# The Shop Manager

David B. Zebrowski — May 27, 2016

A time’s cost, a value unknown
Events taking place, unseen, without note

If we happen upon them, other do they seem
Veiled to our eyes, not ours to know.

He is working His purpose, a gift underneath
A surprise for another tomorrow, taking place today.

If we know, if we but understand, then likely
No need would we have in the first place.

Working in the hidden places of our lives,
Project after project under wraps.

A tinkering here, a hammer, a screw there.
“What is with that noise? Why this constant buzzing?”

Occasionally we smell smoke, a flash in the background
We sense something indeed is taking place

“move along now”, “nothing to see here”
Says the still, small voice inside, knowingly.

We have an urge to resist, to fight
“It’s my workshop, after all. It’s my life being tinkered with.”

Yet a powerful, kind and loving hand, voice, thought,
Simply urges us forward, “trust me” it says.

“I know what I am doing, what I am about.”
Then, as if a memory once forgotten, once hidden returns

“Oh Yes! I forgot. I hired this man.”
“Why He is my new shop manager. Came highly recommended!”

A peace comes over then, the sudden interest/irritation fades.
“This man is good. I can trust Him. None better.”

“Best leave Him to it then,” as we move on.
“So many projects He’s working on”.. one thinks.

At times it seems so haphazard, so much a mess.
A last nagging thought: “Did I make a mistake?” No, it’s good…

---

Then I remember, then I recall, the last time
This man unveiled a finished project:

How it brought me such joy, so surprising to me.
For one seemingly small space revealed such impact.

How could so much freedom, love, healing and joy
Be contained under such a small tarp?

“Why yes, I do recall, that it was well worth the wait.”
“I ought allow Him to be about His business.”

He is faithful to call me when the next project comes due.
Yes indeed, He is faithful, trustworthy, true.

Why was I so concerned about this one just now?
What caused me to be in such a worry?

No matter now, just a breath of wind,
A but small cloud that blew on through.

It happens from time to time, it does
Yet my shop manager, well, so understanding He is.

He listens, nods and smiles, and reminds me:
The work is good and well worth the wait.

So don’t mind the noise, the flash of smoke now and then.
Just evidence of the presence of my Friend.

“Go now in peace. I’ll call you soon.
And Oh, don’t forget, if there’s anything new

Just bring it on by, leave it at the table
And I’ll get right on it.”

*For I do so love you…*