

The old man worked constantly in his garden. With gnarled hands he stooped down and painstakingly transplanted and reorganized his flowers from dawn to dusk. He never said much, and pretty well kept to himself. He showed great purpose and planning in his efforts, but the layout of the garden was a puzzle to all of his neighbors. Everyone knew how passionately he loved his hobby.

He died during the winter, and in his last will and testament he requested that his ashes be scattered throughout his precious garden. When spring came, it could be seen that the first wave of daffodils and buttercups was arranged in the form of the word “God”. This attracted the interest of the neighbors, who waited for how the message might continue. When the irises bloomed, they simply spelled the word “is”. By this time others in the town began to come by in anticipation of what would come next. In the next few weeks, flowers of all types, sizes, shapes, and colors began to appear. Everyone tried to find the pattern in the blooms, but there appeared to be none.

Finally the wisest in the town realized that what the gardener had written was so complex that its meaning was simple. God is the God of great beauty and variety, and this garden was a statement of love for Him.