**Thread of Grace**

A baby is born, eyes open wide

Held firm in his mother’s embrace.

So innocent and pure, just starting out

Already loved by Prevenient Grace.

This baby is grown, finding his way

Always eager, and fear, not a trace.

His road he has chosen, mistakes will be made

God will show him Justifying Grace.

An old man now, a life well lived

At the end, against death he must brace.

Throughout his life, always looking to God

His path illuminated by Sanctifying Grace.

Now he sits at the feet of the risen King

In awe, he looks at God’s face.

He looks back in time, at each stage of life

Sewn together by God’s Thread of Grace.