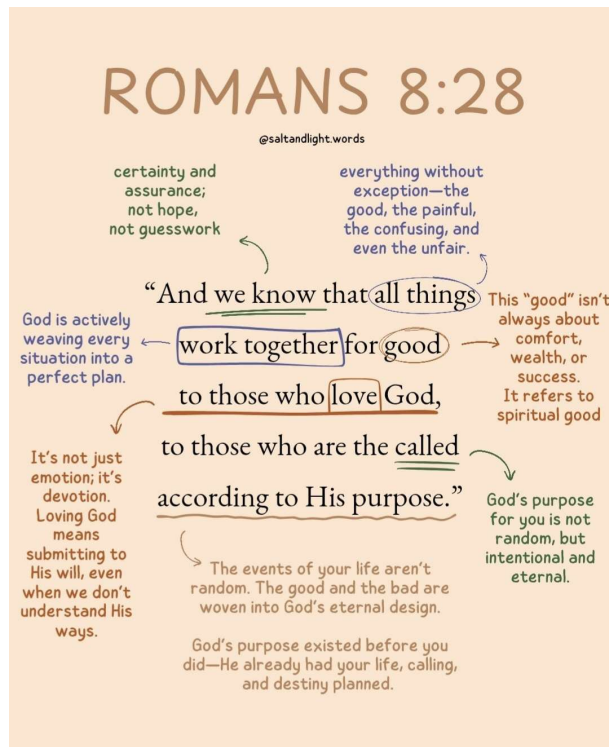




WHEN THE PIECES DON'T FIT

📖 Romans 8:28, “*And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.*”

There are seasons when life seems to lose its rhythm, when the melody of our days is broken by dissonant notes of sorrow or confusion. We look at the fragments of our story and wonder how such scattered pieces could ever form a pattern of grace. Yet the promise of Romans 8:28 stands unshaken: Nothing is wasted in the hands of God.

He is not a distant observer but a divine Weaver, threading together joy and pain, light and shadow, into a tapestry whose beauty we will one day understand. The “good” that He works toward is not always

our comfort or success, but the shaping of our souls into something eternal. What feels like loss may be love disguised, what feels like silence may be the space in which faith learns to breathe.

Growth seldom blooms in ease. Strength is often born in struggle. Faith is refined where sight fails. When we cannot trace His hand, we are invited to trust His heart. For even when the pieces do not fit, the Potter has not abandoned the wheel. Every delay has purpose, every tear carries meaning, and every closed door guards a better one yet unseen.

One day, the threads will make sense. What now feels tangled will reveal a pattern radiant with mercy. Until then, we walk by faith, not by sight, knowing that the God who began the work has never once failed to finish what He started.

🧠 Reflection:

Am I willing to trust God’s plan even when I cannot see the pattern?

Can I believe that what feels wasted today is being woven into eternal good?