



A Flower in the Desert

Somewhere in the desert, there was a beautiful flower that flourished. Her Heavenly Father loved her endlessly. She also loved Him day and night, for He was her Creator, Jesus Christ. One day, she met a handsome plant. He appeared as a gentleman, and convinced the flower that he too, loved God. They quickly bonded in love and became one. She loved him as God had shown her how to truly love another.

As time passed, confusion rose that distorted the flower's perception of the plant. Gradually, she began to feel sad and weak and didn't understand why. The handsome plant made many promises but never followed through. He extracted the best of the flower's love. He never gave anything in return and watched the flower fall. The plant's intention was to grow stronger, so that others could give him glory and more power. While the flower gave of herself unconditionally, she lost her nutrients and the will to live. Her beauty withered from within and could no longer find her smile.

She felt sad and alone, and believed no one could help, or understand her. The plant would laugh and mock during her sorrow, but she saw his true colors. He wasn't so green after all, and finally admitted he was a weed. "Why?" She would ask him, "Why do you hurt me like this? we could have grown and lived together". But the weed never gave a clear answer. Now all the flower had was his overpowering shade, thus she lived in darkness. She felt cold, numb and all her fragrance was gone. She didn't feel like a flower anymore. Life was slipping through her petals, and time was running short. Death was around the corner. She feared she could no longer take care of the little flowers of her own. Something needed to be done.

There was no strength left in her to change the situation, and the weed didn't care for her fate. So, she cried out with a loud voice, hoping that her Creator would hear. She cried in the midst of despair and helplessness.

She hoped that her God would come quickly to her aid, and He did. He inclined His ear as she prayed from the miry clay. The flower asked her Savior to protect her and remove her darkness. Her most wonderful and caring Creator was eagerly waiting for this day. God wanted to rescue her. He gently replied that He would help her and set her free from bondage. He reminded her with anticipation, that yanking the weed from her life would surely hurt, for his roots were entangled with hers.

The Lord willingly and lovingly embraced her pain and caught all her tears. He explained that her healing would take time. He promised to mend her brokenness, restore her health and place her in a safe warm garden, where she could begin to live all over again. He reminded her that only His unconditional and perfect love could make her truly complete, and that one day she would see much clearly and know the difference between a weed and an honorable plant.

With her Creator by her side, her strength, beauty and fragrance began to double. She depended on Him for all her needs and her joy overflowed. His shadow protected her from harm, and He caused her to bask in the sun. She grew in grace and sang like never before. She matured and lived her life in abundance, holding on to all His promises. She loved being loved and always looked to Him. Many flowers saw her and wanted what she had. She became an instrument of His love and told others that they too are unique and loved in His eyes. This truth pleased Him greatly and gave Him glory.

Now she is happy, and her unfeigned smile has returned. She will never be afraid again, not even of death itself, for her life is in His hands and she trusts Him. Her Creator, Yeshua HaMashiach, has whispered to her many times, "I am the God that sees". He assured her that one day, she will be transferred to a Heavenly Garden at the end of her life span. In that Heavenly place, the flower will abide with Him forever, where no weeds can ever enter.

Jeremiah 29:11

For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the LORD, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope.

Inspired by: Jesus Christ
Written by: Joycelyn Myers
Date: 12/21/14

(661) 227-0847

Joycelynseales1968@gmail.com

Need4Jesusministry.org