



The Curve Along The Road

Yvonne Vernon

The Lord steps in, sets you aside by some unseen event
And suddenly it seems to you your usefulness is spent.
It may be sickness, depressed mind, or in a jail cast down
Beloved brother, sister dear, cheer up, don't wear a frown.

While travelling down the road one day, there came a real sharp curve
To tell the truth and to my mind, no purpose did it serve.
It meant my slowing down a bit, the brakes were hit with force
It blocked my onward path to view, it made me change my course.

And then I thought how much like life, when things are going fine
I'm serving God and helping saints, how very straight my line.
And all at once God stepped right in, my plans went all awry
The sailing smooth, the easy road was over for the day.

My life, it changed directions, why did this happen me
Was I not serving God so hard, why ever should this be?
And in the darkness of the hour, the Lord spoke to my heart
My child your thoughts of serving me, was not the better part.

You see my child, it's you I want, to love me more and more
And not to see what service waits for you around each door.
To get to know me saith the Lord, now that eternal life
Not serving me, but knowing me, as a husband by his wife.

The curve, it was a gift from God, I take it from His hand
I bless the blessed God above, for excellency of plan.
Instead of my life's work being o'er, indeed it did expand
And will to endless glory be, in God's eternal land.

© Rowan Jennings
30th Oct. 2001

Written in the midst of the second heart attack in eleven days.