

The Dawn Rose

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This is the ever present task that lies before the Pastor, week in and week out. It is a large part of what John Piper calls the rhythm of desperation and deliverance. And I am reminded of a rose that sways gently in the predawn chill of night. Like the preacher, it too requires something to sustain it. It's thirst for life giving water is equal to his for the living water. And both must wait. In due time the dawn will bring with it its thick mist.

The rose waits for that dense cloud to descend upon it, to drench it with the water that it will impart, that will run down its thorny form until it can drink it in. Once it has come it will receive its strength, and its colour will bloom. But it cannot hasten the mist's approach. It comes at its appointed time, and never a minute before.

So too are many of the messages that we prepare. We must give them time to settle upon us. We must take time to drink them in. We would that they would descend upon us in an instant. We long that we could turn a tap and fill our glasses to the brim as we willed and when we chose. But the Word of God is quick and powerful. It is living. It works with the Spirit, with His leading and with the eternal counsel that is too high for the minds of men. It will descend upon the thirsty soul, like a mist upon a rose. But both must wait for the hand of the creator. And so we wait. And we pray.

'Lord may you cause us to bloom, that the beauty of your sustaining hand may be seen by all, drunk in by all, and the aroma of our lives be as sweet as the rose. My thorns are yours Lord, I declare them to you. But only you can bring the flower that sits atop them, a bold testimony to what you do in the hearts of men who wait upon you and drink you in. Lord come.'