

Sherry's Garden Stories

June, July – 2017

A New Day of Promise

In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed, with that Holy Spirit of promise. Ephesians 1: 13 Every day we are given a new day of promise. God's promises are true today as they were true yesterday and true for tomorrow. They are new to us every morning. No matter what yesterday beheld, today is a new day of hope.

Whatever mistakes we have made or failures we have committed, Jesus will carry us through and give us victory. He will take every failure, every mistake, every doubt, and bring them to His truth. His truth will enable us to have understanding and we will be able to help others with their mistakes and failures. Learning about His truths helps us develop our faith and trust in His goodness. When we have the understanding of His faithfulness we can help others find the love of Jesus.

Experiencing the love of Jesus comes through everyday happenings. Every day we learn to seek His way and not the world's way. Jesus desires for us to know all of Him. He wants us to learn His trustworthiness. He wants us to have power and loving kindness. He wants us to love as He loved and loves today. *Who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. 2 Timothy 1: 9*

False Aster Boltonia Asteroides/Asteroceae This plant is native to the Eastern United States. It is much loved for the masses of showy blooms in late summer. It has tall stems with broad clusters of yellow centered flowers. Petals include white, pink or pale to deep purple in color. They resemble daisies. They are good for the back of borders and sometimes stand six feet tall and they are about three feet wide. They need support to keep from falling over when it rains. They tolerate damp soil. Jim Crockett is another variety. It has violet flowers that stand about two feet tall. My grandmother had a variety called Snowflake. They have white flowers and stand about three to five feet tall. I loved to pick them for her. She and I would arrange them with other flowers and put them all over the house. I had a special place on my grandmother's porch and I would put them in a big jug. I loved that special place. The flowers always seemed to be smiling. They always made me happy. I always thought they were smiling at Jesus.