

## If I had a rose

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Awakening at the dawn I rose. I sprang up from the soiled bed and I knew it needed washing. It had been awhile and I had been asleep caught into dreams. The part of transformation seemed like a story one heard when they were children. They were dancing bees and sleeping bears and bells of liberty and freedom. There were eagles and monsters, many bad guys and women caught in a war. There were laws and courts and thefts and curses. People were called the masses and they all died one after another caught into a story they could not stop. Why to stop a story would mean God would have to intervene. To stop a story would mean God entering the picture and encouraging the people to stand up and revolt. But there were instead revolting developments. No one wanted to fight except each other. They wanted money and power and authority but with men. And those who asked for power with God wanted it to hold over men so they could join in the fray. And though everyone claimed to know what was happening the fact is they didn't.

And so it began again. A line upon line upon line. A story here and a story there. And it seemed that we men could not reflect deep enough to understand the horror of this story. We could not comprehend it enough to stand back and reflect that we were a Time line. But Time was like the light particle that wanted to go on a journey. As he passed by thing he liked, pretty stones, he picked up colors until finally he reached a dark stone. He tried to pick it up but he could not. It was too heaven and he grew frightened because it was something that seemed filled with riches. After all if you come across a stumbling stone in your path that is dark, like Time, there is only one path. Trying to figure out where you are in life. One reason is Time didn't like dark colors. He preferred the light ones. But he had a brother named Death and death was dark and preferred the darkness. Because in Death were all the weight of the world. The missing matter, if you will. The very part of our universe that is made up of the people who lived.

But what you didn't understand is Time was also a fisherman. And he cast out lines from his boat hoping to catch unusual fish which he could add to his collection. His hook was time and his weight was death. And all men rode his line and he Time writ

their stories until their often grand and glorious death. And so all men met his brother and he reeled them in and carried them along.

And yet those things are just stories. Believing them now is another question. We all live in Time's realm and we all live with his brother beating at our heart. The real question we face is where is our heart. If we, like Time, carry Sin in our heart, then Sin becomes our source of knowledge. We become like the tree of Knowledge of Good but mostly evil. That which is good we often throw away so we might achieve evil ends. And the more evil we become the greater the sting of Sin takes effect by filling us with his venom. We become numb to the things of God and numb to what is good. Our hearts are turned aside toward evil and we fail to heed the voice of Wisdom.

And so we go on searching for understanding not knowing by giving into Sin we cast aside the very things we need. For if we want understanding we know those things begin with God. But those things are not just in the reading but in the questioning. Let's be honest the people who question most are often the ones that drive us up and down a city wall. But they are really quite rare if you think about it. Or they used to be

Well, I was on a journey and I found it was already Saturday morning. And I found that being Saturday morning I wanted to get away again. But how? Money was hard to find and I could spend a night in a motel. That place in Drumheller meant that the least value was going to hit \$100 a night. Camping out meant \$10 for a couple nights and the next couple days promised to be nice and I wanted nice.

Yet I wanted a rose. I started out with that title and I didn't speak of roses. Roses are flowers that rise up in Spring. They come out of the soil. There are shrub roses and climbing roses and bush roses and hybrid teas. And hybrid teas were beautiful roses including my favorite Peace. Peace was a rose that when perfect was beyond description. Centered, folded in creamy pastels, a hint of sweet perfume subtle yet exceptional. Peace roses were like the gemstones that rode upon the ring. They were the fount of flowers. The rising star of Venus. They were the roses that spoke to the heart and caressed the soul. They were the center of joy and the heart of joy. Yet in Peace were other roses of beauty. And perhaps that is the story of this story. It is a man who has been in a spiritual warfare. A battle scarred veteran you could call me. It's been a war of three years plus. I

don't know what a veteran is to become a veteran. Trained by God in spiritual warfare? Taught how to obtain authority and taught how to arrive at power over the enemy? Yet now that I'm coming to a close to this chapter I find myself wondering "What next?" For I know this Spiritual warfare, in the spiritual and in the natural, were to prepare for the next step of the journey.

And in that journey is my prayer for Peace rose. Peace Roses are like the sweetest of knowledge and understanding. They rise up in their season and they carry their sweetness straight to the heart. And if I could only see them again and grow a few again. Maybe then Peace would return to my heart and our family. Maybe peace would grow even out of season. Maybe that time of Spring would give way so from Winter to Summer would be just for the season of Peace. For the Season of Peace was in late summer when the hybrid teas began to bloom. But then I thought what about Christmas? Could it be that there is a season of Peace? Could Peace bloom in the winter months? For I had fought the fight and the good of it was up to God. But I know it is a fight of faith and I know that this war is one to help bring about peace. And if I have a prayer it might be this. That on Christmas Eve during a war so long ago. The Germans sung their Christmas Carols and we Americans Sung ours. And for just one night that which I call Peace spread forth and the sweetness of it came.

And if I have one prayer God let it be that this Christmas let there be peace on earth. I know it is out of season. And I know the enemy of Sin and Satan and others fight on. But help, if necessary, to broker a cease fire that peace might rise up on all sides of all the earth. And let there be peace on earth.