

Unfolding the Rose Bud

A young, new preacher was walking with an older, more seasoned preacher in the garden one day and feeling a bit insecure about what God had for him to do, he was inquiring of the older preacher. 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 for his ministry.

Because of his high 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 it was to do so. Noticing the younger preacher's inability to unfold the rosebud while keeping it intact, the older preacher began to recite the following poem...

UNFOLDING THE ROSE

*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 sweetly,
When 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 Him for leading
Each moment of my day.
I will look to him for His guidance
Each step of the pilgrim way.*

*The pathway that lies before me,
Only my Heavenly Father knows.
I'll trust Him to unfold the moments,
Just as He unfolds the rose.*