

May 25, 2021

The Lord your God is with you, He is mighty to save. He will take great delight in you, He will quiet you with His love, He will rejoice over you with singing. Zephaniah 3:17

My primroses were in full bloom. An entire bank of pale pink blossoms with buds in reserve to fill weeks of spring with their beauty. I paused for a moment as I passed them on my way to the mailbox, arrested by their sheer profusion and convinced they had never looked more beautiful than this particular spring.

Then, suddenly, I gasped. There was a weed! Bending down, I reached toward the bottom of the offending plant and gave a gentle tug. It yielded, and just like that, my primroses had sole occupancy of the garden again. I smiled, satisfied, and continued on my way.

The next day, I paused to enjoy them again. So prolific! So beautiful! Something in my heart was unlocked just by looking at my primroses, feelings of joy and contentment. But once again, I saw an offending weed, and once more, pulled it out before continuing on my way. This process repeated itself nearly everyday for the remainder of my Primrose Blooming season. Once, I went out of town for a long weekend, and when I returned, there were more than just one or two weeds among my primroses. Nothing that ten minutes couldn't handle, but I found I had to kneel close to the soil and peer through the leaves and stems of my flowers to find the clusters of stinknet, nutsedge and quickweed that were trying to take over.

One day as I was busy pulling infant weeds from the soil, a thought occurred to me. **I am like this garden.** I have a great desire, indeed a great longing, to be beautiful. Like my primroses, I want people to see beauty in me, and to be comforted just by being near me. But there are so many things in this world that would destroy those dreams, derail my good intentions, and take over my heart. **I need a gardener to tend to me, to take care of me, and to pull out the weeds trying to take root.**

My garden of primroses got lucky this year, in that I paid it the attention it needed to thrive. The garden of my heart, however, need not be subject to the same capriciousness. We all have a Gardener who is present and willing to turn us into the beautiful creation He designed us to be. We all have the power to invite the Gardener into our lives, and submit to His guiding hands as He transforms our wannabe beauty into something pleasing in His sight.

Now the Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is present, there is freedom. And we all, with unveiled faces reflecting the glory of the Lord, are being transformed into the same image from one degree of glory to another, which is from the Lord, who is the Spirit. 2 Corinthians 3:17-18