

REASON FOR LIFE

I don't know how to say it
but somehow it seems to me
That maybe we are stationed
where God wanted us to be
That the little place you're filling
is the reason for your birth,
And just to do the work you do
He put you on this earth.

If God had wanted otherwise
I guess he would have made
You just a little different,
of a worse or better grade
And since God knows and understands
all things of land and sea
I fancy that He placed you here
just where He wanted you to be.

And sometimes you may get to thinking,
as your labors you review
That you should like a higher place
with greater tasks to do.
But come to the conclusion,
when the envying is stilled
That the post to which God sent you
is the post He wanted filled.

So you plod along and struggle
in the hope when day is through
That you are really necessary
to the things God wants to do
And there isn't any service
You can give which you should scorn
For it may be just the reason
God allowed you to be born.

-Author Unknown-