

THE WHITE ROSE

KEYWORD: Purity.

In the big white house, far back from the road, there was great excitement. Hustle, bustle, — everyone was busy, for there was to be a wedding. Oh, how wonderful!

Out in the garden all was excitement, too. The flowers were holding up their heads and nodding in the soft summer breeze. The roses were especially excited. Presently out

came the gardener, and he carefully filled his baskets, carrying them back to the great house.

Singing sweetly and whispering softly came the young people from the house, and how tenderly they gathered the white roses for the bride's bouquet. Oh, how thrilled and glad the bride's roses were! All their little lives they had longed for this great event. Soon the red roses were gathered, and then all was very quiet in the rose garden.

Down in the grass a little blue flower felt a splash and heard what sounded like a sigh. Looking up it saw right above it, standing all alone, one beautiful white rose, the most beautiful rose it had ever seen. The gentle south wind heard the sigh too and whispered: "What's the matter, white rose?"

"Oh, dear, how could they forget me?" cried the rose.

Then the little blue flower said: "They will come back for you by and by, for you are such a wonderful rose. But I am so tiny that no one sees me; that's why I am called 'Forget-me-not'."

In the fragrant garden all was peaceful, and the lovely rose waited patiently. By and by a pretty white dove that lived in the garden came and cooed tenderly to the rose. The bees buzzed merrily about, and the butterflies flitted here and there. Perched where it could watch over and protect the rose was a kind Nature Spirit that looked like a humming bird. Sometimes the loving Nature Spirits have the appearance of humming birds, and stay where they can watch over the choice flowers that have a special mission.

The Sun had sunk to rest and all was hushed in the garden, when the swish of a skirt was heard and a beautiful lady stood right before the rose.

"What a wonderful rose!" she said. "How fortunate I am to find you! Strange that no one saw you before." Then she picked the pure white rose.

Late that night in the land where the flower spirits gathered, like a spark of light came the spirit of the white rose. All the flower spirits listened breathlessly to her thrilling experience.

“The lovely lady carried me tenderly to a little Chapel building. Up the aisle she took me, and there over the altar was a white cross; right in the center of the cross she placed me. Around me were seven red roses, and the cross rested on a golden star. Around the star was a beautiful blue — like the blue of the sky. All was peaceful and quiet, and then came soft music. Rainbow colors floated around the altar, and the beautiful Presence of the Christ Spirit blessed the cross. A voice said: ‘The pure white cross stands for the body of the Invisible Helper, and the red roses for his cleansed blood; the white rose symbolizes the heart of the Invisible Helper, and the golden star represents the wedding garment.’ Then all was very still and hushed, and the Angels and Archangels and holy ones sent rays of light to the cross. Then suddenly the healing force of the Great Physician was felt!

“When all was over, the lovely lady came and gently lifted me down from the cross and carried me ever so far to a home where there were tears in eyes that should have been bright. A dear little baby needed help, and so she laid me to rest on the pillow beside the pretty baby face. Then the life force from the Great Physician came with the Angels, the baby smiled, and the tears were all gone. Wasn’t that wonderful? After that I hurried back to tell you of the true mission of the white rose.”

You may be very sure that all the flower spirits were very happy over the experience which the white rose had had in the Healing Service in the little Chapel.