

## THE ROSE OF SHARON

“Why are you downcast, O my soul? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise Him, my Savior and my God.” Psalm 42:5 (and 11)

I admit that after several months of this Covid-19 interruption of normal routines, I felt ‘down.’ It was not depression exactly, but a sense of walking around with a cloud always overhead, spitting down showers of suppression- wear face masks, can’t hug family or friends, congregate in groups of 10 or less, keep six feet apart. That was OK for a few weeks, but by now, the cloud had become a steady mist preventing a view of the future, as well. Would we ever get past this?! It was at this low point that God sent a sign.

The Rose of Sharon bush outside our bedroom window had appeared to be dead this spring. I thought the excessive freezing and thawing temperatures over winter had killed it. I almost cut it down, but decided to let it be. Very slowly, it gathered itself and finally pushed out leaves. Then came clusters of what appeared to be flower buds tucked in among the leaf whorls. And then one day, I saw some beautiful deep purple blooms right outside the window. It seemed like a miracle. The bush not only had survived the difficult winter, but produced beauty and hope, as well.



But that’s not the end.

A few days later, the blooms and even the bush disappeared from my window view. I peered out and saw that the bush had fallen over. What had happened? The wind? A gnawing critter? Neither.... When I went outside to investigate, I discovered that the bush simply had bent down under the weight of hundreds of blooms! It was a sign of God’s abundant provision and presence, a special gift to remind me that the One who had turned water into wine and made a feast from five loaves and two fish is with us in these Covid-times and has plans to see us through. We can put our hope in Him and give Him praise.



*Dear Jesus,  
King Solomon called You the Rose of Sharon. We praise  
You for being our Hope during this pandemic and our  
Savior forever. Amen*

Judy Vasby