Let Go and Let God

As children bring their broken toys, with tears, for me to mend
I brought my broken dreams to God because he was my friend.

But then, instead of leaving Him in peace to work alone
I hung around and tried to help . . . with ways that were my own.

At last I snatched them back and cried, "How can You be so slow?"
"My child," He said. "What could I do? You never did let go."

Ben Hildner