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Everyone is acquainted with the “late bloomer.” It is the lovely flowering plant that waits until all others have bloomed, having lived out their usefulness and then faded. Then, quite without reason or understanding, the late bloomer begins to unfold its loveliness and beauty. Sometimes, it comes immediately after all the others have gone. But then, at other times, it comes only a few days before the frost. But, regardless of when it comes, it is a complete mystery. It has received adequate water, adequate fertilizer, and, in

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some cases, even more attention than the other plants. But, somehow, it just refuses to bloom until later. As we gaze upon it, we discover something uniquely different: It is the beauty, out of season. Not only does it rival the others that have bloomed and passed; but also it is, indeed, more lovely. And, herein, lies one of the eternal secrets of God; the late bloomer is always the most beautiful.

The same exact sequence can be observed in men. The vast throng of achievers seem to move steadily onward and upward to the dismay of the “late bloomer.” He watches; he works, he prays. Yes, and even longs to bloom at the normal time, but, for some reason, is not permitted to do so. But, he continues on, often struggling, searching, reaching for an excellence he does not understand, and for a goal he fully comprehends. Then, it happens! The petals of his life

begin to unfold; avenues of service open in clear distinction; and he senses it. He is blooming. The fertilizer that has forced his fellows into ordinary beauty has now found its way through the root system of his life and luster begins to crown his every day. The late bloomer sees the purpose of God unfold before his very eyes. Often, he cannot describe it. Frequently, he is choked with emotion that prevents his even speaking of it; but, he understands. God’s wonderful plan has finally begun to unfold for him, and how wonderful it is. Now, nothing else matters. The joys of ordinary achievement no longer manifest themselves in his life as raw ambition. Instead, the joys of being in the center of God’s will claims every emotion; and he discovers that there is no place that has ever been more satisfying than this place . . . the center of God’s will; and in it, he blooms. ¶