned!

-Martha Snell-Nicolson

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