

A Conversation Amongst the Flowers by Rev. Kate Wilkinson

One day two little girls stood side by side looking at the garden, which was in full bloom.

“Isn’t it pretty?” said the first little girl, “with all the different colors?”

“I don’t see color,” said the second little girl, for this is what her parents had taught her to say.

This started up quite a conversation amongst the flowers, who spoke their own quiet language to each other.

“That makes me want to cry,” said the bleeding heart, who was full of feeling on the best of days.

“You always want to cry,” said the iris, who was always self-possessed, never shedding petals here and there like the apple blossoms which grew above her.

“But it’s so sad,” the bleeding heart repeated. “Not to see color.”

“Don’t worry,” said the flag, upright and direct as always. “They’re just pretending anyway, when they say that.”

“But why would they pretend such a thing?” asked the peony, indignantly. “It would be such a shame, not to see my beautiful magenta layers.” Of all the flowers in the garden, she was the most showy.

“Because they were taught the wrong thing about this country, when they got here,” said the flag, who often spoke about the country’s founding. “They were told this place was a melting pot. That everyone should become the same.”

The sweetgrass, who had been here long before, swayed gently in the breeze and added, “They didn’t understand that this land is a garden. That we each add beauty with our different colors and shapes and sizes.”

“Well, I certainly do,” said the peony, ever confident.

“They forget,” said the lupine, “that we bloom in our own way and in different seasons to make the world more beautiful.”

“But will they remember?” asked the nervous forget-me-not, always preoccupied with the questions of legacy.

“That’s why we’re here,” remarked the daisy, who, though humble, knew the power of a simple gesture, having once been placed into the barrel of a gun to proclaim peace. “That’s why we’re here. To remind them.”