

The Rose

*It's only a single rosebud—
this flower of God's design—
but I can't open the petals
with clumsy hands like mine.*

*Secrets of the unfolding
are unknown to such as I.
God opens them so sweetly.
But in my hands, they die.*

*If I can't unfold a rosebud—
this flower of God's design—
then how can I think
I have the wisdom
to unfold this life of mine?*

*So I'll let God do the leading
each moment of every day,
trusting in Him for guidance
each step of the pilgrim way.*

*For the path that lies before me,
only my Heavenly Father knows.
I'll let Him unfold the moments
just as He unfolds . . .*

“the rose.”

