One day a woman was walking in the garden with her friend. They were talking about life and the difficulties that we all have. “Why?” she asked her friend. “Why do these things happen? I try to lead a good life. I try to do what’s right. What does God want of me? What lies in store for me?” “Everything seems so uncertain.”

At one point they stopped and her friend took a rosebud from a bush in the garden. Gave it to her, and asked her to open it without tearing any of the petals.

As much as she tried, she was not able to even begin to open the rosebud without tearing the fragile petals. Her friend explained, “For us it is an impossible task to unfold the rosebud without tearing it. But for God it is done with great ease.” It is even more impossible for us to unfold our lives, to know all that lies in store. We must trust in the loving hand of God, just as we do with the rosebud.”

Then she recited the following poem:

Unfolding The Rosebud

It is only a tiny rosebud,
    a flower of God’s design,
But I can not unfold the petals
    with these clumsy hands of mine.
The secret of unfolding flowers
    is not known to such as I,
But God opens this flower so sweetly
    when in my hands they fade and die.
If I cannot unfold a rosebud,
    a flower of God’s design,
then how can I think to have wisdom
    to unfold this life of mine.
So I’ll trust in him for his leading,
    each moment of every day.
I will look to him for his guidance
    each step along the way.
The pathway that lies before me,
    only my heavenly Father knows.
I’ll trust in him to unfold the moments,
    just like he unfolds the rose.

Peace In Christ
Deacon Jimmy Ghiglione
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