

The Rose

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Sunday, 01 July 2012 12:32

THIS WAS GIVEN TO ME BY GOD IN 1974.
AS I REMEMBER NOW
IT WAS A TIME OF CONFUSION AND BEWILDERMENT.
I STUMBLED ACROSS A ROSE BUD AND STARTED TO OPEN IT,
ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT IT JUST FELL APART
LIKE MY LIFE EVERY TIME I TRIED TO HELP IT OUT.

THE ROSE BUD

It is only a tiny rose bud,
a flower of God's design,
but I cannot unfold the petals
with these clumsy hands of mine.
The secret of unfolding flowers
is not known to such as I.
The flower God opens so sweetly,
in my hands would fade and die.
If I cannot unfold a rose bud
this flower of God's design,
then how can I think
I have wisdom
to unfold this life of mine.
So I'll trust Him for His leading
each moment of every day,
and I'll look to Him
for His guidance
each step of the pilgrim way.
For the pathway that lies before
me my Heavenly Father knows,
I'll trust Him to unfold the moments,
just as He unfolds the rose