



Knit and not Forget

He *knit* a beautiful work
but it was not for us to keep,
selected richest colors, patterns
and set its tiny *heart* to beat.

His workmanship of finest quality
its beauty left untold.
Even still, I've come to accept,
it was not for me to hold.

It *was OURS* to love
Some will say, all for naught
But, we will choose to cherish
our *precious* child was
knit and not forgot.

By Jennifer Lacey

*For you created my inmost being; you **knit** me together in my mother's womb.
I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful,
I know that full well. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place.
When I was **woven** together in the depths of the earth, your eyes saw my unformed body.
All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be.*

Psalm 139:13-16