

Grace Notes

"God's grace for everyday living"

Just a blade of grass in God's garden

By: Debora M. Coty

One hot summer day, I came home to find the following note from my husband, Chuck, oh the counter. He had waxed eloquent in response to my frequent helpful reminders (some call it *nagging*) about the side yard sprinklers' inequitable distribution of irrigation, leaving part of the yard deluged and other sections parched.

Dear Deb,

I fixed the side yard sprinkler and let it run for the full time so all those little plants in the bed ought to feel pretty spunky right now. Most of them were beefing about that one section of grass getting far too much of the water supply—they went on and on about everything being so unfair. So I told them that we would go back to the communism they had grown accustomed to and give each the same regardless of their production—even though in reality they don't all deserve or need the same.

I told them about the parable of the talents* and they all just stood there in stark silence. I could hear a faint chatter coming from the roses. They were muttering behind their little chlorophyll-filled leaves, "But we're the fairest of the garden; why does that ugly grass get so much water?"

So I went over and plucked one of their fine blossoms and laid it ever so softly in the downtrodden patches of brown grass. There was an audible sigh of gratitude coming from the tiny blades. "We are so grateful for all that we receive and these nice colorful rose petals will certainly spur us on toward greater growth and maturity."

Thus ends the parable of the Coty garden.

Love, Mr. Green-thumb.

I must say, Chuck's whimsical little diatribe gave me food for thought about my own place in God's garden of humanity.



Am I a self-centered, egotistical rose blossom, or am I more like the humble blades of grass? Do I revel in my blooming bouquet of accomplishments (which aren't really mine at all, but simply the results of the Master Gardener's faithful watering and fertilizing), or do I resonate humility and gratitude for the smallest blessings and bits of encouragement?

I'm afraid my rose by any other name would stink up the place.

At work recently, I was heavily recruited by a competing company. "Well, I've certainly made a name for myself," I reveled, a smug smile highlighting the roses in my cheeks. "They must have heard about my wonderful personality and superior work skills to keep pursuing me like this." My head swelled to zeppelin size.

Then I overheard a conversation that made me realize it was not *me* they

were after, but the account I controlled. It actually had nothing to do with my personal qualifications or accomplishments and everything to do with gaining access to business of which I happen to be the gatekeeper.

My zeppelin turned to lead and sunk into the deep blue sea.

"Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you at the proper time" (1 Peter 5:6, NAS).

So today I recognize that I am a mere blade of grass in God's garden of humanity and will strive toward greater growth and maturity in Christ. Perhaps one day, in His own time, the Master Gardener will see fit to prune me into a beautiful rose bud and will use me to encourage the rest of His garden.

*Matthew 25:14-29

Debbie's articles have appeared in dozens of magazines including Discipleship Journal, MomSense and Today's Christian Woman and she has completed her first book. Contact her at GraceNotes1@earthlink.net for comments, commiserations or speaking engagement requests. She is a member of the Christian Writer's Guild.