

13-Jan-2021_how the stepped on flower survived

(Jesus speaking:) There was a little flower that got stepped on. A cute little flower it was. But its petals were crushed by someone running with a mob. They were going out for a picnic. It wasn't a bad thing they were doing, but still, the little flower was no longer its perky little self. It could no longer stand on its own, but lay close to the ground.

A different noise was heard. It was that of a lawn mower coming to cut the grass. Closer and closer it came to where the flower once stood tall and proud and feeling so complete, like it really was doing what it was created for.

The sound of the mower was very frightening and slightly shook the ground. Very soon it all got dark in the place the flower lay. The sun was no longer shining on this crushed and flattened flower. But that was only for a brief moment. Soon it was just as bright as ever again. The shade had nothing to do with the sun, really, but all to do with the mowing. The mower had passed over the flower and kept cutting its way through the overgrown grass.

When the flower noticed that it had remained safe, and in fact was one of the few things missed getting cut by the mower in that area, it felt rather pleased.

It lay there wondering, "How did that happen? I'm safe. I'm still alive, though not as stately as I used to be. Yet if I had been standing ever so erect and fine, there's quite a good chance I would no longer be still standing."

Then another voice joined in the thoughts of this little flower and said, "Yes, when you are low, and humility lays you flat against the breast of the nourishing soil, you are safer. Here let Me help you to stand once more. For there is more yet that I need you to do."

The flower felt the gentle hands lifting it up.

"Were you the one mowing the long grass?" the flower asked.

"I had it done," came the reply.

The flower now saw that the crushing had benefited it.

Yet it wasn't the only one standing. There was another. This one had a different story to tell, of how it was still able to stand.

"Hello, it's good to see you over there," said the first flower to the other.

"Well, I wouldn't be, that's for sure, if it hadn't been for the strong wind that knocked me down for a bit."

So the wind had come and done to one flower somewhat the same deed as the running feet had done to the first. Yet because of both of their unpleasant experiences, and feeling knocked down for a time, now they both still stood. When the real trouble came, of the more permanent type, they were safe, and were bringing beauty to the area.

When the picnickers returned a few hours later, it wasn't the grass that was seen, that had been hiding these little beauties and over shadowing them. Now these few ones remaining on the lawn were the highlights, and clearly seen.

So if something knocks you down, take courage, it might be to spare you from worse trouble that is about to come to all but those with a heart filled with humility. But don't worry, you'll get your chance to shine, when the time is right.