

Weeds



The garden was weedy--so she sat down and cried to herself, "Oh! My beautiful flowers will be choked!" Depressed, she didn't know what to do.

Then the Master Gardener came to her and said, "Pull the weeds! I have given you that authority." She didn't know if she could. Would her hands get dirty? Did he mean ALL the weeds?

Slowly she began to pull the weeds. In one corner she pulled every one and soon the flowers in that spot were taller and stronger than all the others. "Wow!" she thought, "I CAN do it." So, she gave it her best effort, and everyday she pulled some more weeds. Finally, all the weeds were pulled—and the flowers began to thrive.

She was proud of her garden, so she thought she would show it off, just a little. She brought her mother-in-law to the garden and said, "Look! Just look at my flowers." Her mother-in-law agreed. They were perfect. She showed her sister, and her sister wanted to know how to grow flowers like that. Yes, it did look nice.



One day, however, she showed a friend. The friend said, "They are beautiful...but...do you see all those weeds?" Sure enough! There they were. Baby weeds were coming up everywhere. Oh, how depressing! She was so overcome she just sat down and wept.

Soon, the Master Gardener was once again at her side. "Pull the weeds!" he repeated.

She looked up and said, "I did, Sir."

"No," he said, "you must KEEP pulling them, check everyday and never give up."



So, she did as he said. She checked everyday, and she continued pulling. Sometimes she forgot, and other times she didn't want to pull, she just wanted to enjoy her flowers. But always, always, they came back. Eventually she did learn to become a better gardener, and others even came to her to ask her for advice. She knew it was a lot of work, but she also knew that it was worth it.

The flowers are everything in my domain. The Lord has given me many flowers—children, a home, my health, my relationships. The weeds are in myself. They have names. Some of them are Greed, Selfishness, and Laziness. I must always pull them, everyday. Because like weeds, they will grow if I ignore them. I must also pull them in my children until they can learn to weed their own gardens.

When my gardening is done the way the Master Gardener has commanded me, not only does it bless me, but I am also free to bless others. And I know that I can do it, and I am thankful that he has freely given me everything I need to obey him.

Mariette

