

## The Chosen Instrument

These golden vessels of the Lord have a sweet sound to give. A new breath of life that they have received from the fragrance of the scattered petals of the sacrifice. Ones that are keen to the sense of God in the infinite song of creation. The one that everything calls to sing with the fullest of its being.

The golden roses were hand picked to scatter their own petals on the path of the passer by. This flower knows its own dependence on the water and remains close to the source. Often a passer may pick this chosen rose to journey to the depths of their soul into the darkest cell. Here the rose is removed from its source and amongst the hungry and thirsty in the desert.

As the rose petals fall in song, it provides food and drink to those famished within the cell. This sweet fragrance accompanies the dying and lonely and reflects a presence of hope. The rose may or may not return to the water but is still given breath to sing.

“Unless a grain of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains just a grain of wheat; but if it dies, it produces much fruit”

{John 12:24}

This flower is an instrument of grace where the water, its source, leads it to the depths of sin and darkness to sing its tune through the breath of the spirit. In all senses, the flower experiences this flow of grace to channel to the famished. For there is not a drop of divine dew left upon the rose, for all is absorbed into its being as water seeps into the skin of the baptized. The holy water one consumes becomes one in His body and turns to blood to be out poured as He dies. The blood and crushed petals a sacrifice in honor of the perfect Rose who bore the original thorns. The crowns that now lay upon each chosen instrument, a vessel of His blood, a chalice of divine song and praises for the thirsty to drink. When this one lays to its final rest, it falls into the hands of our Creator where they are sung the original song. The one in which the chosen sang for all of His days. The sweet sound originally given, the true breath, the sacrificed blood, the chosen instrument.

“Blessed are those who trust in the LORD; the LORD will be their trust. They are like a tree planted beside waters that stretches out its roots to the stream...In the year of drought it shows no distress, but still produces fruit.”

{Jeremiah 17: 7-8}

“You love justice and hate wrongdoing; therefore God, your God, has anointed you with the oil of gladness above your fellow kings. With myrrh, aloes, and cassia your robes are fragrant.”

{Psalm 45: Song for a Royal Wedding}