

My Rose Garden

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DREAMING BIG DREAMS

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All Scriptural notations are taken from the Holy Bible.

For use or reproduction of the photographs in this publication or just to enjoy the beauty of roses please contact Kent B. Krugh and visit A Woodland Rose Garden at woodlandrosegarden.com.



This book is dedicated to my daughters, Genelle and Jamiella, who are my constant reminder that God is the author and finisher of all things. They also remind me that if I trust and obey, and learn to lean He will provide solid ground. I hope that I have given you both the gift of His friendship and reliance on Him as a father.



Dear God

Dear God, My daughter asked me the other day if You were real. She said that she keeps hearing that you're coming back but You're not here. Are you real? "Good question", I thought and wondered how I could explain in simplest of terms so that it would be clear.

You see, God, my daughter is seven. In human terms that means she doesn't understand the unseen. For her, there usually is no yesterday or tomorrow. She only knows today and only what is directly connected to her being.

So, there we stood facing the mirror and she waited, but impatiently. I gathered my thoughts, took a breath and hoped that I could say something that would help her understand the question that has spanned ages and connect her to You in a very special way.

I said, "Jesus is real" and a smile crept onto my face. I was having thoughts of things You'd done for me And things You'd brought me through; And as a child does, she smiled too reflecting what I was feeling and seemed to be sharing my joy of You.

"He's coming back," I said, "sometimes sooner for some than others." "You see, if someone dies in Him before He returns then He has come for them;" "Their time has ended but others may go on living for years to come," "So we have to be ready every day, because we don't know when."

I could have gone on and explained things that
wouldn't have made it more clear,
but I thought I saw understanding
so I decided to stop there;
And, before I was let off the hook she asked,
"How do you know for sure and where does Jesus live?"
I told her you were in her heart,
matter of fact You're everywhere.

I looked at her face in the mirror, her confusion
dissipated as familiarity came to be
because if she knows nothing else,
she knows love and the warmth it brings;
She knows there's a happiness that comes after being
sad, and when things seem dark there's a song to sing.

And just as abruptly as the questions began –
they stopped and she left the room. I hoped,
with answers that were good enough to light her way;
I was relieved that I had succeeded
but before my success had settled she returned,
after only a day and her questions were the same.

So we reviewed the answers given just a day before
And, again she walked away content that now she knew
Who You are, where You are, and when You would
return. Me, on the other hand, I'm not sure that
simplicity will always do.

So, I guess my prayer to You today is to give me more of
You so that tomorrow when she asks again and we look
into the mirror at each other,
My spirit will reflect my joy, my trust in You and Your
gracious love, and she'll see Jesus in the mirror not
just her earthly mother.

AND THERE WAS REST

(Exodus 20:8-11)

God created all that we hear,
experience and see;
He created man – earth’s specialty.
He looked around – pronounced it “Good”,
There was no way that it could be improved.

In love, He set aside time to spend with man,
A day for rest – that was the plan.
As a shepherd He’d call His sheep to the fold,
He would search for one if missing, we’re told.

When all were gathered, huddle together in the
warmth on the hay,
He bids them, “Rest until the dawn of the day”.
“Come from your labor”, he beckons to all;

“Although you have sinned if you answer my call
your load will be lighter. Lay in my yoke always,
I’ll carry you – rest – do not dismay”.
“Peace I will give you, not like the world gives,
If in my Sabbath you purpose to live”.

“Eternal rest is promised to all who will abide;
Mansions, gold, and seas of glass for my bride”.
Look closely at the report written there,
It’s punctuated with promises to his heir;

As in the beginning when time was made
He will give you rest – Come don’t delay.

Sabbath In My Soul

(Isaiah 58: 13, 14)

It's Sabbath in my soul -

An endless time of spiritual nourishment,
Encouragement and reflection on God's grace;
It's a pleasant state of mind and retirement,
A safe harbor from life's race.

It's Sabbath in my soul -

I walk and talk with God.
He reassures me that my life is in his hands;
I do not have to fear tomorrow,
Today's worries are no match for the Master's plan.

It's Sabbath in my soul -

While all else around me is in a chaotic state
And earth's realities try to overtake me;
I clasp my hand tightly in His hand,
The hand scarred by His victory.

It's Sabbath in my soul -

Once I asked for a vacation,
In His omniscience -
He provided me with sweet communion;
I dream of the restoration of the incessant Sabbath,
My reward for fighting in a battle already won.

The Best for Last

(John 2: 1-11)

Two had come to join as one,
The feast of forever had just begun.
The celebration of food and wine

Was slowly passing by with time.
When Mary beckoned her beloved son,
She knew he was the only one
Who could save the bride and the groom
From criticism and social doom.
She begged of Him his ministry,
“My son it’s time – we are in need”;
“The wedding feast will be a loss”
“We must assist at any cost”.

He called for water and at that time
He changed the ordinary into wine;
He saved the feast as his mother asked,
He saved the best for last.

When man sinned at the beginning of time,
Jesus offered his blood as the couple did wine;
He said he would come to rescue His bride,
To restore the void He felt inside.
Think it no coincidence of time
That Jesus’ first miracle was at a wedding with wine;
And, that before he could come many lambs had been
given. Just as the ordinary wine
was served first at the wedding.

Think it not chance
that the best wine came from water;
just as Jesus, God’s son, was born of a human mother.
And, when Jesus’ mission to reunite with his bride
began, John said to all, “Behold the Lamb!”

He called for change and at that time
Jesus, man's son, became God's wine;
He came to save man as the Father asked,
He has saved the best for last.

Salvation's plan, like a marriage takes two,
It takes Jesus and me or Jesus and you.
He has offered His hand and proposed,
He has promised a crown made of gold.
Instead of a diamond ring by earthly measure,
He has promised life and heaven's treasure.
The wedding garb, the robe of life
Has been carefully chosen for His wife.
It's "A marriage made in heaven", as they say;
Without Him there is no other way.
He calls us his bride, He's prepared the feast;
He comes to the greatest and to the least.

He calls for water and at the chosen time
He'll change us forever into wine;
"Come as you are", is all He asks,
He has saved Heaven, the best for last.



Between Two Thieves (John 19)

Between two thieves,
death became life as the disciples and
mourners gathered 'round;
Sadness filled hearts with doubt. The one called
"Messiah" now wore a thorny crown.

Had He not healed the lame,
and given sight to the blind?
Had He not brought Lazarus to life,
And restored the demoniacs mind?
Had He not fed multitudes with food,
And with words, the soul, He soothed?

Now between two thieves He hung,
"King of the Jews"?
The darkness encroached as Angels stood by
Waiting for our Lord to cry,
"I've changed my mind";
"Save my soul, I am not willing to die!"

Knowing that it was now complete
and scripture was fulfilled,
He whispered, "It is finished",
And surrendered to the Father's will.
Between two thieves, and on a cross
but all heaven was glorified;
When on the third day He rose
the victor of death and giver of life.

His heart reached toward heaven,
His feet to the earth,
And His arms outstretched to all,
God gave his life even before there was sin,
To present us guiltless before the throne
And provide mercy if we should fall.

For in the beginning there was a plan;
He, the Father and Spirit with love
promised to redeem man.
Between two thieves He gave His life,
In exchange what will you give?
He only asks that you accept his gift
And for eternity you will live.



A t the Foot of the Cross

A You may ask me
what my tomorrow brings,
You may even question
the reason I sing;
It's because my hope is built on Christ alone,
Who sits upon the throne.

You may question if I am a child of the King;
Why trials come and cause turmoil within;
You may think that I won't make it through,
But I know that there's nothing my Jesus won't do.

For I was bought with a price and now I am free;
Jesus blood was shed just for me.
Finally I've found the one I sought,
Humbly I kneel - at the foot of the cross.

At the foot of the cross as the tears stream down;
I see Jesus, with a thorny crown.
At the foot of the cross as day sets into night,
The blood trickles from his pierced side.

At the foot of the cross as they jeered and mocked;
He became the Savior I had always sought.
He bowed His head and whispered to me,
"For you I die on Calvary."

At that moment I knew He loved me,
So, when I need reassurance to the cross I go.
He considers you nor me a loss,
If we come and kneel at the foot of the cross.

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