



Dear Daughter of the King,
Walk with me into the Royal Gardens.

Tucked within rows of rose bushes and walls of clematis are tiny blooms of violet that hug the ground, while brightly-hued irises stand guard above. Bluebonnets, lavender, and sunflowers attend at varying heights nearby. Daisies blush shyly at the daffodils; but the black-eyed susans lift their petals with pride. Vibrant blooms dazzle the landscape in every shape, color, and size.

Do you suppose the rose drops its bud in sadness before the beauty of the lilac? Do the irises shrink to mirror the daintiness of the daisy? Would the sunflower trade its petals to become the tulip?

The daughters of the King reflect the beauty of the royal garden. With care and planning, He chooses each blossom for its most unique beauty. The qualities of one cannot outshine another. Carefully cultivated with precision to contrast the ones around it, each individual bloom brings glory to its Creator because of its own uniqueness. You, lovely daughter, bring the most glory to your Creator by letting your unique beauty bloom for Him.

Your gifts, personality, size, height, and even skin color were precisely chosen to adorn His royal garden. Bloom brightly, dear one, for it is the King that delights in you the most.