

"flowers and weed"

In a garden abundant with colors, greenery and various species of flowers, how is it that one flower catches our eye and captivates us? We may well appreciate the beauty of the full display for a while but often one particular flower catches our attention in some magical way. It is almost a magnetic pull or perhaps some ancient memory of attraction. The flower does nothing but BE. It is just being itself yet we feel the pull towards it. Maybe we even pick it and take it home to prolong the delight that it gives us. Then there are other flowers that we dismiss as weeds. Maybe we even pull them from the garden and toss them away in the trash. How do we make this discrimination? What in us delineates some flowers as worthy and others as weeds?

Everyone needs some beautiful flowers in their lives. Even if other people think they are weeds. Even if they are weeds. Now that I think about it I've had some pretty good weed in my life, too, but that's a whole different conversation! Oi Oi!

No flowers grow where I live. They are not allowed. I'm never allowed to "stop and smell the roses." That's part of the punishment. Things are bound to change though. That's the only sure thing in this world. One of the things that keeps me fighting is to once again savor all the delights the world of flowers has to offer. From the bright red roses to the dirty little dandelions! What was I talking about again?