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A FADED ROSE

A while ago my husband gave me a dozen roses on Valentine's Day. They lasted longer than any roses that I have ever had. I love red roses, so it was especially nice that they lasted. One rose stayed alive for longer than the rest. He gave the roses to me three days before Valentine's Day, so this rose lasted 13 days which is very unusual.

As I was looking at that beautiful rose, I noticed that it had started to fade, and the red wasn't as bright as it had been, it reminds me of life. As we become older, or perhaps a better word is "seasoned," things aren't working quite like they did when we were younger. We begin to fade in some areas. Unfortunately, many look at the "senior generation" as old, faded roses, and of little practical value anymore, but they are mistaken.

You see, time brings out the sweetest smell in the rose, but time also brings with it wisdom for those that have outlived others, like my beautiful rose. We should look to the ones that made it into their senior years and learn from them their secrets. We need to be like generations ago that treated the elderly with great respect and gleaned from their wisdom.

Don't look at yourself as an "old-faded rose" my friends. Your life is far more valuable than that. Why not write a journal of the triumphs you have had in your life. Why not tell the story to the younger ones in your family, sharing how your faith brought you through trials and triumphs?

In the Song of Solomon, the rose of Sharon is mentioned. It represents Jesus. He, as a rose, was crushed by the crucifixion, but He, through his suffering, brought the sweet aroma of salvation to each of us. Praise God!

Are we faded roses? No. We are the offspring of Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, that lives forever.