

## A Tiny Rosebud

by Harriet Heine

in Memory of Bea McDaniel

It is only a tiny rosebud,  
    A flower of God's design,  
But I cannot unfold the petals  
    With these clumsy hands of mine.  
The secret of unfolding flowers  
    Is not known to such as I;  
The flower God opens so sweetly  
    In my hands would fade and die.  
If I cannot unfold a rosebud,  
    This flower of God's design,  
Then how can I think I have the wisdom  
    To unfold this life of mine?  
So I'll trust Him for His leading  
    Each moment of every day,  
And I'll look to Him for His guidance,  
    Each step of this pilgrim way.  
For the pathway that lies before me  
    My heavenly Father knows;  
I'll trust Him to unfold the moments,  
    Just as He unfolds the rose.

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