



Dared to Hope

by Elizabeth Price

We paused to visit a tiny railway station that used to be a busy place on the southern line. It was now all but deserted. The Station Master's office and the parcels' office were silent. They were clothed in a dull brown that has become the mourning color of dying railway stations.

We wandered along the tiny platform and saw the remnants of a garden outside the Station Master's office. Now there was no running water, but there used to be competitions up and down the line for the best-kept garden. On this day, the old garden was just a dead square inside crumbling railway sleepers.

Over in one corner stood a rusty drum, and barely alive in it was the commonest form of geranium. It was stunted and tired-nearly dead. I took a piece about as long as one finger. When we returned home, I dared to hope it would grow. So for old time's sake, I planted it in the best pot in the best location. Feeling terribly foolish for even hoping for growth, I even said a prayer for the unknown hands that planted it long years ago.

Today, this finger of planting is now a meter wide and half as tall. It is a joyful and lush plant, but too common to be prized by anyone else. **It is valuable only to me because I sense its history in a harsh world where only hardy plants can grow.**

Do you sometimes feel like a common plant where only hardy plants can grow? God has a word for you. He says that He chose the foolish ones of us in this world, the most common of us, to shame those who are worldly-wise. So say a prayer some time for the ones who planted and nourished you! Give thanks that they dared to hope that you would grow! While you're at it, take a risk on plain ol' common folks who seem tired, stunted, and nearly dead spiritually, and dare believe that the Lord can help them grow, too!