



## Still In Moulding

By Lucy Wall

*"Still In Moulding" is the third poem I wrote after giving my heart to the Lord and unlike my first two poems, I didn't receive my inspiration from any particular verse in the Bible, but rather from what I felt the Lord was bringing out of my heart at the time.*

*It became apparent to me that at this point in my life, I often found myself thinking about the fact that I was a single woman. As I thought more deeply about this, I began to consider what qualities I might now desire in a man and what kind of person I would consider could potentially be my husband.*

*It was really interesting for me to discover as I began to write this poem, what I was now looking for in a husband and there were certainly a few surprises there!*

*The poem starts off with a very light-hearted and rather jovial tone. I had a lot of fun writing it and discovering what "boxes" my "Mr Right" would have to tick!*

*As I read through my words and ideas for my unknown, mysterious "Mr Right," I started to think:*

*"Hey this guy sounds great! I wish he were here now! Actually, why isn't he here now? Why am I single?"*

*This thought then lead me to think about the love of my Saviour and His sovereignty in my life. I began to meditate on His good and perfect judgements and how He knows what's best for my life. The more I considered His flawless ways, the more I realized that Jesus was in absolute control. I then rested in the knowledge that for as long as I was single, that was as long as I was meant to be single for! I knew that if it were better for me to be with someone, then I would be! But for some unknown reason to myself, it was better for me to be single at that time.*

*I then went on to consider how we meet people at appointed times in our lives and only when God allows us to, not a minute sooner, not a minute later. Whether the relationship may be a friend, relative or future spouse, we meet them when God permits us to, as He knows when we're ready. I felt like He was moulding and shaping me on a daily basis into the woman I needed to be for my husband.*

*It was these thoughts that developed into the title: "Still In Moulding" and gave me the second half of my poem. I had a peace in my heart that the Lord had a husband in store for me, but I didn't know why I wasn't ready for him yet. I figured it could be for any number of reasons, so I relinquished the desire to control this aspect of my life and gave it over to the Lord. What wonderful freedom and peace I found knowing I could completely trust in His perfect timing and with my eyes on Jesus, I knew I could rest easy and leave the work to Him!*

A question often in my mind: "Does "Mr Right" exist?"

Is there a man who'll tick each box on my extensive list?

What aspirations do I have when I envisage him?

His character or confidence that come from deep within.

I hope he's strong within his faith and feels a passion there.

He'll teach me things I never knew; this passion we will share.

His knowledge will run far and wide, at least, that's what I pray.

He'll also love to learn, and listen to the things I say.



He'll have ambitions and ideas, have targets, goals and dreams.  
He won't play games so juvenile; he'll say just what he means.  
He knows his mind and what he likes. A grounded man he'll be.  
He'll love to open up his life and make some room for me!

He'll share my humor, make me laugh, we'll have our "silly jokes."  
Amuse our-selves for hours on end. I can't stand boring blokes!  
A staid demeanor he won't possess, he's vivacious, fun and smart.  
By being true to who he is, is how he'll steal my heart.

In honesty, I don't imagine what his looks will be.  
His features, face and colourings are just not up to me.  
For me to plan minute details, I think is not so clever.  
He'll look the way he's meant to look. I'll love him so, whatever.

We'll be a team, work as a pair, take turns to compromise.  
Just knowing that he's mine to keep will give me butterflies.  
He'll like to make a fuss of me; "the apple of his eye."  
Be patient, bold and trustworthy. And good at D.I.Y!

He doesn't need extravagance or riches to be mine.  
For opulence I do not seek, on me he'll spend his time.  
Should he insist on spoiling me, just to say: "Love you!"  
Leave little presents here or there, I guess that's alright too!

Well sounds like I know what I want and what I'm looking for.  
So why has "Mr Right" not yet come charging through my door?  
I don't expect a "Superman" who flies at lightning speed.  
Or "Prince Charming" to whisk me off upon his noble steed.

The man for me will just be real, my love for him won't tire.  
A man to share a lifetime with. A man I can admire.  
I live a life salubrious and always law abiding.  
So why has he not turned up yet? And why's he still in hiding?

Perhaps I'm just not old enough? Or need to change my look.  
Maybe I need to travel more? Or teach myself to cook!  
Perhaps I lack experience in matters of the heart?  
Or need more time to heal the wounds that make the tear ducts start.



I think the Lord is teaching me to put my trust in Him.  
To set my focus Heavenward when fear and doubt creep in.  
He's teaching me that in His Word is where I'll find the cure.  
That perseverance makes me grow more spiritually mature.

It's when I'm ready that I know that he and I will meet.  
Until that day I guess God's work in me is incomplete.  
Whatever traits or qualities God feels I must possess,  
Or lessons learnt or knowledge stored; I don't yet have I guess?

I feel the Lord is moulding me with each new passing day.  
Less of me and more of Him and walking in His way.  
My thoughts are changing, views adjust, opinions take a turn.  
The more I open up my heart the more I seem to learn.

The Lord knows how I need to be for "Mr Right" to fall.  
And knows what I will need in him for him to be my all.  
Perhaps it's HIM who needs some work! Now there's a thought that's new!  
It isn't ME who needs to grow. HE needs a tweak or two!

These things will be part of the plan but deep inside I know,  
It's when I'm least expecting him that "Mr Right" will show.  
Who knows the time or place we'll meet? Who knows the "when" or "how?"  
If someone told me where he'd be, I think I'd race there now!

But such details aren't mine to know, for what will be will be.  
"The future..." someone once described, "...is just not ours to see."  
I could let anger take a hold, frustration make demands,  
Instead I pray for quiet peace, and leave it in God's hands.

For He's the one who knows me best and maps out my life's plan.  
If this is in God's will for me; I know I'll meet my man.  
Until that day, I trust the Lord will mould and shape my life.  
He'll gently change me from a girl into a suited wife.

I know the man God has for me is more than worth the wait.  
He'll be my friend and confidante. My husband. My soul-mate.  
But why not now? Why make us wait? When love could be unfolding?  
I guess we're just not ready yet. I guess...we're still in moulding.

*Psalms 37:4*

*"Delight yourself in the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart."*