

The seedling

I remember well one early Sabbath morning in the year 2008. I was reviewing my priesthood lesson on one Sabbath morning when some unbidden words began to flow into my mind. A very special feeling came over me as the words began, and I felt an urgent need to record the words as quickly as possible. For lack of other paper, I seized my lesson plan and began to scribble the words around the outside borders of the lesson I had been preparing. Once I had recorded the poem that you will find below, I sat there dumbfounded. The experience came so unexpectedly, and its meaning was so very profound. Isn't it a wonderful experience to be the conduit for something significant once and awhile?!

Because the world is in chaos around us, it is all too easy to feel inadequate and helpless in the face of the events that lie beyond our control; Perhaps, though, we should remember that we are all seedlings in the garden of the Lord, and that we are being nurtured by a loving Father in Heaven; and if we will but stay close to the gardener, and absorb the spiritual nutrients that he so diligently provides, everything will turn out for the best in the end—for *“all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good”* D&C 122:7.

This is what I recorded on that memorable morning:

THE SEEDLING

As recorded by Robert Fitt

“I am a seedling, Father. The fire of Thy chastening has cracked my crusty shell, and my tender shoot of hope is barely peeking beyond its broken hull.

I am filled with wonder . . . astonished at the possibilities, but fearful that my tiny shoot will not grow to fill its place in the forest of Thy expectations.

I see others with their lofty branches giving welcome shade to those who cower beneath them, a safe haven in a storm; and I fear that the fragile shoot—that is all that I am just now—can never grow so tall, or give such solace to the weak or weary.

I see so many things in this darkened world that can crush, or starve or trample my fragile stem. Yet, as I look toward the light and gratefully acknowledge Thy hand, I know that my happiness—yea, my very survival—depends upon Thee; and, feeling of Thy love, I am grateful.

I know that every mighty oak was once a tiny seedling that felt the selfsame doubts, but, reaching for the light, grew far beyond its feeble expectations; and I am filled with wonder to know that you will do the same for me. As my seedling seeks the light of Christ and shuns the darkness, so will my heart attune to Thee, and Your hopes will become my hopes, Your dreams my dreams, Your thoughts my thoughts, and Your strength my strength.

I am grateful beyond expression to know that heaven will open its windows to such as I, so insecure and fragile in my growth, and light a sure path to faith—and exaltation.”