

One by one He took them from me,
All the things I valued most,
I was empty-handed,
Every glittering toy was lost,
So I walked Earth's highways grieving,
In my rags and poverty,
Until I heard His voice inviting;
"Lift those empty hands toward Heaven,"
And He filled them with a store,
Of His own transcendent riches,
Until they could contain no more,
It was then I realized,
With my stupid mind and dull,
That our God cannot pour His riches,
Into hands already full....