

Master's Bouquet

The Master walked in His garden plucking flowers along the way. He plucked on of my loved ones to add to His bouquet.

My heart at first was broken at the loss of one so dear, but the tears I shed just washed my eyes so I saw His way more clear.

My Lord has a need for just this one for the pattern He has in mind, but it's so hard for the rest of use to see why we must be left behind.

Perhaps we're not ready to go just yet, or we may need to ripen more to reach the full-blown fragrance my Lord is waiting for.

We give forth a fragrance to each one we chance to meet, we should each be trying day by day to make our fragrance sweet.

So I'm going to try my very best to be loving and kind every day, so that I'll be counted worthy to be part of my Master's bouquet.

Written by Erna Kintz