

# *God's Rosebud*

A new minister was walking with an older,  
more seasoned minister in the garden one day.

Feeling a bit insecure about what God had for him to do,  
he was asking the older preacher for some advice.

The older preacher walked up to a rosebush and handed  
the young preacher a rosebud and told him to open it  
without tearing off any petals.

The young preacher looked in disbelief at the older  
preacher and was trying to figure out what a  
rosebud could possibly have to do with his wanting  
to know the will of God for his life and ministry.

But because of his great respect for the older preacher,  
he proceeded to try to unfold the rose,  
while keeping every petal intact.

It wasn't long before he realized  
how impossible this was to do.

Noticing the younger preacher's inability to unfold  
the rosebud without tearing it,  
the older preacher began to recite  
the following poem...

"It is only a tiny rosebud,  
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.  
GOD opens this flower so easily,  
But in my hands they die."

"If I cannot unfold a rosebud,  
This flower of God's design,  
Then how can I have the wisdom  
To unfold this life of mine?"

"So I'll trust in God for leading  
Each moment of my day.  
I will look to God for guidance  
In each step along the way."

"The path that lies before me,  
Only my Lord and Savior knows.  
I'll trust God to unfold the moments,  
Just as He unfolds the rose."