

## THEY WHO SIT IN JUDGEMENT

However dark the warp of life may be—  
As back and forth our hands across it grope,  
Weaving the fabric of our destiny—  
We brighten it with silver threads of hope.

However dull and gray the web may seem,  
That day by day our aching eyes behold—  
When we but pause a little while to dream,  
The cloth becomes a tapestry of gold.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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