Some lessons from my garden

Oh what a sorry sight my balcony garden has become. The weeds have taken over some of my pots and in doing so the plants have died. Have you tried to grow Basil? I keep trying but I think I must overwater or don't water enough and then the snails and slugs come. all I'm left with are sticks, no leaves, no basil, no amazing perfume. Some of my other plants decide to wilt especially some of the ferns and with some water and maybe plant food they brighten up and begin to stand tall again.

It's made me think of ourselves. What are the weeds or pests in our lives that are stunting our Christian growth. I can remember a little chorus I learnt at Sunday School – "Get thee out, get thee gone, all the little rabbits in the field of corn, envy, jealousy, malice and pride, they must never in our hearts abide."

Are we letting envy, jealousy, malice and pride enter our lives? We are reminded by Paul in Philippians 4:8-9 -

"And now, dear brothers and sisters, one final thing. Fix your thoughts on what is true, and honorable, and right, and pure, and lovely, and admirable. Think about things that are excellent and worthy of praise. Keep putting into practice all you learned and received from me—everything you heard from me and saw me doing. Then the God of peace will be with you."

As we study God's word, and apply it to our lives, then we will begin to grow again, to think on those things Paul speaks to us about, and to stand tall knowing that God is like a gardener keeping watch over us so that we will blossom and grow as he intends us to do.

Another chorus from the past:
"Let the beauty of Jesus be seen in me,
All His wonderful passion and purity,
Oh, Thou Spirit divine, all my nature refine,
Till the beauty of Jesus be seen in me."

A prayer for the week.

Loving God, thank you for reminding us to keep our eyes and our thoughts focussed on you. Help us to grow into the people you want us to be. May the beauty of Jesus be seen in us.

In Jesus name we pray. Amen.

Something beautiful, something good All of my confusion He understood All I had to offer Him was brokenness and strife But he made something beautiful of my life

If there ever were dreams
That were lofty and noble
They were my dreams at the start
And hope for life's best were the hopes
That I harbor down deep in my heart
But my dreams turned to ashes
And my castles all crumbled, my fortune turned to loss
So I wrapped it all in the rags of life
And laid it at the cross

Something beautiful, something good All of my confusion He understood All I had to offer Him was brokenness and strife But he made something beautiful of my life

Songwriters: Robert Williams, Guy Chambers. For non-commercial use only.

