

## Unless The Seed Die

Robbie L. Rogers

You came to enjoy my beautiful surroundings;  
Witnessing new growth in what you see,  
But first came a learning,  
That before me and thee was the past;  
For unless the seed die there is no more living,  
Unless hurt from falling we learn no walking,  
No running, nor flying, nor you and me;

So bloom where you're planted they said to me,  
Be gracious and let your seed die,  
For the glory is in so doing,  
So others can find new life;

So I did as I felt directed;  
And lo the wind blew my brambles,  
Thus taking and scattering my seeds as it did go,  
Whence the dreary valley sprang forth saying all aglow,  
"I will glorify the deeds of your dying,  
By nourishing the covering you gave to me.  
Continually cover me with a blooming wisdom."

Use me oh Lord I pray, fill me,  
Make me, mold me into what you will;  
For the truth I now see I'm content in;  
And I live on from the goodness of those before me,  
Embracing the future with a learning from my past,  
I therefore know and embrace the root,  
From whence my good luck springs,  
It flows from the great I am,  
and was, and will always be.