

*A Woman's Place Ministries  
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## **May 1999**

Praise our glorious King! I know for a fact that, if I could just slow down long enough right now, I'd get "Spring Fever" and simply stop. What I'd like to do today is curl up underneath the flowering shade tree in my yard and just breathe in this clean, wonderful air. Here in Nebraska the air seems so much cleaner than in Los Angeles, where I was last month.

Speaking of last week, several of you have asked about tapes from last month's Women's Healing Conference. They are now available. If you are interested in purchasing a set, please e-mail me at [director@awpministries.org](mailto:director@awpministries.org). It was an awesome conference, and many women found healing for their secret, hidden hurts. On Saturday night, the Lord simply romanced us—isn't that thrilling! Oh, but how He loves us!! I want to personally thank each one of you who prayed for this conference, and who pray for ME, as I attempt to do God's work. Thank you!

### **The Rose Garden**

My husband and I were driving home this afternoon from a class that I teach in Old Testament Survey. As we neared the house, I commented that my priority now was to get this newsletter out, but that I didn't even have a topic yet. He took my hand and began to suggest different things. At one point he mentioned something about all the blossoms everywhere...his loving, sensitive nature was thrilling to God's handiwork all around us. And I thought, of course! Blossoms would be an excellent topic for the month of May, and I told him so. He rejoiced that he had helped me find a topic.

When I think of blossoms, I am reminded of the flowers that abound in a garden. When I lived in California, I had a gorgeous rose garden—the fragrance of the flowers filled the yard and tumbled into every room of the house. I loved that rose garden. I remember sitting outside one afternoon. I had my Bible and was in prayer, and the Lord and I were just enjoying being together...one of those special times when I wasn't really asking for anything, just enjoying His Presence. (You know—that's the best kind of friend anyone can have—when we can just sit in their presence without having to SAY anything or DO anything or BE any special way!)

As I pondered the perfectly sculpted roses, I whispered thanksgiving to their Creator for placing them in my garden. And I began to think how much like us they are, because God plants us in His garden, too. Each one of us has our own particular place in a corner of His garden. If we would let ourselves, we could be really happy in that corner, because we are exactly where HE wants us. When we are in God's will, we can be in peace, and filled with the joy of knowing we are doing His good pleasure.

It is hard to imagine roses fighting and bickering and envying one another the way we do. We look over at someone else's corner and think we'd be happier there. We look at another's beautiful attire, and feel certain we are wearing the wrong color. What if a rose tried to be a daisy? What if it simply tried to change its color, say from red to yellow? It

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seems that we're either too skinny or too fat...too tall, too short...in the wrong profession...have the wrong husband...raising the worst kids...work in the craziest office...attend the wrong church...have the wrong pastor...live in the worst neighborhood...and on and on, ad nauseum. Paul tells us in Philippians 4:11, "...*I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content...*" We should be like that! And we can be, if we will but train ourselves to count it all joy... the way James admonishes us to do (1:2).

But we are too busy pushing and showing, trying to escape our circumstances. If only we could realize that our circumstances are most likely the very garden in which we are presently planted. So let's bloom and blossom in our circumstances! Let's lift our heads so Jesus can see our countenance! Let's make Him proud of us! Let's not be like the Hebrews who murmured and complained so much that He wanted to wipe them out. I Corinthians 10:13 lets us know that He has the CONFIDENCE in us, that we can endure whatever He sends our way. Do we think this particular trial is too hard for us? Then let us remember that HE chooses our trials, and He knew we were up to it or He would not have let it come our way.

Most of us long to do more for the Kingdom, and we push, push, push ourselves, never happy with what we are doing at the moment. Spiritually, we try to mature too much, too soon. We try to be stronger than we really are. We try to know more than we really do--in other words, like the thirteen-year-old who strives so hard to be an adult! It's not normal for a ten-year-old to be in college, or a twelve-year-old to support a family. We, too, must simply make ourselves available to God and allow Him to develop us as He sees fit. He alone knows the purpose for which He created us, and He alone knows what it takes to mold up into that plan and that purpose.

I would like to share this poem with you. I don't know who the author is, but it has always meant a lot to me, and I think it is very appropriate for this time of the year.

### **Just Let It Unfold**

It's only a tiny rosebud,  
A flower of God's design;  
But I cannot unfold the petals  
With these clumsy hands of mine.

The secret of unfolding flowers  
Is not known to such as I;  
The flower God opens so sweetly  
Would in my hands fade and die.

If I cannot unfold a rosebud,  
This flower of God's design;  
Then how can I think I have wisdom  
To unfold this life of mine?

So I'll trust in Him for His leading,

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Each moment of every day;  
And I'll look to Him for His guidance  
Each step of the Pilgrim Way.

For the pathway that lies before me  
My heavenly Father knows;  
I'll trust Him to unfold the moments  
Just as He unfolds the rose.

I've always felt that the hardest thing ever was waiting on God! Waiting is never easy, especially when we are chomping at the bit to do a special thing. But I've come to understand that there is something a lot harder, and a lot worse, than waiting on God. That is not waiting on Him—and wishing we had!

God bless you,  
Your friend,  
Lynda Allison Doty

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