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The Crushed Rose

My life was like a rosebud
So innocent and sweet,
With petals bright unfolding
To make a flow'r complete.

But e'er the flower opened
And bloomed in bright array,
A careless hand had crushed it
And let the pieces lay.

My heart was bruised and battered,
My soul was in distress.
I cried to God in anguish
To give His peace and rest.

The Master Gard'ner answered
Before my prayer was done;
He stooped and gently gathered
The petals one by one.



Then tenderly He held them
And spoke in accents sweet,
“My flow’r, you have been blighted;
I’ll make you whole, complete.”

He took the broken petals
And gently, one by one,
Restored them to their beauty
Until the whole was done.

My life, an open flower,
Now blooms in bright array.
But scars are on the petals
Because of that sad day.






Missing Pieces

My life in broken pieces lay,
My dreams had gone awry;
I knew not what my Lord had planned;
Distressed, I questioned, “Why?”

He did not answer my request,
But whispered, “Come to Me
And bring the pieces of your life;
I’ll fix it up for thee.”

I brought to Him the pieces,
And watched through tear-dimmed eyes
As He restored my broken life
To fit His plan all-wise.

I felt my life become complete
Until I saw the holes.
I saw some pieces still were gone,
And sorrow filled my soul.



“Those empty spots, O Lord,” I cried,
“Those pieces were too crushed.
I could not bring Thee anything;
There’s nothing left but dust.”

My Lord replied, “Dear child, I know,
I saw those powdered shards.
But I can take that bit of dust—
For Me it’s not too hard.

“Be patient yet, dear child of Mine,
I’ll patch together dust.
Someday you’ll look and scarcely see
The pieces that were crushed.

“Just trust Me, child, to work My plan.
You will be whole someday.
I’m working now to form your life
To dwell with Me for aye.”

Heart Cry

O friend, please come and take my hand,
And walk with me awhile.
I long to feel a loving touch,
To see a caring smile.
This pathway that I'm traveling on
Is lonely, dark, and steep,
And, oh, I walk along in pain—
My wounds are very deep.
Yet no one sees and no one knows
The burden that I bear,
The pain that weighs upon my heart,
A pain that's always there.
Sometimes I smile, you hear my song,
You think that all is well,
But what I feel inside my heart,
I almost cannot tell.
So, wearily I struggle on,
I stumble—and I fall.
If God in Heaven wouldn't help,
I couldn't go at all.