

TWO BUDS

*Enclosed in a bubble
Of fear and rejection,
This bud would not open,
Not even one section;
For life had not dealt
The hand that he wanted.
In his mind he was tormented,
By rejection was haunted.
Withholding from the world
All his pomp and his splendor,
He kept to himself,
Not one service did he render.
What was the end
Of this bud that never flowered?
He was cut off and burned up
At the midnight hour.*

*Another bud on that
Same branch of the tree
Faced the same fears
And rejections as he;
Risked opening one section
At a time just to see;
Found the light of the sunshine,
Bright warmth and victory.
The more he opened up,
The more that he found
How beautiful life was*

*Once he was not bound,
As a flower looking back
To when he was budding,
Wondered why he had feared
To let one blade start to jutting.*

*Though fears and rejections
Of the past cloud your mind,
Open up to God
And His Church and you'll find
What you thought would just
Push you back in your shell
Are really the things He's sent
To help you get well;
For when you face fears
And rejection in life,
You gain faith and acceptance
In the sunlight.
So open up to God
And His Church this very hour;
And you'll find the beauty
Of being a flower.*

*By Poet: Bob E. McGlothlin
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