

## THE SHUTTLES

Lord, let me throw them carefully each day,  
The spools on which the fragile thread is wound –  
The thread of life, nor let me with it play –  
A broken strand not easily is bound.

And I would rightly blend the red and gray,  
For as I weave so must my life be crowned.  
Lord, let me throw them true, day after day,  
The shuttles round which life's frail threads are wound.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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