

The Song of the Seed

Life unfolds
A petal at a time,
slowly.

The beauty of the process is crippled
when I try to hurry growth.
Life has its inner rhythm
which must be respected.
It cannot be rushed or hurried.
Like daylight stepping out of darkness,
like morning creeping out of night,
life unfolds slowly a petal at a time
like a flower opening to the sun,
slowly.
God's call unfolds
A Word at a time,
slowly.
A disciple is not made in a hurry.
Slowly I become like the One
to whom I am listening.

Life unfolds
a petal at a time
like you and I
becoming followers of Jesus,
discipled into a new way of living
deeply and slowly.
Be patient with life's unfolding petals.
If you hurry the bud, it withers.
If you hurry life, it limps.

Each unfolding is a teaching
a movement of grace filled with silent pauses,
breathtaking beauty
tears and heartaches.

Life unfolds
a petal at a time
deeply and slowly.

May it come to pass!

