

GOD'S BOXES

I have in my hands two boxes
which God gave me to hold.
He said, "Put all your sorrows in the black box
and all your joys in the gold."

I heeded His words, and in the two boxes
both my joys and sorrows I stored.
But though the gold became heavier each day
the black was as light as before.

With curiosity I opened the black--
I wanted to find out why.
And I saw in the base of the box, a hole
which my sorrows had fallen out by.

I showed the hole to God, and mused--
"I wonder where my sorrows could be."
He smiled a gentle smile and said,
"My child, they're all here with me."

I asked God why He gave me the boxes--
why the gold, and the black with the hole?
"My child, the gold is for you
to count your blessings;
the black is for you to let go."

-Author Unknown-