

*To a sojourner in time:*

## **BLOOM WHERE YOU ARE PLANTED**

As the wind blows, so we live,  
Drifting from place-to-place.  
Not stopping to smell the rose,  
see the shadow, study the face.

Answering the question before its asked,  
Leaving before we arrive,  
Sinking before jumping in,  
Simply trying to survive.

Always looking down the road,  
Past what is to come.  
Uncertain about what is ahead,  
Finishing what is done.

But in Christ, what a life we live,  
Better than any other you know,  
So nice, in fact, the best, why?  
Because HE has told us so.

So please, no fear and and ranting,  
Instead, just sink your roots in Him and  
*Bloom where you are planted.*

Settle in and sink those roots,  
To reach His "Living Water" there,  
Then the blooms will bear much fruit,  
Not a vine that remains so bare.

Seek only the fruit that feeds and fills,  
And not the sin that forever kills.  
Quiet down. Do not panic,  
*Just bloom where you are planted.*

No refreshment you will find,  
That nourishes like it ought to.  
Search as you might, you can't,  
It's not HIS "Living Water"!

With HIS water's grace,  
You can smell that rose,  
Read the face, see the shadow.  
All remains in order,  
How can that be, you may ask,  
Only by HIS Living Water!

So pray, my restless friend,  
When you ask, "why can't I?",  
To settle down, look around, and  
*Bloom where you are planted.*

Over time, if a stirring you feel,  
Then don't become too frantic,  
Pray and wait a while, for He may say:  
*"Remain where you've been planted!"*

I

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