WORDS IN RED

CONSIDER THE LILES

**28** And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: **29** And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Matt 6:28-29 (KJV)

An elderly lady at Susan Moore was a master at cross-pollinating flowers, especially Iris Lilies. She had all colors and mixtures of colors with various types of ruffles. They were magnificent. I think of those when I hear Jesus say “consider the lilies.” Recently I have spent a lot of time in the field behind our house. There are several varieties of wild flowers. Some are wanted and a few are unwanted but all have a royal splendor when closely inspected. I think about them when I hear Jesus say “consider the lilies.” When I started thinking about this devotion I stopped to examine the blooms on the black-berry briars. They have five little finger-like peddles to the blossom and the center of each blossom will become a berry. What a blessing to “consider the lilies.” Around our fence line there are periodic areas of wild roses. They too have five peddles to the blossom though theirs are more clover shaped, and God put them in clusters. There were between thirty and fifty of these blossoms in each cluster which gave them the appearance of having large cone-shaped blooms. Hey! Even if you do not stop and smell the roses, just stop and look at them. See how they are arrayed. Well many of these are just wild or growing along a fence line that we would often be more than willing to rid ourselves of. But Solomon and all his glory did not have as much splendor. It worries me when I think of how some are willing to cut back on the health care for our elderly. Yes their blooms may be fading but there may be fruit forming even as the peddles fall from the blossoms. My mother will turn eighty years old in November. There is not another flower in the field like her. She was uniquely made to be the wife of my George Burtram and the mother of Randy, Sharla, Robbie, and Shelly. Her faith and her love for The Lord are still strong. She doesn’t drive and has some problems getting around, but that doesn’t lessen God’s splendor in her life. Our mothers are sometimes like some of the wild roses. They are beautiful, but we miss the glory of their beauty if we do not slow down, look, listen and “consider.” “Consider the lilies.” The real lilies of our lives are not in the fields or flower beds but in our homes, churches and families.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram