

BLESSING OF THORNS

DISCIPLES WOMEN



Presented by:

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Blessing of Thorns

Narrator

Sandra felt as low as the heels of her shoes as she pushed against a November gust and the florist shop door. Her life had been easy, like a spring breeze. Then in the fourth month of her second pregnancy, a minor automobile accident stole her ease. During this Thanksgiving week she would have delivered a son. She grieved over her loss. As if that weren't enough, her husband's company threatened a transfer. Then her sister, whose annual holiday visit she coveted, called saying she could not come. What's worse, Sandra's friend infuriated her by suggesting her grief was a God-given path to maturity that would allow her to empathize with others who suffer.

Sandra

"She has no idea what I'm feeling,"

Narrator

thought Sandra with a shudder.

Sandra

"Thanksgiving? Thankful for what?"

Narrator

she wondered aloud.

Sandra

For a careless driver whose truck was hardly scratched when he rear-ended her? For an airbag that saved her life but took that of her child?

Shop clerk

"Good afternoon, can I help you?"

Narrator

The shop clerk's approach startled her.

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Sandra

"I ... I need an arrangement," stammered Sandra.

Shop clerk

"For Thanksgiving? Do you want beautiful but ordinary, or would you like to challenge the day with a customer favorite I call the Thanksgiving Special?"

Narrator

asked the shop clerk.

Sandra

"I'm convinced that flowers tell stories,"

Narrator

she continued.

Shop clerk

"Are you looking for something that conveys 'gratitude' this Thanksgiving?"

Sandra

"Not exactly!"

Narrator

Sandra blurted out.

Sandra

"In the last five months, everything that could go wrong has gone wrong."

Narrator

Sandra regretted her outburst, and was surprised when the shop clerk said,

Shop clerk

"I have the perfect arrangement for you."

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Narrator

Then the door's small bell rang, and the shop clerk said,

Shop clerk

"Hi, Barbara...let me get your order."

Narrator

She politely excused herself and walked toward a small workroom, then quickly reappeared, carrying an arrangement of greenery, bows, and long-stemmed thorny roses. Except the ends of the rose stems were neatly snipped ... there were no flowers.

Shop clerk

"Want this in a box?"

Narrator

asked the clerk. Sandra watched for the customer's response.

Sandra

Was this a joke? Who would want rose stems with no flowers?!

Narrator

She waited for laughter but neither woman laughed.

Barbara

"Yes, please,"

Narrator

Barbara replied with an appreciative smile.

Barbara

"You'd think after three years of getting the Special, I wouldn't be so moved by its significance, but I can feel it right here, all over again,"

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Narrator

she said as she gently tapped her chest. "Uhh," stammered Sandra,

Sandra

"that lady just left with, uhh ... she just left with no flowers!"

Shop clerk

"Right ... I cut off the flowers. That's the Special. I call it the "Thanksgiving Thorns Bouquet."

Sandra

"Oh, come on, you can't tell me someone is willing to pay for that?"

Narrator

exclaimed Sandra.

Shop clerk

"Barbara came into the shop three years ago feeling very much like you feel today,"

Narrator

explained the clerk.

Shop clerk

"She thought she had very little to be thankful for. She had lost her father to cancer, the family business was failing, her son was into drugs, and she was facing major surgery. That same year I had lost my husband,"

Narrator

continued the clerk,

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Shop clerk

and for the first time in my life, I had to spend the holidays alone. I had no children, no husband, no family nearby, and too great a debt to allow any travel."

Sandra

"So what did you do?"

Narrator

asked Sandra.

Shop clerk

"I learned to be thankful for thorns,"

Narrator

answered the clerk quietly.

Shop clerk

"I've always thanked God for good things in life and never thought to ask Him why those good things happened to me, but when bad stuff hit, did I ever ask! It took time for me to learn that dark times are important. I always enjoyed the 'flowers' of life, but it took thorns to show me the beauty of God's comfort. You know, the Bible says that God comforts us when we're afflicted, and from His consolation we learn to comfort others."

Narrator

Sandra sucked in her breath as she thought about the very thing her friend had tried to tell her.

Sandra

I guess the truth is I don't want comfort. I've lost a baby and I'm angry with God."

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Narrator

Just then someone else walked in the shop.

Shop clerk

"Hey, Phil!"

Narrator

shouted the clerk to the balding, round man.

Phil

"My wife sent me in to get our usual Thanksgiving arrangement ... twelve thorny, long-stemmed stems!"

Narrator

laughed Phil as the clerk handed him a tissue-wrapped arrangement from the refrigerator.

Sandra

"Those are for your wife?"

Narrator

asked Sandra incredulously.

Sandra

"Do you mind me asking why she wants something that looks like that?"

Phil

"No ... I'm glad you asked,"

Narrator

Phil replied.

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Phil

"Four years ago my wife and I nearly divorced. After forty years, we were in a real mess, but with the Lord's grace and guidance, we slogged through problem after problem. He rescued our marriage. Jenny here (the clerk) told me she kept a vase of rose stems to remind her of what she learned from "thorny" times, and that was good enough for me. I took home some of those stems. My wife and I decided to label each one for a specific "problem" and give thanks to Him for what that problem taught us."

Narrator

As Phil paid the clerk, He said to Sandra,

Phil

"I highly recommend the Special!"

Sandra

"I don't know if I can be thankful for the thorns in my life,"

Narrator

Sandra said to the clerk.

Sandra

"It's all too ... fresh."

Shop clerk

"Well,"

Narrator

the clerk replied carefully,

Shop clerk

"my experience has shown me that thorns make roses more precious. We treasure God's providential care more during trouble than at any other time."

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Remember, it was a crown of thorns that Jesus wore so we might know His love. Don't resent the thorns."

Narrator

Tears rolled down Sandra's cheeks. For the first time since the accident, she loosened her grip on resentment.

Sandra

"I'll take those twelve long-stemmed thorns, please,"

Narrator

she managed to choke out.

Shop clerk

"I hoped you would,"

Narrator

said the clerk gently.

Shop clerk

"I'll have them ready in a minute."

Sandra

"Thank you. What do I owe you?"

Narrator

asked Sandra.

Shop clerk

"Nothing,"

Narrator

said the clerk.

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Shop clerk

"Nothing but a promise to allow God to heal your heart. The first year's arrangement is always on me."

Narrator

The clerk smiled and handed a card to Sandra.

Shop clerk

"I'll attach this card to your arrangement, but maybe you'd like to read it first."

Narrator

It read: "Dear God, I have never thanked You for my thorns. I have thanked You a thousand times for my roses, but never once for my thorns. Teach me the glory of the cross I bear; teach me the value of my thorns. Show me that I have climbed closer to You along the path of pain. Show me that, through my tears, the colors of Your rainbow look much more brilliant." Happy Thanksgiving. Amen.

~~author unknown~~ of the story

I converted into a drama. I have done this drama and share it with others and it has a great impact.

- Ana

