

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: “Happiness lies for those who cry, those who hurt, those who have searched, and those who have tried, for only they can appreciate the importance of people who have touched their lives through the love of God.” Stay happy. It is your choice!

Do you have brokenness in your life?
Do you feel discouraged, beat down and unworthy?
Are you battling the enemy and think he is winning?
Is your faith down and “to trust God” is hard to do?
Are you at the point of giving up?

TAKE HEART! - This poem is for YOU!

THE MASTER’S ROSE

Satan saw the Master’s precious one; a tiny but superb bud of deep resounding beauty. She was a delicate treasure, a source of joy to the Master Gardener.

Satan scoffed. He disdained anything pleasing to the Master. He knew that most delicate, beautiful blooms were also the most fragile, and easy to destroy. With a defiant hand, he ripped the tiny rose from the bush and hurled it to the ground. He stomped on it again, and again, again, and again.

Full of hatred, he crushed the Lord’s precious one under his heel. Then he spat on it as it lay gasping and dying in the mud; broken beyond repair. He looked up to heaven with an evil victorious smirk and then turned and stomped off to see what other havoc he could wreak on the Lord’s garden.

But the Master Gardener, whose eyes are never off his garden, saw what Satan had done to his sweet tiny bud. He came down from heaven and stood over the smitten rose. Yes, He had many other beautiful roses, but this bud had been special to Him.

He picked up the broken bud out of the mud and washed it in His tears. The dying bud was in agony, and He wept for her pain. He had known that Satan would do this from the beginning of time, yet the Master had a plan. The final victory would be His. The broken bud would be the finest rose in a million.

All the Master’s servants could not understand how this could possibly be done, but the Creator of Life trimmed the broken stem away, causing His precious bud yet more pain and then He planted her in the fertile soil. He set a heavy iron fence around her to keep Satan out.

The little bud was wilted. Most of her petals were damaged or missing. Her stem was very short. Her pain was unbearable. “Why are you doing this?” she asked the Master. “I am broken and ugly!”

“Your innermost heart is still good.” He replied tenderly.

“I am in terrible pain!” she gasped. “If you care for me, let me die that my misery might cease.”

The Master's eyes smiled with compassion. He, too, had known suffering to His very core. "Not a chance." He replied.

"You are a cruel Master Gardener!" she cried after Him, but he was gone from her sight. Although she was unable to always see Him, He never took His eyes off of her.

Satan passing by the garden one day suddenly stopped and stared. He couldn't believe His eyes. He recognized the bud that he thought he had utterly destroyed. Then, sensing what the Master was planning, he erupted in rage. He cursed and seethed, groping through the iron gate, but he could not reach the Master's precious rose. She was too well protected. He shook the iron gate with all his fury, screaming in horror.

The little rose was terrified. Satan could not reach her, but he could make her miserable. Some days he pelted her with gravel, bruising and cutting her soft petals. Other days he taunted her with cruel lies: "You are ugly." "You are worthless." "You will never heal!" "You will never be anything; only a throw away.

Sometimes the words hurt more than the rocks. Sometimes Satan threw salt at her to poison the very ground in which she grew, but what Satan meant for evil, the Master Gardener turned to good.

Day by day He lovingly tended to her needs. He explained that the gravel would help her soil drain and prevent rot, and a little salt would cleanse the soil. He assured her that He would never allow more to remain than what she could bear. He slowly breathed into her, new life.

And when she could see Him, she felt safe, even a bit sturdy. But when she couldn't see Him, she cried. It was hard to understand that He could see her when she couldn't see Him. It was hard to understand why, if He loved her, He didn't protect her more.

It was hard to understand why He allowed Satan to exist at all. It was hard to understand why He was keeping her alive, allowing her to suffer so. What possible plan could He have for one so battered and broken? So many questions, but when she asked the Master Gardener, He only smiled and said, "Trust Me, you'll see. One day you will understand it all."

"But I am all alone in this place," she cried, "And there is no other rose like me!"

"Oh my precious one, you are so right! In all my garden there is no other rose quite like you. You are a new creation, unique, and you are marvelous in my sight. But you are not as alone as you may think. Your line of vision is very limited."

Over time, the little rose established roots. Slowly she began to lift her wilted head, and despite Satan's frequent menacing, she began to heal. Her outer stem became sturdier, more resistant to Satan's battering, while her roots drank up life into the core of her being. The Master's servants marveled because from the core of that bedraggled little rose wafted the most heavenly fragrance in the entire garden.

And while the other roses gave off their scent when it was sunny, the Master's precious one, through her constant trials, learned to give off her fragrance far and wide in all kinds of weather. Her sweet scent was a comfort to the other roses (who fretted even a little rain) and a healing balm to the other wounded (many of whom she could not see) and was immensely pleasing to her Master.

Everyone marveled and said, “Only the Master Gardener could bring forth such a fragrance from one who was once so broken!”

As time went on, the little rose grew taller and stronger. The little rocks that Satan threw through the fence did not bruise her as easily as they once did.

And now, Satan, not liking to face failure, did not come to harass her quite so often.

In the fullness of time, the Master Gardener utterly destroyed Satan’s plans, and with no one left to distress her, the little rose opened to perfection. The last of the old battered petals of fear and pain fell away to reveal the new growth from her heart.

The slow agonizing growth had produced richness in color and texture unrivaled by any other rose in the garden, and her grand fragrance burst forth in song.

She was the Pride and Glory of her Master forever more, and highly esteemed; earning great respect from everyone in the Master’s garden.

Written by Kathy Olson