

## Story of a Girl.

By Jenean Kim

*“Her priests also I will clothe with salvation, and her godly ones will sing aloud for joy.”*  
(Psalm 132:16 NASB)

*“For indeed, in this house we groan, longing to be clothed with our dwelling from heaven, inasmuch as we, having put it on, will not be found naked. For indeed while we are in this tent, we groan, being burdened, because we do not want to be unclothed, but to be clothed, so that what is mortal will be swallowed up by life. Now He who prepared us for this very purpose is God, who gave to us the Spirit as a pledge.”* (2 Corinthians 5:2-5)

She took herself to their closet and peered in...the clothes poked at angles in disarray and a heap had been cast limply to the floor; she knew why. Few of them fit her two older sisters, and from many previous trips to this closet she also knew nothing would fit her either, because she was several years behind them in school, and that much smaller. Yet she desperately needed clothing—*any clothing*—to cover herself, get out the back door running, and not miss her bus.

Desperately, she grabbed one blue sock and one black sock from her sisters' closet, which she only realized were mismatched later, and pulled them onto her feet. She would *have* to wear the short dress, the only thing left in her *own* closet. All day, as she got off the bus and walked into the halls, she was careful; careful not to bend at her locker, lest the dress be too short in back, and careful as she trekked up the school steps between classes, lest the eyes of those below her might try to peer up the steps. In each class she would sit just so, to keep the short dress from creeping up to the top of her legs. She daydreamed of wearing her lime green sweatshirt, her knee-length, blue jean cutoffs, and her knee-high white socks that she had worn all summer, but shorts were not allowed at school, and for wearing a pair of overalls, she had already been sent to the office. *Perfectly practical pants precipitated an appeal—practically a punishment—to the parent, from the principal. Preposterous*, she thought. However, last summer, with her blue-jean cutoffs, and white knee high socks, just the caps of her knees showed—a compromise with the heat, and she had been able to do anything her heart desired—comfortable and free to move. It had been almost perfect.

With the uncomfortable school day behind her, she jumped off the bus and started down her long road, with no people around, but only nature. She breathed in a huge lungful of cool fresh air, listened intently as the meadowlarks greeted her, and kept an eye on her “big and little tree” at the top of the hill across the small swamp. She was accustomed to taking all this in while running, and so she ran for half the 7/10ths-of-a-mile driveway. Around the second corner, in the middle of the way, the wild roses bloomed so fragrantly, and their pink color shined so welcomingly in the sun, that she stopped to take in their scent up close. Thorns pricked her legs as she stepped off the gravel road and into the rosebushes. She plucked an open flower. How royally they were clothed! And so simply. A bright pink petal with a touch of white and jaunty yellow dots in the middle.

She knew the ONE who clothed the flowers. It was as if HE Himself stood in the rose bushes, to wait for her to round the corner, and she felt HE was speaking to her, silently, the same way her world was silent. She did not hear HIS words, but only felt HIS Spirit. Her heart felt deeply comforted by Jesus, and in that moment, she didn't know that HE intended to clothe her with a beauty and a fragrance that far out-lasts the rose.